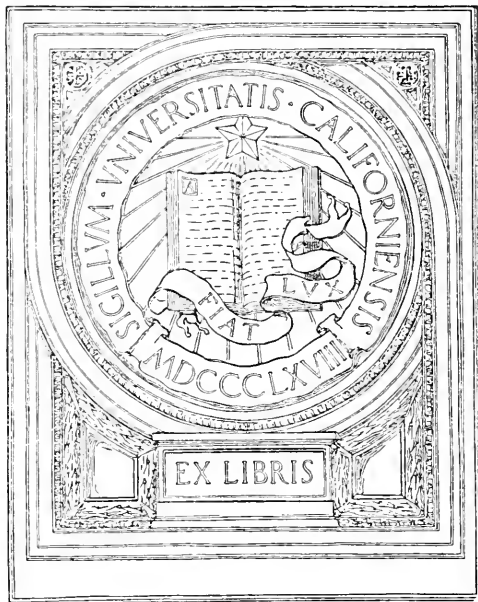


# THE STORY OF AJAX

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AL. NOYES



ROBERT ERNEST COWA

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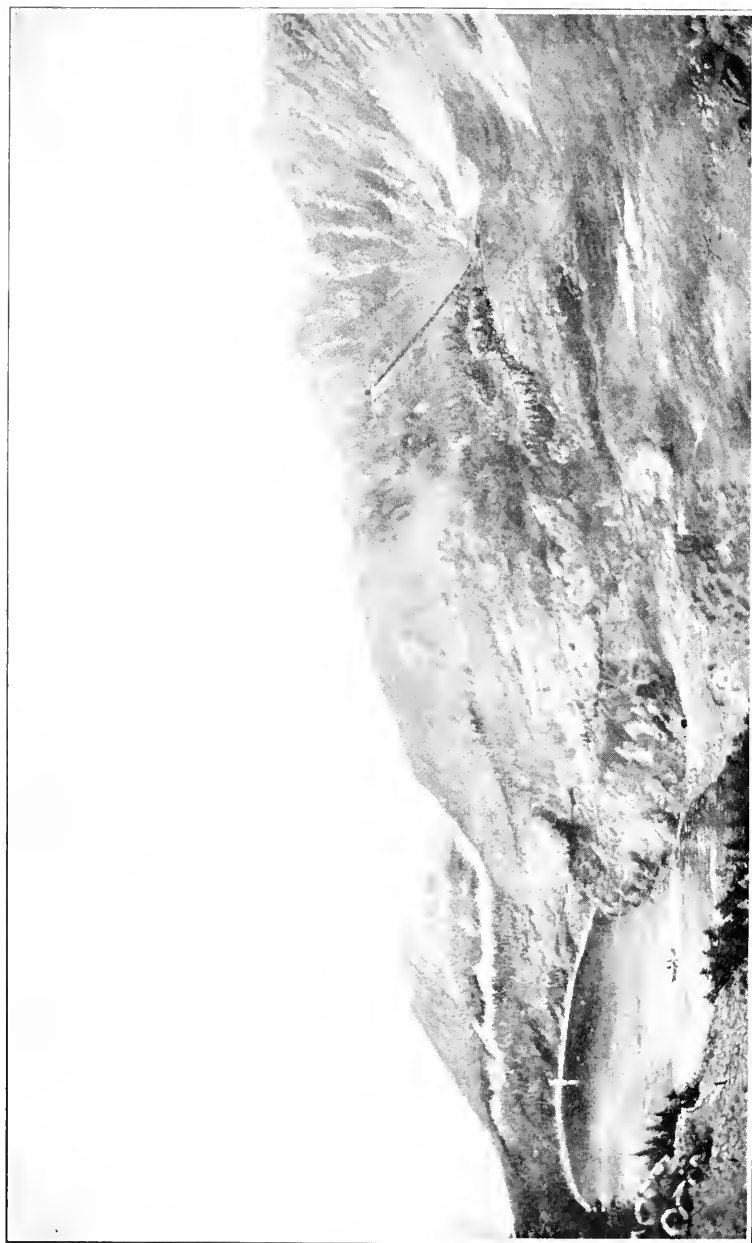












AJAX MINE

# THE STORY OF AJAX

LIFE IN THE  
BIG HOLE BASIN

BY  
ALVA J. NOYES

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
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STATE PUBLISHING COMPANY  
HELENA, MONTANA

1914

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ALVA J. NOYES  
THEORY OF THE EARTH

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DEDICATION.

TO MY WIFE, HATTIE M. NOYES, WHO,  
FROM CHILDHOOD TO AGE, THROUGH  
SUNSHINE AND STORM, PROSPERITY  
AND ADVERSITY, WAS AS DEPENDABLE  
AS THE "ROCK OF AGES," I DEDICATE  
THIS LITTLE STORY OF THE RANCH  
AND MINE.

*A. J. Noyes.*

2501357







## FOREWORD

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*This is a little story of the life of an ordinary man. It is not a story of success from a financial standpoint, nor, may it be considered a success from any standpoint. Whatever it may be to others I shall not conjecture. To my children and friends, for whom it was written, it will portray the deep feeling of affection of a sensitive nature.*

*This little story gives some of the history of the beautiful Big Hole Basin and will, no doubt, be of interest to those who may—in fifty or one hundred years—call the place their home. When it was begun I did not know that it was to have been the first autobiography ever published in Montana. For that reason, if for no other, it will have a distinct historic value.*

*Anyone who places himself before the public is laying himself open to criticism. I shall not make any special plea to the reader to be kind as that would be folly.*

*AJAX.*



## ILLUSTRATIONS.

Ajax Mine, .....	Frontispiece
W. A. C. Ryan, .....	4
A. J. Fisk at 14 years of age.....	5
G. R. Noyes,        )	
Amy L. Noyes,     )	14
Stage Coach, .....	32
First House in Wisdom, .....	62
Wisdom, .....	80
Hattie M. Noyes, Founder of Wisdom, .....	81
Whiteface, .....	145
Sunny Slope, .....	147
H. S. Armitage's Plow Outfit, .....	150
A. J. Noyes, (Ajax) .....	153

## ERRATA

Page 13, Line 14 . . . . .	Bear Gulch
" 14, " 25 . . . . .	me for I
" 16, " 15 . . . . .	me for I
" 21, " 42 . . . . .	Nesler
" 29, " 36 . . . . .	came for come
" 33, " 23 . . . . .	Ramsdell and me
" 57, " 40 . . . . .	Hern
" 71, " 42 . . . . .	Lon for Loo



## THE STORY OF "AJAX."

Being one of those who came to Montana in the '60s, I am expected, as a member of the "Pioneer Society," to write something. Just what there is in my life that can or will be of interest to any one, unless it is to my children and theirs, I am not wise enough, at this time, to say. Yet, after all, one can hardly live in a new country like Montana for nearly fifty years without being, in some way, a maker of history. I was born in St. Anthony, Minnesota, December 2nd, 1855. Probably some time in the year 1859 my father moved to a small farm nine miles from the city of Minneapolis. Here, Annie, my baby sister, died with scarlet fever when two and one-half years of age. Here, too, my other sister Maud, now the wife of Will A. Armitage, of Briston, Montana, was born.

Father took the "gold fever," and was one of the men who crossed the plains with Capt. James L. Fisk, in 1862. A German, who had worked for us on the farm, went with him. This man, whose name was John Kritz, was killed while working in a drift in some gulch near Helena. Father did not stay in Montana, or what is now called Montana, but went to Boise Basin. He stayed in the West for several years without being able to accumulate much money, coming back to see us in 1864. He did not stay long on his visit, soon returning to Montana via Kansas City, Denver and Salt Lake. Arriving in Montana, he went to Blackfoot City, where he built a cabin for a party who could not pay him. Not caring to tarry longer in a place like that, though having no money with which to buy provisions, he started, with a hook and line as a means of livelihood, for the mines at Bannack City. The fishing was good in those days, in the Deer Lodge and Big Hole, so he did not suffer much from hunger. Arriving at Argenta one afternoon quite early, he asked for something to eat. The party to whom he addressed himself was very grouchy and answered him as follows: "There's the grub and stove and if you can cook, you can eat." Father was a splendid cook, and though he had been living on a fish diet for several days, he made up his mind he would get up a "square meal," as a good meal was called in those days—plenty for both of them—before he would eat anything himself. When everything was on the table, he told the proprietor to sit up and have a bite. The look on the man's face was changed materially as he gazed on the

first good meal he had had for a long time. "Say! young fellow, you can stay here as long as you wish!" he remarked. It appears that he had the charge of a smelter, as care-taker, and that very soon after he resigned in favor of father, who for some time after was in this way occupied. About this time, Col. McLean was sent as a delegate to Congress. Father sent several hundred dollars by the Colonel to mother, which she received some time after, as it was forwarded from Washington. In the Spring of '66 father went to Bannack, fifteen miles from Argenta, and entered a co-partnership in the blacksmith business with Major Watson.

My earliest recollection was when I was less than three years of age—very dim, I must admit. My uncle, John Stanchfield, had taken the California "gold fever," and went to that far-off place. I can yet see, in my mind's eye, a stage coach drive to the door, into which uncle entered. He went around "The Horn." Tho he stayed in California some time, he did not succeed in making anything, but went to Florence, Idaho, where he did make over \$30,000.00 in the mines. He made a visit to his old home in Minnesota, then returned to the mountains and died at La Grande, Oregon in 1865. This man was tall, dark hair, black eyes and perfectly fearless. On his second trip to the West he guided a small party of emigrants through a country infested with Indians, and against the direct commands of the Colonel at a post in Wyoming, who was supposed to stop all emigrants until the party was strong enough to go in safety. Will, his brother, was with him on this trip. In connection with this slight mention of my uncle, I want to say that before he went to California the first time my grandmother tried to get him to stay, and with her take up a homestead in what is now the center of the city of Minneapolis. "Distance lends enchantment to the view."

I can also recall a day and night on the above mentioned farm during the Sioux War. Mother desiring to see about something on the place, got my uncle, Will, to go with her from St. Anthony, where we were living. Just how they came to take me I do not now recall. On our way out we met many men, women and children, who were fleeing to the city from the "back-woods." Many of them had their all in small bundles on their backs. All that night people appeared to be roaming the woods, making more or less noise; for what reason I never could conjecture. This Indian War in Minnesota was a mighty bloody affair. There came a day, however, when Little Crow, the head chief, was captured and taken as a prisoner to Ft. Snelling. That was a "gala day" in St. Anthony, as the proud Indian Chieftain was to be conveyed through the city on his way to the fort. Thousands gathered to watch the procession. At last came the wagon in which the chief was sitting, two soldiers stood behind him, and once in a while they would violently remove his blanket, that covered a shaven poll. Hate of the fiercest kind was depicted on his face at this outrage. My feelings toward that man are not now as they were then. He had much to contend with and had only attempted to pay in kind what his people had suffered through the advent of the Whites.

In the Spring of 1866 Capt. Fisk was to take his last train across the plains. We were to go with him and join father at Bannack. It took some time to make preparations for this long trip. Various things must be gotten together. Oxen and cows were used to pull the wagon—the cows only on a hard day. A tent was bought, which did not appear to be of the best quality, or else it was an old one, because at the Wild Rice river the rain came through as though there was nothing to stop it, and some kind-hearted bachelor traded with us for the time being. Our party consisted of Mrs. Mary Jane Lee, my mother's sister, mother, sister Maud, aged five; Joe Dodge, Geo. Tibbitts and myself, 10 years of age. As it would be some time before enough people could be gotten together for a train, we were to meet at Ft. Abercrombie, on the Red River of the North. We were in no particular hurry in going from St. Anthony to the place of rendezvous. There came a day, when, in the opinion of Capt. Fisk, we were strong enough in numbers to make the start without fear of trouble from Indians. Two hundred and fifty men, 50 women and children, 120 wagons, composed Fisk's last train for Montana. One hundred of these men were known as the "\$100.00 men," as they had given the Captain \$100.00 each to conduct them to Montana. We pulled only five miles the first day, and camped on the west bank of the Wild Rice. A violent storm of wind and rain came up just before supper and it was at that time we were convinced of the pooriness of our tent as a means of protection against rain. I can remember a few things that happened during our journey. The first buffalo was killed by a man named Jack Hicks. I guess that the division was such that every one had fresh meat for supper. On the 5th day of July we were compelled to stop the train and keep the numerous herd of buffaloes from stampeding us. For more than two hours we had to stay and shoot at the herd, in order to deflect it. Ninety-eight were killed. It was probably a useless slaughter, but at the time it did not appear so.

Our train generally traveled three wagons abreast. Our division was on the south; the buffalo were coming from the north. I crossed to the upper division and got on a wagon to watch the grand sight. Old plainsmen, who were with us, said they had never seen a more wonderful herd than this. As far as the eye could see was dark with hairy hides, and that on a dead level plain. It was very exciting for all concerned, as we could not tell when our cattle might become frightened and run away. One old buffalo cow, when shot, dropped with her head almost against the wheel of the wagon on which I was standing.

We did not always have good water, as much of it was alkaline. Before the stock was turned loose we generally laid in a supply for the night. Buffalo chips were very often used for fuel. Speaking of water, calls to my mind that in digging for water we found ice at a depth of two or three feet under some black muck and excellent water also. One day we came to some mounds out on the plains. These mounds were probably fifty feet high. Near these were two deep, clear springs of

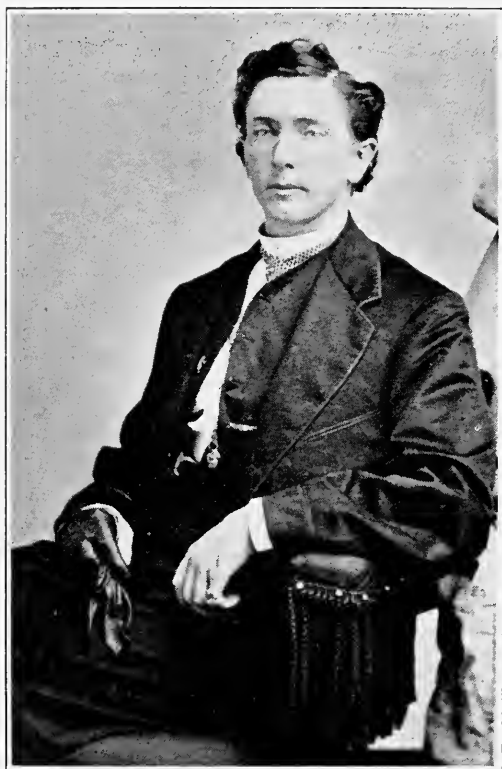
cold water, more like wells, as they must have been ten feet deep and that much in diameter. I have wondered since what connection there could have been between these objects. Could the Indians or some prehistoric people have uplifted the mounds as land marks?

We did not get into the "Indian country," until about the time we arrived at the Missouri river. Here we saw many of our red brothers. One night, soon after, we were startled by the cry of "Indians! Indians!" The people got up in a hurry and made preparations to resist an attack. Mother called me and I got up, dressed and proceeded to investigate. The wagon next ahead of ours was owned by three men; their names I do not now recall. In passing it, on my way around the corral, I heard one of them in the wagon looking for ammunition and distinctly remember his language: "Just my damned luck; never could find anything when I needed it." I proceeded around the corral and made up my mind there were no Indians near us. Telling mother so, I at once went back to bed and slumber. It seems that it was only a false alarm, just to find out in what shape the men would be in a real attack. It may have been a useful lesson to some, probably was.

It was about this time a Swede, who had lagged behind, came to the conclusion to camp at least two miles away from the main encampment. A young man, W. A. C. Ryan, generally called "Whack" Ryan, got several others to go with him for the express purpose of giving the Swede a scare. They had purchased several articles of the Indians, and dressing themselves in Indian costume went to the Swede's camp and made an attack on it. The result of this carelessness and thoughtlessness almost cost the life of the Swedish lady, who was in a delicate condition. She went from one swoon into another, until it was generally supposed she would die. The men got Ryan and raising a wagon tongue on end for a scaffold, told him his time had come if the woman died. Luckily for him she recovered. It was also a good lesson for her husband, who was never known to lag behind again. Ryan did not remain long in Montana. He returned East and was one of the men who was shot for filibustering at Santiago de Cuba. I want to say that "Whack" Ryan was no coward—he never knew the meaning, so far as he was personally concerned, of "white feather." He might have died in a more glorious cause, but when he faced his executioners, he fell as a brave, though reckless man, should. One little personal experience with Ryan made me dislike him, probably because I could not see the joke. The younger brothers of the Fisk family conducted a sutler's store, where one could purchase quite a variety of things. What attracted me toward their tent was candy. One evening soon after we had gotten into the section of country infested with prickly pear, I, barefoot as usual, went to Fisk's tent for candy. Jack Fisk and "Whack" were standing in front of the tent, and as a joke, one on either side, got me by an arm and would hold me over a bunch of pears, lowering me so that I had to make quite a struggle to keep my little feet from coming in contact with the thorns. I called them







W. A. C. RYAN



A. J. FISK  
AT 14 YEARS OF AGE



everything a boy would who was some scared and a whole lot mad. I threatened them with dire vengeance—when size and age should be mine.

Poor "Whack," as above mentioned, was killed years before I grew up and I never took it out of Jack's hide because I did not meet him until forty years after—at the "Old Timers' Meeting" in Anaconda.

I saw his name on the register at The Montana, and asked some one to point him out to me. The party did so, and behold, here was a man who must have weighed 200 pounds and in excellent health, while I did not "tip the beam" at more than 135. I introduced myself and told him what I had intended to do that summer of '66 if I ever should be so fortunate as to run across him. But, under the circumstances, as it had been many moons ago and that, in fact, I had slept on it quite a while and not feeling like marring the pleasures of such an occasion—especially after having noticed the size to which he had grown—I would forgive him and be friends if he would adjourn to the bar and take something with me. Jack explained that he did not think it the correct thing to harbor ill feelings for something which had happened, as a joke, so long ago that he had forgotten it, and if I felt sore and that a drink would help to heal the wound, he would take anything, or the whole bar. We took something—probably water—and renewed a broken friendship, not again to be broken, as Jack has gone "over the divide."

I think that we must have had, on the whole, quite an enjoyable trip. Game was plenty and Indians were not troublesome. We forded several small streams. Once the Little Muddy caused us quite a lot of bother. One outfit unloaded their goods and made a bridge of the wagons, over which they carried their stuff safely to the other bank. We, after a while, forded. Dan Cameron, a man with whom we were acquainted in Minneapolis, had a pony and insisted that he should carry Maud over on it. When about midway of the stream the pony stumbled, owing to the mud, and all went out of sight. Only for an instant, however, as the horse righted himself and all were landed safely on the bank with no harm other than a little muddy water. I believe we forded the Milk river seven times. I can remember that our longest day's journey was 28 miles. That night we camped at the Bear Paw mountains. The day we arrived at Fort Benton two tons of gold were loaded on the boat by two Germans, who had taken it out of Confederate Gulch. One of whom was made crazy over his sudden wealth.

Arriving at Sun River, some of our party found a man who had been murdered and thrown into the stream. He was light complexioned, answering to a description of my uncle, Will Stanchfield, who was expected to return from Idaho to Minnesota. Mother and Aunt Jane thought it would be a good idea to remove him from his newly made grave to see if they could identify him. George Babbage and William O'Brien, for a long time the noted foreman of the Homestake Mine of Deadwood, old friends of uncle's, came up while the discussion was going on. They had seen the body, so told the folks it was not Will.

Here on the banks of the beautiful river had occurred a tragedy of the "wild west." Cards were scattered all over the ground, the only indication of the cause of death. The body was naked, lying in a deep, clear pool of water. The clothing had, no doubt, been removed and destroyed for reasons best known to the murderers. Here, on the banks of the Sun River is a nameless grave. For years loving hearts have been waiting for some word from a dear one who can never return; whose body was interred by strangers who discovered it through accident. How many mothers, wives and sweethearts were in this manner deprived of their loved ones no one will ever know.

We continued our journey the next morning, and arrived at Helena, I believe, on the 9th of September. This place was at that time quite a mining camp. The one thing in particular that attracted my attention was the "Old Dead Tree," on which they assisted the "undesirable citizen" to "pass over the range." We did not have much business to detain us at that place, so we made our way over a spur of the mountains to Boulder valley, thence to the Jefferson, up which valley we travelled for a few days; thence across the Beaverhead to the Rattlesnake Creek, our last camping place before reaching the end of our trip.

Only 11 miles to Bannack! Had there been a telephone in those days, I suppose father would have been at the Rattlesnake to meet us, but as there was no way of communicating, we had to make the full journey before we would be able to see him. In those days we went over the Rocky hill, past Road Agents' Rock, down a very steep hill, just below the scaffold on which Ray, Plummer and Stinson were hanged, into Hangman's Gulch and the city of Bannack. Father had rented a house, so we could, for the first time in four months, take such shelter. On arriving in the Gulch several little boys came up and introduced themselves by saying: "I guess you are George Noyes' boy?" To tell the truth, I did not know, as I had never heard him spoken of as other than Raymond or Rayme—did not know that his first name was George. I do not recall all of the boys. Billy McIntosh, Billy (Dustan) Johnson, Rufe Ferster, and two brothers named Fuller, cousins of Rufe, I think. The Fuller people left Bannack that fall. Rufe Ferster, Billy McIntosh, Billy Johnson and I became fast friends. Billy Johnson left Bannack in '68. I have never heard of him since.

Quite a number of things happened that winter of '66 and 7. I met quite a number of men with whom I have had an extensive acquaintance since. Smith and Graeter were in the mercantile business. Phil Lovell, a butcher shop; Bill Goodrich, hotel; "Old Man" Falls, a bakery; a restaurant by Thos. H. Hamilton; boarding house and hotel by mother and Aunt Jane. We also had a feed stable or corral. I must not forget Rockefeller & Co., who were keeping a store. My first purchase was five cents worth of apples of them. It took some time to find my fruit, not that they didn't have plenty, but they were looking for quality. A half rotten apple was my portion. I went home and showed my apple,

and father said: "You are lucky to get anything for five cents, as apples are worth 50 cents per pound." Looking at it from that standpoint, I was probably treated liberally. In view of the fact that 25 and 50 cent pieces were considered of no particular value, unless many of them were possessed by the same person, one would soon learn of the no-accountness of a nickle.

Just across the street from our place was a house called the "Long Cabin"—since used as a store building by F. L. Graves. This was the home that winter, or part of it at least, of "Old Bill" Fairweather and his brother, Tom. My folks had been acquainted with Bill for many years. If I had ever seen him before, I do not recall it. When we came to Bannack I became well known to them and would consider it a treat to go and eat—also stay and make "three in a bed." Tom, who was a big jolly fellow, was very much of a joker and hence made my first night one that I will always remember. The blankets were thrown down in the middle of the room, on the floor; no springs in those days; the bedding was soon unrolled and bed was made. A short time after we retired Tom said: "I forgot to tell you, Allie, that I have been known to eat little boys in my sleep; if you hear me grit my teeth in the night, wake up, or it will be all off with you. It must have been about the hour of midnight when I was awakened by something and found that Tom was gritting his teeth. I let a big yell that immediately awakened the Fairweather brothers out of a sound sleep. They enquired the reason for such a disturbance. My reply was that "Tom was going to eat me and I wanted to go home." It took considerable talk on their part to satisfy me that Tom was a joker.

"Old Bill" Fairweather! To him should actually be given the credit of the discovery of Alder Gulch. Tho Bill was called old, he was only 39 years of age when he "passed over the range." Can anyone say what the unlocking of such a "treasure house" meant to the world? When that gold was deposited from whence it came, no man knows. Since the world began it may have lain hidden from the sight of man, to be called into use by an All Wise Creator at a time when it would do the most good. That little band of hungry prospectors which had, so short a time before, been captured by the Indians on the Yellowstone, no doubt owed their lives to Bill Fairweather, owing to the fact that he was not afraid of a rattlesnake, had even picked one up in their presence and fondled it as a mother would a child. Seeing this the interpreter told them that Bill was a big medicine man, one whom it would be very unwise to injure. They were, no doubt, convinced that what he said was true, as it is known that they were liberated after the Indians had taken all their horses, except Bill's, and most of their provisions; giving them in return some worn-out ponies.

Can you picture to yourself the scene? These six men were gold hunters who would attempt any journey for Gold. They had been released a few days before by the Indians. They had followed up the

Madison river to Wigwam Creek, up which stream they started, to find that the mountains at its head were almost impassable. They turned to the right and crossed a low divide to find themselves on this stream, Alder. In going to the Yellowstone, they had passed quite near this place. Here was a small, clear mountain stream which had its source in the snow-covered peak called "Old Baldy." The grassy hillsides furnished grazing for the wild things, especially antelope. The prospectors had gone into camp for the night in good season, no doubt, for the reason that the ponies were in no condition to go farther. All except Barney Hughes were hunting, as they had but little provisions. In a conversation with Barney years after, he told me the following: I was left at camp to get supper. We had a little flour in the bottom of the sack, from which I had made some bread, which was almost ready for the frying pan, when Bill Fairweather and Henry Edgar came to camp. 'Say, Barney,' said Bill, 'how long before I can have that pan? I believe I have found a place that will "pan".' 'You can have it right now,' I said; so I put the dough back into the sack and Bill and Henry struck out. Bill filled the pan and Henry eagerly grabbed it and did the panning which showed the first gold of "Old Alder." This was the manner in which the discovery was made, as told to me one night at the Ajax ranch, long years after.

In passing, I want to say a few words about Barney Hughes. He was an Irishman by birth, coming in the early fifties to the United States. He had prospected all over California, Idaho and Montana. Had found rich diggings in several places, but was never able to get any real good from his discoveries. The money that he got in Alder Gulch—forty thousand dollars—he invested in San Francisco in property that had an insecure title, hence he lost what he invested. His idea was an excellent one had the title been good, and he did not doubt but what it was; he would have been a very rich man. He was getting his pack horse ready, one day at the Ajax ranch, for a trip to the mountains. I remarked that he understood the diamond hitch pretty well. "I ought to, my boy, I have thrown it for 56 years, and I wish I had never seen it."

As long as Montana is Montana, these men will be remembered. They were brave and fearless. They wandered over the mountains and plains with an idea that gold could be found almost any place. While they did not secure much from the wealth they were the means of uncovering, many others did, and the world at large will be using the gold of Alder Gulch for centuries to come. Barney Hughes lies in the little cemetery near Wisdom, in the valley of the Big Hole, near the mountains he worked in and loved. The find was of such a character that they were wild with excitement. They went to Bannack for provisions and were followed—as most prospectors were in those days—by many of the men from Bannack. The history of Alder is the history of a state. These things may appear to be digressions, but they are part of the things I



learned of these men, who did so much by uncovering the wealth of the richest gulch in the world.

There was nothing of an exciting nature occurring in Bannack that winter. There was, I believe, a stampede to Loon Creek or some place in Idaho, and several men were frozen. Billy Yearian taught a private school, and most of us attended. I enjoyed myself, as we had many horses to feed at our corral, some of them I could ride to water. Then father bought a small grey pony for me, which was a wonder in a way, as she could run 200 or 300 yards very fast. Many a person, in the three years Kitty was in my possession, would fetch their horses to try them with her, to find out whether they could run or not. Many horses that could not outrun her made much money in various places in the territory afterwards.

All who have read the "Vigilante Days and Ways" will recall a horse that the road agents wanted on Horse Prairie. Joseph Shineberger and Martin Barrett had a ranch at the crossing of the above named stream, about eleven miles from Bannack. They had a saddle horse known for his gameness, beauty, etc., no other in the country was his equal. I can remember him well. A magnificent grey; he was often at our place, ridden either by Shineberger or Barrett. This is the one that figures in the early Montana story. Wm. Roe purchased him in Salt Lake and brought him to the Territory. My people called Joe Shineberger "Butterball," as he used to furnish us with a nice grade of butter at \$1.25 per pound. I recall a trip made with Joe Dodge to the S. & B. ranch very late in the fall of '66 for hay. We had two two-ox teams. We did not go very well prepared for a camp on a cold night; had taken only one blanket with us, as Dodge supposed we would be invited into the house for the night. We had a lunch with us. Arriving at the ranch, we were shown the hay stack from which we were to load. We went over and proceeded to load that evening, in order to get an early start for home the next morning. When the loads were on, we looked for an invitation over to the house. We did not get it, however, so we got out our blanket and lots of hay, into which we burrowed. We managed to pass the night. Joe "cuddled me up close" or I would actually have suffered with the cold. We were to blame in this matter, not having been in the mountains long enough to understand the conditions. Every one was expected to take his bed in those days. I have known Mr. and Mrs. Barrett for many years. I recall many cordial welcomes that have been extended me at their beautiful home since that November night in '66. (Mr. Barrett was not then married.)

In the spring of '67 my father and Joe Dodge took a contract to get out logs for Mr. Sturgis, a man who owned a small saw mill at the Saw Mill Point, seven miles northwest of Bannack. We moved to the "Point" for the summer. That was the year Smith and Graeter were digging the big ditch from Painter Creek to Bannack, and father was hired by them to do the blacksmithing. He also took a contract for

several rods of ditch along a side hill. To pass away the time I spent two weeks with him, while he was at work on this contract, going from Bannack to the ditch with Pat Dempsey, then a driver for Smith & Graeter, but who, not many years after, became quite a factor as a business man in Beaverhead county. I can recall a few little things that happened that spring on the Grasshopper. One thing, these little pests were thick and ate almost everything in sight. Another was Johnny Stone, supposed to have been one of the best horseback riders ever in the West, had a herd of horses that he often corralled at our place in order to catch some of them to break to the saddle. I saw him when he made his great ride from Argenta to Bannack and back—32 miles—in less than two hours. I also remember two trades that took place that summer. James Gordon, one of the Gordon Bros., who had a store in Bannack; he was also sheriff of Beaverhead county. Dodge and I were riding the range one day when we met Gordon and some one else. Dodge was riding a very fine looking mare, but which, owing to a misfortune, would not breed, and Dodge knew it. Gordon had a very nice gelding, not large, but good. Looking at the mare, he bantered Dodge for a trade, saying: "I want to get something to breed, Joe, and you can certainly get as much satisfaction riding this horse, which is a much better saddle animal than yours." They did not stop to parley very long, exchanging saddles, they were soon going to their respective destinations, one to Bannack the other to the Point. Jim was not long in finding that "low Yankee" had beaten him in the trade. On his arrival at the store he explained matters to his brother and remarked that he would get even on "that Yankee yet." When winter came Dodge had an ox which he desired to sell and which he did sell to Gordon. Gordon also bought two tons of hay with which to feed the ox through the winter. For some reason the ox did not appear to thrive, so Gordon called Dodge in, as an expert, to find out what would be the best thing to do. Joe looked him over for a moment and said he "guessed bran mash should be given"—something that could not be procured—"because 'You see, Jim, he hain't got any teeth'." In this way Gordon got even with the Yankee.

Some time during that summer father bought an interest in a portable saw mill. Al Graeter and Dave Sinclair were the others interested. This mill was on Taylor Creek, almost up to the head, near "Old Baldy." We were to move up there, mother was to do the cooking. It was about this time that my Aunt Jane married Thos. H. Hamilton. It fell to my lot to herd the cows, and as this was to be done on foot, it was no great pleasure, because, for some reason, those cows wanted to go back to the valley, seven or eight miles distant. When the weather was decent I would get Maud to go with me. When I think of those days it almost gives me an indigo feeling; I was eleven and Maud six. We had to drive the cows for a mile or more through thick lodge-pole pines, along an old Indian trail, then down into and across a deep gulch to the top of a long grassy slope, on which large boulders were scattered,

the only means of shelter from wind or storm, between the two branches of Dice Creek. All day long we herded those pesky cows. When the wind was too cold we had a place between some rocks, into which we would go, pulling an old shawl over our heads, being careful to look out every once in a while to see that our charge was safe. At last the weather got to be exceedingly disagreeable, as it was getting late in the season. Yet one morning I coaxed Maud to go. We had only been gone a short time when it began to snow. She began to suffer with the cold, and as we did not have any overshoes, her little shoes became wet through. She began to cry. I had a large bandana which I at once tore up and wrapped about her feet, turning our faces homeward and for the first time in six weeks allowing our cows to go free. It is needless to say that some man had to go for them that night.

It could not have been long after this when they made up their minds to close the mill for the winter, and move to Bannack, twelve miles away. I remember I let James Carrick, a cousin, ride my pony and I walked to town. Father built a two-room shack for us to live in that winter, also quite a large stable to be used for feed business. For some reason there was nothing going on in Bannack, and it was hard getting along. We milked a few cows, which contributed a little. Father had gone to a new quartz camp, Silver Star. Joe Dodge hauled ore or wood—doing general teaming. The Hamiltons built a small restaurant, but there was no business to justify it. Everything was high, sugar was \$1.00 per pound, coal oil \$10.00 per gal. Many a time aunt would give me 50 cents with which to go to the store and buy sugar. In the light of later events, I think they would get me to go, as they were "poor but proud."

That winter a man named Douglass taught a private school, making probably enough to live on. If he did nothing more, he kept the children out of the street. A young man, Robert or Bob McConnell, batched in a cabin next door to the one used as a school house. Bob was an exceedingly bright young fellow and took great interest in all of us. He would help us with our lessons, and as he was splendid in mathematics, he often got us to propound questions of a catch nature to Douglass. Bob was one of the men who discovered the mines at Hecla, selling his share for several thousand dollars. Years after he came to my ranch in the Big Hole and made his home with us, until he died. He himself was the only enemy he had.

At last spring arrived and we were again to hit the trail. We had just as well have been born in the Redman's camp—with long hair and nomadic blood—so far as having any particular habitation was concerned. We had gathered several cows and horses, besides our work oxen, so had some little property. Father had written for us to come to Silver Star; our stock had wintered on the Rattlesnake, 16 miles from Bannack and if I am not mistaken Jimmie Kirkpatrick had them in charge. To a person not acquainted with Montana conditions, it would appear strange that stock could be turned on the range for the winter, and come out fat in

the spring, and this only 16 miles from Bannack, where there was good sleighing in winter.

I remember that Mr. Philip H. Poindexter, of the firm of Poindexter & Orr, told me that he and Mr. Orr brought 1,000 steers from California, turned them out on the Blacktail Deer Creek, where they fattened on the bunch grass during the winter, and the next spring they were offered \$125.00 per head for them.

We said "good bye" to Bannack and those who for a part of two years had been our friends. Uncle "Ham" and Aunt Jane went to Jeff Davis Gulch on Horse Prairie and we headed for Jefferson Valley. There happened to be a young Irishman who wanted to go to Silver Star, so he was furnished with a saddle horse with which to help me drive the stock. I am sorry that I do not remember his name. We crossed the bench land, afterward made into a productive farm under the management of Justin E. Morse, to the Hogback; thence down the east side of it to the Big Hole river, where we expected to ford. The river was so high that it was considered dangerous to attempt to cross it. The man with me and I could take the cattle and horses down a trail near the bank of the river, but the wagon had to go pretty near the Point of Rocks on the Beaverhead and take a road down that valley to Laurin Bridge on the Big Hole. We passed some hot springs, since known as Ziegler and arrived at the bridge before the team. We spent the night here and arrived at Silver Star the next day. One-half mile south of where the town is now was the store in those days. I do not remember how many houses there were, but I do remember that Joseph Barkell had one. He was a married man and had two boys, James and Richard, particular friends of mine until this time. These boys never got far from old Silver Star. They have succeeded in bringing up two nice families and have had enough of this world's goods to make them independent.

There was an arastra, which was run by the water from Cherry Creek. The men who owned the Green Campbell mine were getting ready to build a quartz mill. Father at once got material for and built the Silver Star Hotel, an old land mark of that place. A store and saloon building was soon erected for George Baker. Smith & Graeter of Bannack had sent a young man with a stock of goods. Charles Blivens, afterwards killed in Dillon, and Wm. Gilbert built and conducted a saloon. All this time they were getting things in shape to build the mill. For some reason my time seemed to pass more pleasantly than the fall of the year before. True, I had to get the cows and oxen, but as I had my pony, it was not disagreeable work. Then, there was Jim and Dick. The town became quite a place, the mines were good and the mill was turning out gold in great shape. Chas. Everett, the manager, and wife had the best room in the hotel. Many a time have I seen gold pan after gold pan filled with amalgam under their bed.

Father and Dodge had a wood contract. Father did the blacksmithing for the mill, and with the hotel and feed stable, also conducted

by them, they appeared to be making some money. Mother had contracted a severe cold at a dance in Bannack Christmas night, 1866. For some reason it became deep-seated, her health becoming very poor, later it turned into consumption. She had any amount of work to do, and her health not improving, she sent to Minneapolis for my grandmother, Mary A. Stanchfield. She and her son Charles came up the Missouri river on the steamer *Leni Leoti*. I heard her tell of having seen X. Beidler, who hailed the boat one day as a refugee from Indians that had been chasing him and came near enough to shoot holes in his hat. Grandma also thought that X did the shooting himself. Grandmother was a remarkable woman. She knew how to do things, and went ahead and took full charge of the hotel. All were busy in the little town in those days. All living in hopes of future good luck. Mines were being opened all over the county. Up in Bear Gulch Prof. Kanabe built a lead Smelter. Rochester was booming. Butte was doing something in a placer line. Alder was producing "dust." Silver Star did not support children enough for a school while I lived there.

The Jefferson valley was then one of the best stock sections available. Cattle needed no feed, other than the wild grass which they could get any place to carry them through winter in good condition. In fact we killed cattle for beef that had ranged all winter. I can recall the names of quite a number of people who called the little place home in those days. Charles Hineman, quite a character as a mining man then and years after; Dave Sinclair, sawmill; Mr. Weingart, the contractor who hauled ore for the Green-Campbell Co. for years after, and now a successful stockman and farmer; Fred Hutchinson, Perry Westfall, who had a small ranch near town, now a successful stockman of the Judith Basin; Beall Bros., their mother, the Widow Hubbard, afterward my stepmother; Macindays Hotel, otherwise "French Mac"; Joe and Frank Gouther and little Alex Dupee, these men later of Grasshopper and Bannack; Geo. Blackman and family; Taylor Blivens, Alex Carmichael, the Rogans, Geo. Sparrell and family; King and Slaven had a ranch near town. Some of these people are living in that vicinity yet; many of them sleep on the little hill behind the town.

I recall one little incident concerning a Chinaman, who helped in the hotel. Grandmother requested him to do something one day to which he replied: "Me no savey." Grandmother went to the wood box, selected a good sized piece of wood and said: "John, a Chinaman who can't savey is no good, so I am going to kill you." John took it for granted that she meant what she said and quickly remarked: "Me heap savey." He never again claimed ignorance of the English tongue. Mother's health not improving, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. H. Hamilton of Horse Plains came to take charge of the hotel. They came some time in the fall, after the placer mines closed down on Jeff Davis, and stayed all winter, with the exception of one trip back to the Gulch some time in the middle of winter. I made this trip with them. We stayed one night at Argenta

with A. M. Esler, a very prominent mining man. Here we needs must change from wagon to sleigh for the balance of the journey. As we were going down a hill, just after having crossed the Argenta divide, over went the sleigh. Aunt Jane was wrapped in such a manner she could not help herself, so had to be assisted by Uncle Ham out of a very disagreeable position; she had gone into a snow drift head first. That night we camped with Mr. and Mrs. Martin Barrett. I remember that Mrs. Barrett had ginger cake for supper, something for which I had a great liking. I suppose you would like to know why I can remember what particular thing I had to eat in the early winter of '69, forty-five years ago. It was because I was corrected by my aunt for the manner in which I had asked Mrs. Barrett for the ginger cake. My mother had been too busy, probably, to note my language at the table, as she seldom ate when I did. Next day we pulled out for the gulch, where we remained long enough for uncle and aunt to arrange their belongings for the winter ere they return to Silver Star. Our trip back was uneventful. We arrived to find mother growing much weaker each day. Joe Dodge was at this time working at Rochester, to which place I was sent to him one afternoon with a letter from father. I arrived there after dark. Joe read the letter and we started at once for Silver Star.

On the 22nd day of March, 1869, mother died. She was taken to a little knoll just back of town and laid to rest, being the first person to be buried at Silver Star. She had chosen this place herself. This was a sad day for my little sister and I. We had lost a kind mother and must go through this life without her loving protection. Mother had arranged with grandmother to take us back to St. Anthony and put us in school. She had told father to place ten head of good dairy cows on shares with Mrs. Hamilton, these cows and their increase to become our property. This was done, and was, in fact, the foundation of the Hamilton fortune.

When spring opened up we made arrangements to go to Fort Benton and go down to Sioux City on the first boat. Our trip from Silver Star to Benton was full of interest to me, as I had been over the same ground three years before. We arrived in Helena soon after the big fire, but little of the business portion was intact. After leaving Helena, a freighter named Sherrill, who came from the Bitter Root, overtook us and travelled in our company to Benton. He had two boys with him, Scott and Bunch, who afterwards took part in the Battle of the Big Hole. We had an exceedingly enjoyable trip after they came to us. (It was years after before we met again. Scott was then a prominent ranchman in Ross Hole. Bunch had not been fortunate in this world's goods.) On our arrival at Benton, we found the steamer Deer Lodge. We took passage on this boat for Sioux City. We went down the river to Camp Cook, where we took on board quite a number of soldiers. A Mrs. Campbell and daughter, one of the sweetest little children I ever saw, were with them. She was the wife of the doctor at the post. The evenings were spent by





GEORGE R. NOYES  
MY FATHER





AMY L. NOYES  
MY MOTHER



the older ones with cards and music. The children had plenty of new sights and scenes to make life enjoyable to them. This was in early spring, when the Missouri is supposed to have enough water for navigation. We were often on sand bars or were compelled to tie up for the night on account of changes in the channel.

We had nothing of a startling nature excepting at the mouth of the Musselshell. At this place there was a wood camp, which only a few days before we arrived, had been attacked by Indians. It must have been about 9 a. m. when we landed at the camp to take on wood. The first thing to attract our attention was several poles nailed to the stockade, each one holding the skull of an Indian. I am under the impression that there were thirteen poles, as that many Indians had been killed in the fight. The men in charge exhibited a short pole on which were thirteen scalps, the crowning feature was one consisting of the full scalp, war-bonnet and all. This was indeed a grewsome sight. At this place there was only one woman. She had a bandage about her head, as the Indians scalped her, believing her dead. We asked to be allowed a sight of the wound, a request not granted. She did not appear to care much for the loss of part of her hair, as she remarked: "I would give my scalp any time for the scalps of thirteen Indians." I have met this person since many times; have talked with her about the battle, but she never mentioned the fact that she ever met with the trouble above recorded. This woman afterward became Mrs. James Tucker, for years a resident of the Big Hole Basin, who died in October, 1910. She, in fact, said she had never been scalped, but the lady who "laid her out" found the mark. This was the only thing of an exciting nature during the trip to Sioux City. At Sioux City we left the boat to take the cars for Dubuque, Iowa., from which place we would take another boat for St. Paul. I had seen cars before, on their arrival in St. Anthony, but had never had the pleasure of a ride. Trains did not make the time they do now, so we had quite a nice time passing across the state of Iowa.

Our boat up the Mississippi was the War Eagle, since sunk or burnt. Arriving at St. Paul, we hired a carriage for St. Anthony, ten miles distant. Here that Sunday morning in 1869 was the old house in which I first saw the light of day. From here, three years before, we had ventured out across the Great Plains to the shining mountains with mother. Here we returned, orphans, to fight our life's battles as best we could with grandmother's assistance. The public schools would not commence until fall. I needed some help before that time, and as a young lady was to conduct a private school in the Old Black School House, a building endeared to many of the prominent men in Minneapolis, it was decided that I should attend. I can see the face of that little teacher yet, but can not recall her name. She "brushed" me up so I could enter the fifth grade at the regular session that fall in the old stone school house on University Avenue, opposite the old Winslow Hotel. My teacher was a Miss Heath. Prof. Harvey was the principal, a man fully

able to conduct a school along right lines. Grandmother rented some rooms in the Winslow Hotel, in the basement floor. This old building had been quite a prominent place in antebellum days, as many Southern people came North to spend the summer. After the war broke out the place was used for different purposes, water-cure establishment, etc., and by Rev. Edward Neill as a school known as "Jesus College." Years since the old building was razed and the Exposition Building was erected on the site. We lived a short time in these rooms and went to the old Jack Tidd house, from which place we moved to Fifth street, securing rooms with Alex Lawrence. In the meantime Uncle Will had returned to the mountains. He was in Silver Bow for a season. He bought the old Milot place, afterward called "The Hump," and grandmother made up her mind to go once more to Montana and take charge of the cattle which would soon be ready to be turned over by the Hamiltons, who had leased them for three years. This left Maud and I without a home. I began to board with a Mrs. Edmunds, Maud with my aunt, Mrs. Broughton, where she made her home for several years, or until she again came to Montana. I want to say that, according to the manner in which we were treated we had some splendid aunts, both on mother's and father's side; a mother could hardly be better to us than Aunt Almira Broughton, my mother's sister, and Aunt Sarah Jinks, my father's youngest sister. I always spent my vacation at the Jinks farm at Clear Water, Minnesota. I also boarded for a while with Mrs. Watts. There came a time when Aunty Broughton thought it would be better for me to get a room and board myself. I soon found a room-mate, Edwin Prebble. We were at that time attending the University of Minnesota, I as a prep, and owing to ill health that was as far as I was able to get; Ed was considered by all odds the brightest fellow in school. He graduated not many years after, but did not arrive at any particular post of distinction; is a lawyer, some place, if living.

We had many enjoyable days together. Ed did not like to drill and for that reason came mighty near being expelled. A Lieutenant Huggins of the U. S. Army was stationed at the University as an instructor in the Manual of Arms. There were several companies, one of which was called the "Awkward Squad," this was composed of the higher class men, hence Prebble. One morning the order was given, "Fall in line." Ed did not move, but stood looking on. "Prebble, fall in line," came the command from Huggins. "I am afraid those awkward fellows will tramp on my corns, Lieutenant," was his reply. Going home that noon Ed asked me what I thought of his refusal to drill. My reply was that he had no right to disobey Huggins, as he was placed there to see that people obeyed, and being a "West Pointer" he would not allow anything of this kind to go without punishment, probably expulsion. Louis Gillette, since one of the big iron men of Minneapolis, and Dick Rose roomed in the same block that we did; they were standing at their gate as we were going by. Ed stopped and said: "Al has been trying to make me think that I am apt to

get into trouble for refusing to drill this morning. What do you fellows think? They both told him that he had better go down and tell the Lieutenant he was sorry. He did not think so, so went along for a day or two, when he made up his mind he had better see Huggins, as he did not wish to be expelled, as his father had been to a considerable expense in sending him to school. Walking into the Lieutenant's room, he said: "Lieutenant Huggins, I came to see you about my action on the campus the other morning." To which Huggins replied: "It is too late; why didn't you come before? Your expulsion papers are already made out to be handed in this morning."

"Say, Lieutenant, would you have a fellow come to you and tell you he was sorry before he felt so?"

"No."

"Well, sir, I want to say to you that I am just beginning to feel sorry for having disobeyed your orders. Good morning," saying which he left the room.

The Lieutenant was a very nice man, and accepted the apology(?).

I recall many happy faces of those days. Wm. W. Folwell, a mighty good man, was president then. The building was only a wing of some plan that at some future day might be carried out. Not even that much of it stands today on the campus. All these five years spent in Minneapolis did not wean me from a desire to go again to Montana. It seemed to me that the sun was shining brighter there than in Minnesota; that many more chances would be open for a young man. I missed my pony and the free and easy life of the men whom I had met there. Money was not plentiful with me, nor, as far as that was concerned, with many with whom I was acquainted.

My father, in the meantime, had married the Widow Hubbard. She had one child by her first husband, Geo. Hubbard, named Jennie. By this union there were three children, G. W. Noyes, Laura and Ernest. Father and a Mr. Parsons, the man who built the old bridge across the Jefferson, seven miles below Silver Star, had entered into a partnership and made some money trailing cattle from Denver, Col., in 1872. Being, as is generally the case, over-anxious to get rich, they attempted the second drive the same season. This brought them into the Green River country late in the fall, with saddle horses in poor condition. They had 1200 head of steers. One night a big snow storm came up, which caused the cattle to stampede, 700 getting away, not all of them to be found again. Some of these steers were found several hundred miles from that camp the next spring, not enough, however, to pay for rounding them up. This mishap was very discouraging, leaving the men several thousand dollars in debt. Father turned all he and his wife had over to the Snyder Bros. of Denver to pay, or help to pay, the indebtedness.

This was one of the reasons why I left school and returned to Montana in the spring of 1874. Grandmother sent money for my fare. In those days it was considered better to take the train for Montana than

to go by boat up the Missouri river. We went from Minneapolis to Sioux City, thence to Omaha, where we took the U. P. for Corinne, Utah. I can remember one or two little things which happened going to Sioux City. One old farmer-looking fellow wanted to know when we would get to Si Oaks City. As it did not appear on the time card, it took some time to find out he meant Sioux City. There was also a young fellow on the train who was going West. When we arrived at Sioux City, the hotel and hack men made a rush for him, two or three grabbing his grip at the same time, each declaring his particular house the best. The fellow did not know what to do. The last thing I heard him say was, with tears running down his cheeks: "Where in h—I am I going, anyway?" There has been a radical change since those days; runners are not allowed on the platform now. Arriving at Omaha, we found hurry and bustle enough to drive one wild. I, however, did not have cause for fretting, as on account of my greenness, I guess, I was placed in charge of a man who kindly gave me the required information concerning the trip; helped me get my ticket, lunch, etc., and in every way made it agreeable for one traveling without experience. We did not wait long for the train, which was a freight and passenger mixed. All the seats were taken, two people in a seat, so when you took the lunch baskets, etc., into consideration we did not have much room in which to turn. I have forgotten the number of days and nights it took for this journey, several, any way. The cars did not attempt to go much faster than an ox team. Many a time, in going up grade, people would get out and walk, gathering flowers and specimens of rock, and get on again ere it hit the down grade.

All things, at last, come to an end, and so did this trip. I landed safely at Corinne; went to a hotel and waited the arrival of my uncles, Will and Charles, who had, early in the spring, started to Corinne for freight. It was several days before they came, but things being new to me, I enjoyed myself all right. When the boys landed at the railroad they could not get freight. It did not take them long to make up their minds what to do. The Utah Northern was running then into Cache Valley as far as Franklin. Uncle Charles was to take an 8, and I a 4-horse team, go to that place for a load. Uncle Will was to load with stuff which he could buy there and sell again when in Montana at a good price, such as canned goods, lemons, oranges, etc. (Oranges and lemons were three dollars per dozen in Montana.) In order to become first served in getting freight in those days, you must pull some kind of a "string." The men who did the forwarding were not there for their health. They were there for what was in it. I remember that my uncle had to buy a wagon in order to get freight, but as they needed it, that was no particular hardship. It began to rain that spring and the weather man lost all control, so it did not know when to quit. We left Corinne late one afternoon to camp on the Bear river for the night. It got very dark before we arrived at our camping place. When we did get there, a fellow had a small sage

brush fire. Charlie asked him how far it was to water, meaning the river, of course, as water was standing in puddles and was still coming down.

"Oh! just a little ways over there," pointing over his shoulder.

Charlie said: "Si. you go and get some water, while I attend to the horses."

The other fellow thought it would be a good time for him to get water, so he politely(?) requested me to take his coffeepot and fetch some for his breakfast. Say! Did you ever strike out in the dark in a new and unknown place for water, that you didn't know, except in a general way, where you were going? Well, I knew that the Bear was "right over there," for hadn't this guy said so? I took my pail and coffeepot and started. Very soon reached the edge of the high bank above the stream. People who have been to Corinne know that the soil has much clay in it. You know that when clay is wet it is mighty unstable, especially when it is standing on edge. It did not take long to get to the bank, and once over it, took a much shorter time to "shoot the chutes," for that was what happened to me. I did not go into the river, as there was a friendly patch of grassy land that saved me. I filled my dishes with muddy water, and began what I think was one of the hardest trips in my life—and since then I have been in many places. As soon as my feet struck that incline it seemed almost impossible to make headway. My feet would slip and down I would go; more or less water would be spilled at each mishap. After what appeared to be an interminable time, I did arrive at the top of that one-hundred foot bank. Too tired to eat, I went to bed.

The next morning it was just as muddy underfoot, but much brighter overhead. This day we pulled to Cache Valley, which seemed to me to be one of the prettiest I had ever seen. It was just as the sun was casting his last rays over the valley and river, gilding the distant mountain range with a glorious hue, that we pulled to the top of the divide on its eastern side. Near a little hamlet at the foot of the hill we encamped for the night. The next day we arrived at Franklin. Soon we got a chance to load, but the place where the depot was located was an alkali flat, our wagons loaded, an attempt was made to pull them to camp, one-half mile distant. Before we got the length of a wagon it would be down to the axle in mud; then the struggle to get it out! It took us nine and a half days to get those three wagons one-half mile. Once out of that bottom, we made fairly good time. For some reason, Uncle Will had not left as soon as he expected, as he overtook us near the Port Neuf river. He had a white man, Geo. May, and three Chinamen, as passengers, and was also trailing three buggies for Hank Valiton of Deer Lodge.

Every day rain! rain! rain! The day we arrived at the Snake river Uncle Will and I were ahead, Charlie back some place with all the grub and bedding. He must have been stuck in the mud, as he did not arrive that night. We had an ax, as it happened, and going down on

the river bottom, we built a good big fire in some thick willows. It continued to rain all night. We were cold, wet and hungry. One of the Chinamen had a blanket, which he insisted I should take, as my health was not good. I shouldn't say "insisted," as I hastily accepted his kind offer. I have always had a kindly feeling in my heart for those people ever since. This man was unselfish, a humble follower of Confucius. He robbed himself that I might be more comfortable that disagreeable night. The valley of the Snake, in those days, had but few settlers. The land was covered with large sage brush and generally considered a desert. It is today ditched and irrigated; city after city has sprung up along that freight road and thousands of happy and contented people now call it home. No better land can be found any place.

At last we arrived within the confines of Montana, on the Red Rock river, near what is now Dell. The roads continuing bad, Uncle Will came to the conclusion to unload my wagon, place part of his load in it, and leave me to watch my freight, which consisted of such stuff as gum boots, not perishable. He would let Geo. May take my team, and they would go for a few days, or until they found good roads. Piling my stuff out on the banks of the river, they left me to a solitude as great, it seemed to me, as Robinson Crusoe enjoyed(?) on Juan Fernandes. Charlie, who was generally behind, came along and camped with me one night. I remained at this camp something like ten days before May came back. I was lonesome, but not alone. I had company, any amount of it, or them, which had stuck closer than a brother ever since we had camped among the Indians at Pocatello. A change of underwear was the only way of freeing myself from this exceedingly lively company; and my trunk was way down in the bottom of a freight wagon, hence not attainable. The longest night must come to a close, so did my stay on the lonely banks of the Red Rock. May came, we loaded and pulled for Silver Bow, five miles from the Hump, where we arrived 40 days after having left Corinne. This was the wettest spring I can remember, hence the reason for being so long on the road. Arriving at the ranch there was plenty to do to keep one busy; no chance for ennui; 19 cows to milk, chores to do for two families, wood to get from the hills nearby and water to pull from a 60-foot well. Those things did not matter. I was young, full of hope and courage.

My uncles continued to freight. They were out all that winter of '74 and '75, and say! that was a winter! We lost over one-half of our cattle. Old Lizzie, one of the cows we brought across the plains that had helped to pull the wagon when the road was bad, that had furnished us milk when most needed, was one among this number. We did not have any hay, depending too much on the range. We had cows enough for a fair-sized dairy the next spring, and though we milked almost 20 I wanted to do something else. If I could pass an examination, I could get a school at Silver Bow. People did not need much of an education to teach in those days, it is needless to say, so



I managed to get a certificate; \$50.00 per month and board yourself were the wages. There were but two scholars, unless I took Willie Stanchfield with me on the horse, which I did for a short time, Johnnie and Mickey Herman. Grandmother told me to be very careful and not lose my temper, as she understood that Herman would not allow any one to whip his boys, and as they were the only ones to attend school their loss would be the occasion of stoppage of pay. The school room was the one next to the house occupied by Herman, the partition not so thick but what much could be heard by an occupant of either room. The boys began to spit on the floor. I requested them not to do so, explaining that it was very ungentlemanly as well as unhealthy. One of these little fellows looked at the other and said: "We'll spit this room so full he'll have to have gum boots tomorrow." This was certainly encouraging. Here were two saucy little kids who could make life almost unbearable for me. I needed that \$50.00, so I hardly knew what to do. The next morning, on leaving home, I remarked to grandmother that school would close that day, as I intended to go up and kill those two boys and thus end my school teaching. When I arrived at Silver Bow I rode up to Mr. Herman, told him how the boys conducted themselves the day before, and also told him that I understood he did not allow any one to whip them. His reply was "You go in and run that school; if you can't whip them enough, I will." I "called school" and the first request was answered by Johnnie in a saucy and insulting manner. I did not reach him before the door was jerked open and Mr. Herman had that boy down on the floor giving him a severe drubbing. In fact, I had to insist that he quit. After that there was no need of my lifting a hand against them, though I taught five months. I had not been teaching long before some one came to the ranch and borrowed my saddle. This left me on foot, adding somewhat to my work, as I had eleven miles to walk, besides milking my string of 19 cows, going for them also on foot. I became a rapid walker, as it only required one hour to go from the Hump to Silver Bow, five and a half miles.

The old town of Silver Bow did not have many people in those days. Tommy Low and Cris Weibold had stores. Ike Dean was saloon keeper, Justice of the Peace, postmaster, etc. and a member of the legislature—a mighty good fellow. I remember a young man, a minor, from Deer Lodge Valley, who wanted a drink of whisky. He was refused by Ike, who said: "You can't have it, Billy. I helped pass the law not to sell whisky to minors and I will not be one of the first to break it." Billy got one of the men to one side and asked him to find out if Ike would sell to a ranchman. Cris Nelson was making beer in those days and peddling it out in the different mining camps, such as Butte, German, French Gulch, etc. "Old Man" Bowers ran the hotel; Jake Herman, blacksmith shop. A little placer mining was going on along Silver Bow Creek; no excitement any place. Quartz mining was not very attractive, owing to the fact that under the old mining law 200 feet along the vein was all that was al-

lowed. A new law had been passed taking effect, I think, on the tenth day of May, 1872, by which one was allowed 1500 feet in length and 600 feet in width along the vein. A 200-foot claim would not, generally, be rich enough to justify one in the expenditure of much money.

In Butte there lived a man at that time who has never received full credit for what he has done toward the upbuilding of that place and the state of Montana. He was a man who did not possess wealth, very unassuming in appearance. One who believed in the future of Butte as a mining camp. He assayed and had assayed ore in quantities large enough to make assurance doubly sure. He had waited until the new law came into effect and on January 1st had located several claims, among them the "Travonia." This man, Wm. Farlin, was not a visionary, but was so considered because he did not "make good" financially. He could see, as tho the veil had been brushed from the face of the Future, the many and exceedingly bright spots of what was to be and now is.

While living at the Hump I made a trip to Deer Lodge. I was the guest of Chas. S. Warren, then the sheriff of Deer Lodge county. Mrs. Warren had been a playmate of mine in Minnesota. Warren was a young man of much promise and I think the "General" has made good, as he has been a figurehead in territory and state ever since. On that occasion I met Mace and Earl, brothers of C. S. Warren, also Wesley Jones, one of the finest gentlemen in Montana. Cooking at the Warren home was Charles Porter, a colored man, who afterwards became the celebrated "Blue Dick" who, they claim, buncoed Thos. H. Carter and many others in mining deals. John Noyes gave Blue Dick the corner on Main and Broadway, opposite W. A. Clark and Bros.' Bank, providing Dick would build a barber shop. The logs were hauled, but Dick was too tired to do much hard work, so Noyes got the lot back. These things only go to prove that some people are born "lucky." John Noyes was one of these. He, through the lack of ambition on the part of Blue Dick, got back a piece of property which was afterwards worth thousands, that he had been willing to give away to help improve Butte. Blue Dick is a part of the story of Butte and Montana, hence notice of him here.

As I mentioned above, I got acquainted with Mace Warren. Mace, in those days, was somewhat celebrated on account of having captured a prisoner who had escaped from the Deer Lodge county jail. The fellow would not stop until Mace had put some lead into him, causing a wound which soon got well. This act made a lion of the young man and he could get almost anything he requested in the town. Years afterward Ed. S. Larabee, the Deer Lodge banker, told me the following story: "Mace came into the bank one day and requested the loan of one hundred dollars. 'I suppose you know, Mace, that in getting money from a bank you must have some one sign a note with you? Who can you get?' 'No,' he replied, 'I did not know that it was necessary for one to have some one sign for him in order to get the money from a bank, so

I guess that lets me out, as there is no one whom I know who would probably care to do that.' I saw his look of disappointment and told him I would go on his note, which I did and gave him the money. He was about 17 at that time. Meeting him years after, in Butte, I said: 'Mace, do you remember that you got \$100.00 of me once, which is now past due?' He looked at me a moment and remarked: 'Yes, Ed, I remember it, but I can't pay it now, but if you want a better endorser, I will try and find one.'

One afternoon about 4 o'clock, a gentleman came to our place and asked grandmother if she could get him an early supper. She said she would, introducing me to W. A. Clark. He was on his way from Butte to Deer Lodge. If I could have realized the import of that conversation with a man who was one day to become a great factor in the money world, as well as United States senator from Montana, I would have become exceedingly wealthy. Butte was just then becoming the "talk." So I asked Mr. Clark what he thought of the place and its possibilities. It is going to be a great camp, as there is any amount of ore that can be made to pay. I would advise a young man to go there and get a foothold." He was at this time one of the firm of Donnell, Clark & Larabie, bankers at Deer Lodge. It was his money that started the wheels going in the old Dexter mill, which proved the richness of Butte ore, and Wm. Farlin's claim. This was before the days of Marcus Daly.

My first visit to Butte was July 4th, 1875. The occasion was a dance given by the Hauswirth Brothers, Simon and John; at the old Hotel De' Mineral, which consisted of two log buildings, on the site of W. A. Clark & Bros.'s bank. I rode to Butte on horseback and picketed my horse near where the Catholic church now stands, in bunch grass knee high. There were but few ladies, young or old, in Butte at that time. I recall Mrs. Wm. Owsley, Mrs. John Noyes, Hauswirth family, Miss Alice Humphrey, an exceedingly nice young lady, who died, I think, the next winter. That night I became acquainted with John Wampler, afterward to become my brother-in-law. When the dance was over I went with him to his cabin, which was standing the summer, 1910, on lower Montana street, near the Shonbar mine. John was as neat as could be, his windows had white curtains, also a variety of plants, making it very attractive.

Some time during the summer of 1875 Allen Pierse, a nephew of Ed Cobbin, the manager for Gilmer and Salisbury stage line, who had been driving mail cart from Forrest's to Deer Lodge, made arrangements to buy the Milot Station from Uncle Will. His mother, brother and two sisters, Mollie, now Mrs. Mell Lowery, and Annie were coming. It was not long before these people came from Buffalo, N. Y. The stage station was then moved from Silver Bow to this ranch. Mollie and Annie were very bright and attractive girls, so the old place became the mecca for many of the young fellows of Butte. As the station was on the side hill, just before you crossed the divide into Deer Lodge Valley, and as the young ladies were, as I have said from Buffalo, the place soon became known as the "Buffalo Hump," or "The Hump." Allen is now a prom-

inent citizen of Great Falls. Steve died in Mexico, and "Mother" Pierse has been dead these many years, and the old place is no more what it was in those early days. While I lived at the "Hump" I rode the range for stock a good deal, mostly in the Deer Lodge Valley. Many a time have I chased horses where now is the city of Anaconda, then a stock range. During these rides I got acquainted with the Hensleys, Evans, Nortons, Thomas, Gregsons, etc., and especially with Senator B. D. Phillips, now the big sheepman of Blaine county, and a successful mining man in the Little Rockies. While at this ranch, father came and made me a visit. This was the first time I had seen him in over five years. He had been engaged in ranching, also blacksmithing, and was getting on fairly well.

The Hamiltons came in the fall, as they had butter to sell, the product of the season, which found a market that year at Philipsburg with Caplice & Smith. From this one can get an idea what the dairy business was in those days. The drudgery of making the long distance to travel before finding a sale. In this particular instance it was over 170 miles. Late in the fall of '75, having prospected near the head of German Gulch for a while, we went to Butte and located claims just north of the Big Butte. Geo. Tibbitts, the man who crossed the plans with us, was one of our partners in four claims. As we had sold our home, we came to the conclusion to go to Butte and live. Uncle Will and I took a team and camp outfit and went to Travonia, southwest of Butte, and located town lots. We had to sleep in Frank Allen's blacksmith shop (he was the man who built the first gold mill in Montana). The only place comfortable enough to sit down in was the saloon run by the Hauswirths. To this place we generally went for the evening, going down one mile to bed about 11 o'clock.

It would, no doubt, be of interest to the people of Butte to know that we only had 16 scholars, 12 years of age up to 20, that 27th of February, 1876, to-wit: Neson Tarkelson, 20; Al Noyes, 20; Henry Rundel, 16; Joe Belcher, 16; Rolla Butcher, 12; Thomas Orr, 13; James Orr, 12; Charles Girton, 12; Cash Thompson, 19; Dora Beal (Mrs. Frank Bate-man), 18; Ella Beal (Mrs. Geo. Newkirk), 17; Ray McDaniels (Mrs. Chas. Wilson), 16; Alice Farlin, 17; Lucy Farlin, 17; Bertha Hauswirth (Mrs. John Rowan), 14; Mary Beebe (Mrs. Hank Valiton), 13.

A note says that school will commence October 30th, 1876. Patrick Tallent, teacher, and under that, school opened October 30th with 54 scholars and Miss Lizzie E. Self (afterward Mrs. Clint Freyschlag) in charge of primary department.

The town was by this time on the boom, as John How was also building a mill for the reduction of ore. I remember that Bill McDermott, who afterwards built the McDermott, or Finlen, worked on this mill. We soon got up a fairly good cabin, so we could move the folks to town. There was but little one could do to earn money in Butte that winter. It cost \$80.00 per ton to get ore milled, and not many people could afford to pay such a price. Some ore was rich enough to ship to

Salt Lake by team and from there across the Atlantic for treatment. As there did not appear to be anything for me to do, I made up my mind to go to school. Joe Saville taught that winter.

The next spring I rode the roundup in the Jefferson Valley, coming back to Butte for the summer and the cows. The 4th of July, '76, I took part in the celebration—Whittier's Centennial Hymn. I also made up my mind to make a few dollars that day. I rented the building afterward occupied by the First National Bank of Jake Poznansky. I sold ice cream during the day and oysters during the evening, taking in over \$125.00. I also rode Drigg's sorrel mare in a race, beating the aforesaid "Blue Dick" out of all he possessed. Certainly a very busy 24 hours.

The Forbis family had come from Helena. Will was running a candy shop in a small building near the Centennial hotel. In the same building was a small room used as a cobbler shop; John Forbis had his law office with the cobbler. John may have had a book or two, he certainly did not have any furniture, not even a chair, using a goods box for that purpose. He was to become one of the greatest of mining lawyers. There were three boys in this family, William, John and James. Will used to be a fright to sleep with, would get up and walk in his sleep, etc, and either John or Jim would sleep with him, and then kick about loss of sleep the next day. Tom Wampler got off a pretty good thing on the boys one day. He said: "Those Forbis boys are the darndest fools I ever saw; there are only three of them and Bill is a terror to sleep with, and the other two have not got sense enough to sleep together and let Bill sleep alone, but one or the other will sleep with him and kick all the next day."

Everything was wide open in those days and the fellow who did not play cards was an exception. Fred Lober built a hall, in which all the entertainments were held. At a club dance one night I remarked to a man named McCall that it would be a good thing to start a Sunday School. He immediately fell into the scheme and stopping the music announced that those interested in Sunday School work would meet at the I. O. G. T. hall Sunday afternoon (this was Friday evening), when we would proceed to establish Sunday School work. This was all, the music started and the dance went on. Sunday afternoon many people met, and what I believe to have been the first Sunday School in Butte was then begun. McCall was elected superintendent, Miss Lizzie Self, treasurer, and I, secretary. This was known for years as the Union Sunday School.

Property was cheap in those days, but as no one knew what the future would bring forth, many of the old timers did not get it. I think, and in fact, know, that the people who had experience in quartz mining considered it dangerous. The cry was that ore did not generally "go down," etc., etc. I remember that while I was teaching school in Silver Bow in the summer of '74, a miner, Harry Gassert, told me that if ever he made a raise and I wanted money with which to enter any little business, he would let me have it. Not long after Jake Reding and Gassert did make quite a lot of money in the mines. I had not ready cash, but did have some

cattle. One day Tom Wampler came to me and said he could buy the corner on Main and Granite, opposite the Hennessy building, for \$500, of Big Bill McNamara; that he had made arrangements with Jerre Roach for lumber, etc., and that I had better go and see Gassert. I went out to Burlington, saw him and told him I could get the lot for \$500.00, and would like to get the money. He said: "Al, you can have the money for a certain length of time, but as I intend to erect a mill, I will need all I have and will expect it when due. Before letting you have it, I want to tell you what I think. From my experience in quartz camps, it won't be long before you will see cows eating grass in the streets of Butte." It was only \$500, but I did not want to get in debt. Under the circumstances, we did not buy. Six weeks after McNamara sold to James Matthews for \$1,000. No cow has ever gotten very fat on green grass in the streets of Butte. I walked into Chastine Humphrey's blacksmith shop one day, then a little building on the present site of the First National Bank. Looking out to the west and across the gulch back of the shop, he called my attention to several hundred feet he owned along what is now Broadway, and said: "Al, my boy, let me sell you that land. You can have it for \$200—and pay for it when you can." Here was a man who had been identified with the city of Butte since its early placer days, having been one of the firm of Allison & Humphrey that had brought in one of the big ditches, wanting to give me, almost, one of the most valuable pieces of property or real estate in the place. This same man did give to Philip Poacher 3,000 pounds of beef and a lot in the center of that same block if he would start a butcher shop in Butte. It is no wonder then, that a boy, having such advice as Gassert's and Humphrey's, did not get all the real estate he could. Over thirty years after, in a conversation with Wint Raymond of Sheridan, Montana, he told me that we could have gotten rich in Butte if it hadn't been for lack of confidence. Such men as Geo. Newkirk, Valentine Kropf, Dave Upton, Humphrey Bros., Reece Wampler, who sold almost one-half block on Main—same block which is now the site of the Hennessy building—for \$600; Forbis Bros., and others too numerous to mention could not see.

A story was once told me by Mrs. Owsley, matron of State Normal College, concerning Bill Owsley, her husband's brother. It seemed that Bill and a partner owned a whole lot of real estate on lower Main. They also had \$100 in cash. They each desired to wipe the dust of Butte from his feet, but having property not salable, and not wanting to leave it altogether, one proposed they play a game of seven-up, the winner to take the money. Bill lost the \$100, and won the site of the Owsley Block. He felt so bad he actually cried.

A young man, Milton Barnhart, and I located the claim which is now Foster and Leggett's addition to Butte. We did not have confidence. The Tramway mine, since so famous in the litigation in Butte, was once mine under some other name, now forgotten by me. The exceed-

ingly rich Comanche, the property of Geo. Tibbitts and W. B. Stanchfield—they called it the "Lizzie Ellen," for Stanchfield's wife. They sunk a shaft 40 feet deep and let it go. Thirty-eight million dollars have been taken out of it since. What is the use in drawing more upon such disagreeable subjects, as lost chances. They come to people all through life. It seems that he who is successful becomes so as much through chance as foresight. John F. Forbis once said to me: "There is a money sense, Al, that so many do not have. Take, for instance, so and so; you knew them; they had no education; they were not considered bright in any way; yet their estates showed almost \$500,000 each. You have got to have money sense or you can't make money." During those years I lived in Butte I got acquainted with Mantle, J. R. Clark, who started a branch of the Donnell, Clark & Larabie bank in Butte, in the corner of a grocery store run by the Cohen Bros., Dave and Alex; J. R. Russel, M. J. Connell, Alex and Sam Johnson, D. J. Hennessy, John Gillie, Dave Upton, John Noyes, Judge Caleb Irvin, Geo. W. Irvin II., Dr. Ford, the old postmaster, Mell Lowery, Jim Talbot, Orton Bros., in fact, almost every one in the place.

In the early spring of '77 I made a visit to Argenta, Bannack and Horse Prairie. There was a young lady living on the Prairie with whom I had corresponded for some time before her advent in Montana, so it was probably as much on her account as any other that I made that trip. In going over to Horse Prairie I stopped at Argenta to see the French family that had been residents of Bannack years before, and whom I had not seen for years. Also met my old friends, Billy McIntosh, Rufe Ferster, the Nays, Blairs, Geo. Dart, Pat Dempsey, Bill Goodrich, Ameda Bessette, F. L. Graves, in Bannack. Arriving at Hamilton's I proceeded to enjoy myself. We became acquainted with several of the neighboring ranchmen, particularly with the Winters and Montague, who owned the ranch now possessed by J. C. Brenner. We also made a visit to Red Rock, at the home of Joe Shineberger. Misses Lizzie and Maggie (now Mrs. Wm. Roe) were then living with their brother. We had a most enjoyable time there for a week. From there we went to M. Barrett's and spent several memorable days. Also visiting the Watsons in Bannack. These were happy days. All clouds had silver linings. Youth and optimism or un-wisdom, filled life full. No misgivings of an unknown future clouded our vision.

In due time I returned to Butte, securing a position with a Mr. Sigsby, who was then operating a brick yard. (This man Sigsby was one of the men in Walker's filibustering expedition in Central America, having put the sum of \$14,000 into it). My work consisted in off-bearing the brick. It was mighty hard for a person of my size, but my nerve would not allow me to quit, without a very good excuse. It came pretty soon in the following way: Atwood Lawrence, afterward the superintendent at the Vulcan and Goldsmith mines, a cousin of mine, a "six-footer," and Joe Campbell, later a marshal in the Coeur d'Alenes, also a good husky

fellow, came to the conclusion the work was too hard for them, so asked for their time. This was my cue. I went up town that evening. Billy Wilson wanted to know if I would take a job making "soda pop." I consented to this and began the manufacturing of pop. This was the first place of the kind started in Butte. As I was not required to be busy any great length of time each day for Billy, he told me I could get something on the side. "Big Bill" McNamara owned the building where we were making pop, and also had some vacant ground west of it. At my request he built a frame building and rented it to me for an "Ice Cream Parlor." I opened this place, having for a partner Nat P. Evans. We did exceedingly well in this business, considering the times. Our receipts were \$3.50 to \$42.50 per day. Henry McMurphy, Nat's brother-in-law, advised us to put our money into town lots, but being young we were too wise to accept the advice, so spent our money as we made it.

Early that summer Chief Joseph of the Nez Perces began to have some trouble with the whites, which a little later drove him on the war-path. While this was in the territory of Idaho, it might be possible that he would head for Montana, and in that event the trouble would be brought home to us. It was not long until it developed that he would come our way, and soon people of Missoula began calling for help. Several of the boys answered the first call. Billy Woodward, Charlie Whitford and several more. They wanted me to go also. Under the circumstances I did not believe it necessary, especially as I was the only one to take care of my grandmother, who was a very old lady. The boys even went so far as to intimate that I was afraid to go. I did not pay any attention to this, other than to say that when the Indians got to Montana I would be glad to do all I could. In the meantime I was getting along nicely.

There came a day, July 28th, only a short time after, when, returning one afternoon from Meaderville, I saw a crowd on Main street, between Broadway and Granite. Some one was on a dry goods box making a speech. On getting nearer, I saw that it was W. A. Clark. He had just arrived from Deer Lodge, having made the trip from that place to Butte—42 miles—in three and a half hours, without change of horse. His talk was fiery and enthusing. He would, if they wished, lead them against Chief Joseph and his tribe. This was no time to hesitate, the call had come from Missoula for help. Who would go?

The following were the Butte Volunteers, July 28th, 1877. Co. A: Captain, W. A. Clark; First Lieut., C. S. Warren; Second Lieut., James A. Talbot; First Sergeant, C. A. B. Halverson; Simon Hauswirth, C. E. Humphreys, L. A. Flint, J. K. Bradley, Sam P. Alexander, Dan Yager, B. T. Porter, Jas. Widner, John F. Forbis, John McGregor, Thos. Bradley, Chas. Freeman, J. G. Keith, J. F. Prouse, W. G. Pfouts, Geo. Maney, Peter McDermott, Sam M. Johnson, Wm. B. Elliott, B. C. Benson, J. W. Ryan, G. O. Humphreys, Wm. Joy, Jas. Boyd, W. L.



Kinnear, M. E. Gilmore, J. T. Argyle, Pat Tallent, Wm. Whitman, A. L. Johnson, Wm. McNamara, J. K. Mallory, S. Simpson, J. T. Coughenour, Chas. Behm, Edward Chevalier, Patrick Whalen, J. L. Duff, A. J. Grubb, Timothy Kennedy, J. S. Meliffe, John Casheon, J. K. Clark, J. A. Talbot, Geo. Lavelle, Joseph E. Cooke, J. F. McLin, A. J. Noyes, Morris Terry, Michael Kellett, Martin O'Brien, Dan Magee, Patrick Oart, Jno. Clark, M. T. Kelley, Al. G. Terrell, G. S. Callaghan, Lyman Blackwell, I. C. Burkett, S. B. Cusick, E. Maloney, Alex Johnson, Wm. Haines, H. A. Willard.

There was no such thing as waiting. We must go to Deer Lodge as fast as we could get transportation. I went to my place of business, turned it over to a boy, then went home for gun and saddle. When I told grandmother what I had done, she began to cry and said: "You are just big fool enough to go and get killed." Alex Ralston was running a stage line in those days. It did not take him long to have it ready for a crowd. I happened to be one of the first ready, so went with him. When down near the Centennial Brewery we overtook a fellow who was riding a mule bareback, with only a blind bridle. It was Big Jack McAuliff, a blacksmith at one of the mines on "The Hill." "Where are you going, Jack," I asked. "Deer Lodge," was his reply. I told him to use my saddle, which he was only too glad to do. There must have been some good material in a man who was willing to ride 42 miles, at night, on a work mule without a saddle, to succor some one who had called for assistance down at Missoula, 140 mile away. "Billy" Clark knew the men of Butte. When he left Deer Lodge for Butte, he ordered men to ride through the Deer Lodge Valley and impress all saddle horses. These horses were to be at Deer Lodge early the next morning. We rode all night, and just as the sun was coming up we got to the "Little Camp on the Trail to Bear."

Jim Irwin was a young fellow who mined on the hill. He and I were particular friends. We had agreed to stick together, no matter what happened. Jim, as well as the other boys, was broke, not having had time to call for a check. "What shall we do for something to eat?" he asked me. I had some money, but not enough to feed the crowd, so I told him we had better call on Jas. Mills, secretary of the territory. This we proceeded to do. Mills came to the door in his night robe, and kindly asked us what he could do for us. Irwin was spokesman. "Mr. Secretary, we left Butte in such a hurry that we did not get any money for expenses, and as we have been riding all night, we are hungry; so have called on you to see what you would suggest." "Go to the hotel, boys, and get what you want and have it charged to me." "Thank you, Mr. Secretary, but there are over two hundred of us in the same condition. What about them?" Irwin asked. "It doesn't make any difference how many, it will be all right." We proceeded to get something to eat, spreading the news to the late comers, so they could get in on James H. Mills.

There was certainly enough going on that morning in Deer Lodge to keep me interested. Ranchmen were coming to town with horses as per request of Clark; who had himself gotten to Deer Lodge early that day. As fast as men could become equipped with saddle and gun, they were furnished a horse. As I had my outfit with me, I soon secured a splendid brown, the property of Spencer Johnson, a ranchman near Warm Spring Creek. My friend Irwin got a small pony. We had orders to go, as soon as horses were issued to us, to a rendezvous at New Chicago. Irwin and I started down the river, and had ridden but a few miles when Jim came to the conclusion that he would trade horses with the first person he met who had something that looked better than the one he was riding. We met two ranchmen shortly after, and Jim made a "big talk" and secured a very nice looking horse in exchange for his pony. We were riding leisurely along, some ten miles north of Deer Lodge, when all at once we saw a man riding towards us fit to kill. It was Sam Alexander, since quite a character in Butte. "What is the matter, Sam?" one of us asked him. He never slacked up, but replied: "I don know; I don know."

I am not saying that Sam was afraid of anything, but he was going like the wind toward the crowd. As we could not get any satisfaction out of him, we made up our minds to continue on until something of a different nature proved to us that we too should turn back. We rode along for a mile or two, to a high hill that was on the trail, looking down onto a piece of bottom land along the Deer Lodge, we saw quite a number of men coming toward us. We soon met James Prowse and some other man, and from them received the information that a courier from Missoula had just met them with word from there that the Indians had passed up the Bitter Root and that we had better head them off in the Big Hole Basin. We at once turned our heads toward Deer Lodge, where we arrived for dinner and further orders. Clark, now a major, ordered us to Warm Springs Creek for the night. From which place we would start for French Gulch the next morning. Irwin and I started for the Springs not long after dinner. When near Race Track Creek, Major Clark overtook us and rode in our company to the camp. He soon noticed my horse. He was riding a very pretty black mare, good enough with the exception of size. All at once he said:

"Al, how do you like my horse?"

"She is a dandy, Major," I replied.

"How would you like to trade?" he then asked.

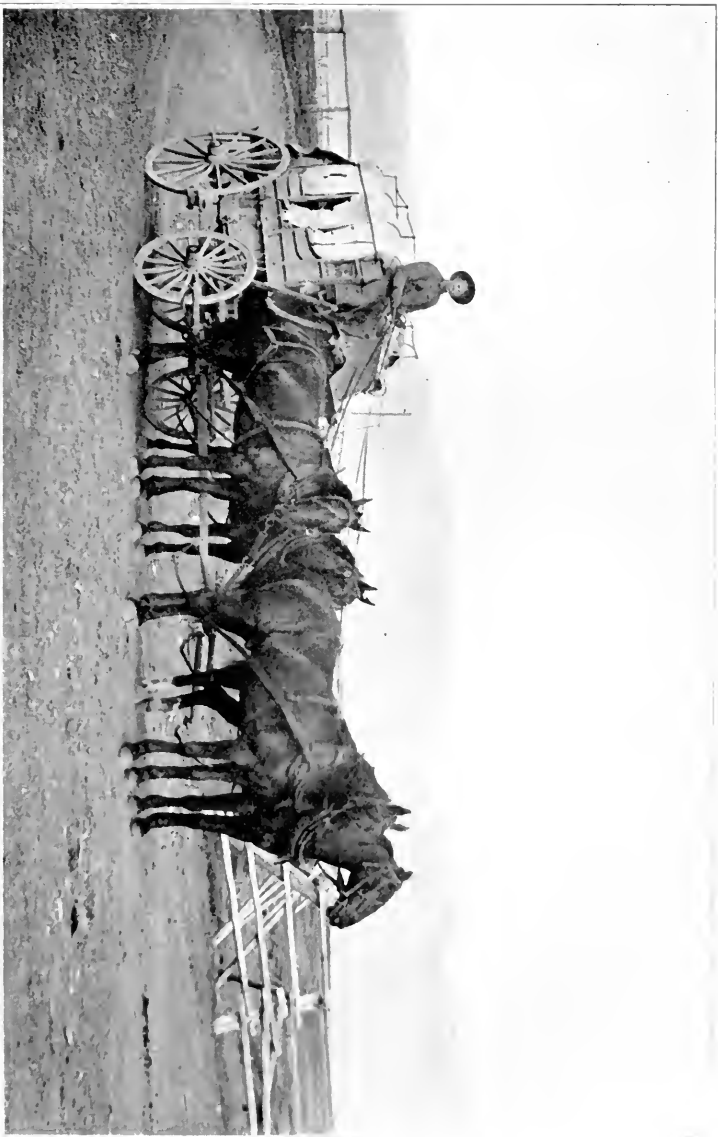
I told him that the one I had suited me very nicely indeed. Not long after he again wanted to make the trade. I replied to this that my horse was all right and that no one could tell when he might need a good one, especially when after Indians. He did not insist, so I retained my mount. I have many times, in the years gone by, thought of this affair. Here was Major Clark, commander of the Volunteers, who wanted a horse, one for which he was responsible to the owner; one that he could have taken had he made up his mind to that effect; yet, because he could

not trade fair, he allowed a mere slip of a kid to keep it. We did not pass any too pleasant a time at Warm Springs that night, as it was a little bit inclined to rain. Irwin and I had made some kind of a shack out of some boards, in which to sleep. In the morning, before we rolled out, I heard Billy Forbis say: "I bet you that your man can't outrun Al Noyes sixty yards." Billy came to us and asked if I would run a foot race. "Of course I would." To make a long story short, I went up against a professional and didn't get there soon enough to save my backer's money. As we were up early we soon pulled for French Gulch in a rain storm, where we were to spend the night.

It was but a straggling band of men that rode from the Springs to French Gulch that day, no attempt to keep order. Captain James Talbot, John Downs and I were at the head of the column and, of course, the first into French Gulch. Talbot and Downs wanted a drink of whisky on account of the cold. Talbot remarked: "It won't do to allow the boys all the whisky they want, so I will order the saloon keeper not to let them have more than one each." This was agreed to by Downs. As soon as we got to town, they got their drink and the Frenchman got his orders. "Do not give more than one drink to any one man. Do you understand?" The boys kept straggling in until dark, each one to get his one drink. No more! I never could tell just what did happen; either those boys got more than one drink, or the poison was intense, as many a one was pretty noisy before midnight. Guards were out with the horses. A beef was killed in the streets, and the men proceeded to get their supper on the end of a sharp stick and cook before a big camp fire. We rolled in any old place, with orders to move at daybreak. When the day did break it was to be one of disappointment. Jake Hootman had arrived about 2 o'clock with word from Gen. Sherman, who was at Fort Ellis, to the effect that the government did not need the Volunteers, and that we were to return home. I have learned since that there was some misunderstanding about that Sherman message; some misconstruction placed on it. However that may have been, we were to go home. Major Clark ordered Mell Lowery, a lieutenant, with several men, to form a scouting party, go to the Big Hole and look the ground over for Indians. I do not remember the men he chose, nor does he at this date. W. L. Kinnear of Bonner, Idaho, was one of them. As we could go to Butte via German Gulch, several of us went that way. I recall John Noyes and a Mr. Jones, one of the owners of the La Platta Lode, and I were together. Noyes was an old Indian fighter and described several of the fights he was in. He said that no one could tell what was in him until he was actually in battle.

We arrived in Butte early in the afternoon. It was probably 6 o'clock when I met W. A. Clark on the street. He told me that we were ordered to Deer Lodge valley, to our old camp at Warm Springs Creek, by Governor Potts. "You tell all the boys you see and start to-night for the Springs. You need not go clear through until morning. You

can camp in the first hay stack you come to," was the Major's order. Will Forbis, Fred Lober, an Irish miner, name now forgotten, and myself left Butte about 7 p. m. The Irishman was a big man, entirely out of his element on horseback. I asked him what he thought of this Indian war, anyway. He replied: "If it does nothing else, it will make damned good riders of all them that is left of us." When we arrived at the Hump we turned our horses into the corral, at once dug a hole in a haystack and went to sleep. I awoke early and looked for my horse, all the others were in sight. The stable door was open, but as it was too dark to see anything without a light, I took it for granted that he was all right. I took another nap. At daylight we were all up ready to saddle and hit the trail. My horse did not show up. I went into the house and lying down under the stairway soon fell asleep, to be awakened by some one, who proved to be Major Clark, who said: "What are you doing here? I thought I ordered you to Warm Springs?" I soon explained, in language not proper to record here, that some one had stolen my horse. The Major laughed and said: "Put your saddle on the coach when it comes along and we will try and find him for you." When the coach arrived at the Springs, Jim Talbot came up and asked me if I had lost my horse. Wanting a description of it, etc. As he was my captain, he took great interest in my welfare and was very anxious to help me. It was only a short time before Jim came back and told me there was an animal answering the description; to come and see. It proved to be mine. Several years after I met Jim on Main street, Butte. He stopped me and said: "Did you ever find out who stole your horse during the Nez Perce war?" "No," I replied. "Well, Al, if you won't get mad, I will tell you." "It is too late now to feel sore over it, so spit it out," I said. "I did it. My horse got lame, and finding yours in the corral, I rode him down to the Springs," he said. I asked him why he didn't tell me before, to which he replied: "To tell the truth, I was afraid; you were too mad." What had we been ordered to Warm Springs for? Hadn't Gen. Sherman sent word to head us off and send us home? It was not long before these questions were answered. Governor Potts wanted to thank us for responding so heartily to the call of duty; that he was exceedingly sorry that such a splendid body of men could not go forward and wipe out the Indians, but a higher power had decreed otherwise. "I want to say to you that if Montana ever needs your assistance at any future time, I would consider it a great honor to be your leader." It was for that reason we had ridden in hot haste to the rendezvous—and made a horse thief, for the time being, of Jim Talbot. It was that the brave(?) boys of Butte were to listen to the personal thanks of the territorial governor. Major Clark gave me some dispatch to carry to Butte, so I rode on ahead of the troop, which disbanded soon after its arrival. We went about our work for a few days. Lowery and men were back, reporting "No Indians!"



OLD STAGE COACH  
BIG HOLE TO DIVIDE



Then came the news that Gen. Gibbon had had a fight with Joseph, at the Big Hole. "Come at once; fetch all the doctors and ambulances you can; many killed and wounded." Clark made a call for volunteers. Many said: "To h——l with the war. We went once and were ordered back; we won't go again." Only 42 responded to that call, though history mentions 56. The following is the list of those who went to the rescue, August 12th, 1877:

W. A. Clark, major; J. A. Talbot, Captain; Mell Lowery, lieutenant; Peter McDermott, F. H. Ramsdell, Tom Rea, Richard Jones, Jas. Irvin, I. B. Thomas, Geo. W. Mooney, Geo. H. Stoner, Dennis Simpson, "Brick" Van Walter, Wm. Woodward, Chas. B. Finn, A. W. Camp, Sam M. Johnson, J. K. Bradley, David Jones, A. J. Noyes, Jas. B. Prowse, Jno. Dolas, Mason Warren, Peter Sherr, Thos. Mitchell, Jno. G. Keith, Frank Rodgers, Ed Hickey, Simon Hauswirth, Robert Hauswirth, James Widner, A. J. Grubb, G. S. Harrison, A. W. Barnard, Richard Pue, Ben Venor, Pat Foley, W. H. Archer, S. P. Alexander, N. L. Turner, E. W. Sigsbee, James Johnson, Era Alderman, W. L. Kinnear, Pat Tallent, Robt. Simons, Pat Whalen, B. C. Benson, J. C. McLinn, Henry Suprenant, Wm. Sinsill, Addison Smith, C. E. Humphreys, Jno. C. Belk, Dr. Wheelock, Dr. O. B. Whitford.

Ed King, who owned a brick yard in those days, in Butte, had a span of horses and concord wagon, which he turned over to Frank Ramsdell and I. This was the same young man who gave the Alice mine to his lady love, Miss Emma Butcher—then failed to get her. That night we were in French Gulch. Up early the next morning, we had an early dinner on the Big Hole, at Shinerock. We met Gen. Gibbon and his wounded at the point of the "hog-back" between the north and south forks of the Big Hole, on land afterward taken up by Geo. Waddell. You remember that the general had a slight wound in the thigh, being among the first to receive a bullet in the engagement. He was sitting by a bunch of willows when Major Clark and I walked up to see him. Clark introduced himself and said: "You had a hard fight, General." "I tell you, Major Clark, that we hadn't been in that fight but a short time when I thought it would be another Custer massacre, and to tell the truth there is only one reason, in my mind, why it was not. When we left Missoula we had trowel bayonets issued to us; these were used, with which to dig holes into which we got for protection. If it hadn't been for them, none of us, in my opinion, would have lived to tell the tale." (I would like to know if Clark remembers these words of Gibbon.)

Gen. Gibbon and son-in-law were furnished a team and buggy and left at once for Deer Lodge. Capt. Rawn was left in command. While Gibbon and Clark were talking, the wounded men were trailing into the bottom land from the "hog-back." Some were in the wagons belonging to Hugh Kirkendall, who had been with the troops since they began to march. Others were being hauled on travois—poles, one end of which were hitched to a horse, the other dragging on the

ground. A blanket was fastened between the poles, on which the wounded man lay. This device was one used to a considerable extent when nothing better was to be had. It was supposed to be as near comfort as possible, but when you take into consideration that this country had quite a lot of high sage brush which would make the going rough, it was anything but pleasant. The poor fellows in the travois were glad to meet the wagons for their transportation.

When we left Butte, Gen. C. S. Warren gave his brother, Mace, a bottle of whisky, saying: "Give that to Lieut. Woodruff with my compliments." Mace made enquiry for the gentleman and found him in one of the freight wagons. He introduced himself as a brother of Warren and presented the whisky. The lieutenant looked at the kid and said: "Where are you going, Warren?" "I am going after those Indians," was the reply. "That is all right," replied Woodruff, "but I want to give you a little advice; don't try to sharp-shoot with them, for they are the best shots I ever saw, and I have had some experience, as I can prove to you." With that he unbuttoned his shirt and showed us the scars of three bullet holes received in the rebellion. These three scars could be covered with the palm of the hand.

This was my first experience with wounded men; 33 of them, more or less injured, some of whom died soon after. We learned that all of Gibbon's soldiers who wanted to, had gone in with Howard. General Howard has been maligned for his inability to catch up with this Indian chief. Many, who have been loudest in denunciation, are wholly ignorant of the conditions and would have given up long before and returned to Walla Walla. Howard arrived on the battlefield soon after it was over and was, no doubt, the direct cause of the cessation of hostilities, as the Indians had learned of his proximity. He remained one day at the scene, helping the wounded and burying the dead. He then took up the trail of Joseph, who had gone toward the Horse Prairie. Joseph's first camp was on the Big Lake Creek, on land afterwards partly owned by me. I have seen it many times.

Major Clark asked for volunteers to go with him and overtake Howard, as Stuart's company from Deer Lodge was going also. It is my opinion that no one who had a horse refused to go. After waiting for a short time to give the wounded a rest, we pulled down the main fork four or five miles to Doolittle Creek, where we went into camp for the night. This was early in the afternoon, as the wounded needed attention. Frank and I had a sergeant, Watson by name, who was shot through the hips, also calf of one leg. The wagon next behind us carried Lieut. Wm. English. (Both of these men died soon after we reached Deer Lodge; the only ones to die after leaving the battleground.) We camped the second night on Seymour Creek; the third on Mill or Brundy. The fourth day, just before noon, the wife of Lieut. English met us. She had not been long a wife. Her's must have been a stout heart, or she had been told to be very cheerful on her husband's account.



She climbed into the wagon, saying, in a cheerful voice: "How are you, Willie?" She stayed with him through the balance of that ride to town. The people of Deer Lodge had improvised a hospital in a vacant building for most of the wounded. Watson and English were taken to the Sisters. After having partaken of a very nice meal, furnished by the ladies, we went to the Ramsdell ranch, 10 miles north of Deer Lodge, as Frank had promised me a saddle horse for further pursuit of Joseph. The one he gave me was small, and somewhat lame, with greased heels. I arrived in Butte the next afternoon; did not take time to go home, but finding a man who was willing to go with me, we started for Divide Creek 20 miles distant. This was John Councilman, a brother-in-law to Cris Nesler. About 10 we picketed our horses and went to sleep. We got up early the next morning, in fact we had no particular reason for staying in bed, as all we had was our saddle blankets, and mine was full of holes, and went to John McKenzie's ranch, where we asked for breakfast. John had just gone to the stable when we got there. I explained that we were not possessed of money, but did have a craving for something to eat. He made a little kick, because so many were coming along with the same excuse, but gave us a good breakfast. After breakfast we again started on our journey. Some three or four miles were gone over when we met the stage. On the seat, with the driver, was W. A. Clark.

He had the driver stop and said: "Hello, Al, where are you going?" "After Indians." He began to laugh and said: "I guess you had better go home, as the Indian war is over, so far as we are concerned. We overtook Gen. Howard on Horse Prairie, camped one night with him and were pulling out independently the next morning, when he informed us we were under him if we went to the front. I explained that I was independent—under no one. He replied that I must go with him or go back, so we left his command and started for Butte. You will soon meet the boys as they are but a short distance behind." The boys soon came up and we took the trail for Butte, where we arrived about noon. I had ridden 576 miles, had not seen an Indian, dead or alive; had lost a business from which I had been making some money. The experience may have been worth something. Why in the name of common sense I had continued to follow Indians, when they must have been 200 miles away, and on a lame horse, without money, I do not know, unless it was youthful foolishness. None of the Butte boys got in a fight with them.

I want to go on record, so my children and grandchildren may know, that no bullet of mine struck to earth a Nez Perce. When Lewis and Clark made their memorable trip across the mountains, they found those Indians friendly. All other generations since, until '77, had found them so. The white man, as usual, wanted their land, and had made a treaty with some of them, but not with Joseph's father, who was known as a non-treaty Indian. Ere Columbus had set sail for China or India, these

people had lived in their beautiful valley by the flowing water. Their dead had been placed in consecrated ground, which had been watered by the tears of loved ones. No other sun ever shone as bright as did this of theirs. They may have been savages, but they were men, as Gibbon found to his cost, as he was whipped on the banks of the Ruby. They were never untrue to their fathers or their traditions, as is evinced by their having taken the war path. No party of men, since the world began, ever put up a more glorious effort for independence than did the red men of the Vale of Willowa. Col. Dodge, who probably knew as much about the American Indian as any one, claims that Joseph was one of the greatest generals of the world.

General Gibbon said to General Howard on the battlefield: "Who could have believed that those Indians would have rallied after such a surprise, and made such a fight!" Howard said of Joseph: "Few military commanders, with good troops, could have recovered after so fearful a surprise." Also: "At Camas Meadows, not far from Henry's Lake, Joseph's night march, his surprise of my camp and capture of over a hundred head of animals, and after a slight battle, making a successful escape, showed an ability to plan and execute equal to many a partisan leader whose deeds have entered into classic story. And even at last, the natural resources of his mind did not fail him. Broken in pieces by Miles' furious and unexpected assault, burdened with his women, children and plunder, suffering the loss of his still numerous though badly crippled herd of ponies, yet he was able to retreat and hold out for several days against twice his numbers, and succeeded in pushing out beyond the white man's pickets a part of his people to join allies in Canada."

The most beautiful tribute to this man, Indian that he was, is the following from the pen of Judge C. C. Goodwin, Sept. 24th, 1904:

"Chief Joseph—So Chief Joseph has gone over the range. His translation was instantaneous. One moment he was sitting by his camp-fire dreaming of the kingdom which had been taken away from him, the next he was in the happy hunting grounds on that reservation which the pale faces can never steal or partition. A great old soul was Joseph. He was to his people what Hannibal was to the Carthaginians, he was a born general; he knew how to set his men in array for battle; he had the rare gift of making a fighting retreat which was every day a victory, and which would have been a final success had it been before the day of telegraph and heliograph, those inventions which the untutored savage could not anticipate or prepare a defense against.

"The retreat of Kuropatkin from Liao Yang will go down in history as a marvelous military achievement. In some respects it does not compare with the retreat made by Chief Joseph, through a pathless waste of rugged mountains, encumbered as he was with his wounded and the women and children of his tribe. For three months the running fight went on which covered 1500 miles, with relays of soldiers hot in the

chase until forty companies were in all engaged, and he would have finally triumphed had not, to him, unknown sentinels given his whereabouts away. It was a most masterful achievement, and it gave him a place in history at the side of, if not at the head of those indomitable fighters, King Phillip, Pontiac, Tecumseh and others who one by one, made their stand not only against irresistible forces, but against fate itself. It had to be. The continent could not be left to savagery; the weaker race had to go to the wall, but in the long drawn-out tragedy of 300 years there are repeated pictures so tinged with pathos and sorrow that they darken the whole somber history. One of the last of those pictures was that of Chief Joseph. As time grows on, it will grow in stature as it shines out of the frame in which it is swung in the gallery of ages. It will be an everlasting challenge to the schools to present a braver or more self-contained hero, or one with more native genius or more tenacity of purpose.

"If, above, a more careful record is kept, if there all the dross of the earth is eliminated and those sublimated souls meet and greet each other, a great reception was given Joseph on his coming. Those who on earth were the proudest and haughtiest thronged around the entrance gate to receive him and to make obedience to his valorous soul, as to one as brave as the best—at once a patriot, a hero, a shepherd of his people, a born king. The Northwest should set up a rude stone on some highland overlooking the Willowa Valley and inscribe his name upon it. Whatever wrongs he committed he and his suffered greater ones. He was never blood-thirsty; he never struck a blow except what he deemed was self-defense and his dauntless soul pleads forgiveness if not justification for every wrong he committed, and no son of the Northwest will ever be braver than he, more true to native land than he; more self-controlled under terrible dangers than was he; more resourceful than he; more calm under final defeat than was he, and not many will have native sagacity superior to his. In the great lodge of the happy hunting grounds may he have the softest blankets, the most elaborately carved pipe, and the tallest plume in the wickiup."

Clark was running the old Dexter mill in those days, and I secured a job on the roasters. It so happened that the people of Pipe Stone wanted some one to teach their school that winter. John Paul, owner of the Pipe Stone Springs, was one of the trustees. He came to Butte and requested me to take the position. I accepted and taught during the winter. That old school house was on the side hill near, or in fact, on the site of Whitehall, now quite a lively little burg. This school was an old-fashioned "board-around" affair. You got, in that way, to get acquainted with every one of the people who had an interest. Paul had three boys, George, Charles and James. The Widow Blake two boys, Edward and Michael; two girls, Rosa and Lizzie. Miller three, Martin, Montana, and the younger one not now remembered. A young girl, Violet Falkner, and a big husky boy, John, who weighed 190 pounds. We were

all young people together, and enjoyed life as we found it. I liked to walk and would generally go up to Parson's Bridge, 11 miles, or Silver Star, 17 miles, to spend Saturday and Sunday, walking back Sunday evening. There were many young people living in the valley that winter, so a dance was not uncommon. The people of that part of Montana had gotten together and erected quite a large stone building, to be used as a woolen mill—A. J. Davis, the Butte banker, now uses it for a stable. When the building was completed, they gave a dance, to which young people came for miles. The machinery was never installed, and another dream was mere nightmare.

I had used part of my wages in buying a pinto mare, also a small gelding. My father gave me a nice three-year-old, but as I owed Lyman Kinnear a few dollars, I made a trade with him in the following way. I give him the colt for his account and a silver watch. Dick Trefry, who was running a butcher shop, had use for a watch, and told me he had a nice saddle mare he would trade for it. The mare would not be in evidence until the next morning. Next morning I was up in good season, but Dick was up first. He told me that he had been compelled to get a beef in before breakfast, which accounted for the mare being warm. We made the trade. Taking my lead horse by the rope, I pulled out for Horse Prairie, riding the mare. It did not take long to discover why the beef was brought in "before breakfast." The poor old thing would stumble and fall on level road she was so stiff. I had ridden along until about midway between Silver Star and Iron Rod, where I met Bill Hayden, who was riding a small mule. We stopped and passed the time of day. Bill said: "I see you have Dick Trefry's little mare; how would you like to trade for the mule?" I was perfectly willing to make any kind of a trade, at that particular time. We pulled saddles, changed "horses" and were soon going toward our destinations. There is a bridge at Iron Rod across the Jefferson River. Just below this bridge was the old mill of Largey & Dahler, also a store; about two miles back of this store was the mine. When I got to the bridge there was trouble. Just as soon as that mule got her forefeet on the bridge she bolted and ran back to the store. She did this several times. Making up my mind that spurs would persuade her, I went in and bought a pair, in the meantime asking the man in charge, the distance to Point of Rocks. "Something over 20 miles," he replied. "How long ought it take me to get there?" I asked. "Judging from the way you have been acting for the last hour, you will never get there. That mule isn't a riding mule," he said. "Do you know her?" Know her! Well I guess so; she hasn't done a thing but pack grub from this store to that mine for years. She don't know any other road." Well, here I was with a mule that didn't know anything but "straight up," because it was up a mighty steep hill to the Iron Rod. I must go to Point of Rocks, the mule wouldn't lead and hesitated about crossing the bridge, but the spurs applied at the right time, changed what she had for a mind, so we arrived safely on the other side.

I was a few miles south of Twin Bridges when I was overtaken by a man who rode with me to the Point, where we stayed all night. This was a soldier from Fort Ellis. He was looking for a deserter who had a pony and a mule. When he saw me he thought he had found his man, until he rode up close enough to see his mistake. The next morning he found his party, who had encamped a short distance from the Point.

That night I spent with Geo. French in Argenta. As there was quite a lot of snow on the trail from Argenta to Bannack, George told me I had better leave one of my animals, as it would be troublesome getting over with two, so I parted then and there with my mule and rode my split-ear pony to Hamilton's ranch. A year after George wrote to me at Butte and wanted to know what I was going to do with the mule. Said she was killing the colts on the range, and people did not take kindly to such playfulness; said he could trade her for a small mare by paying ten dollars. I wrote to him to make the trade, pay the \$10.00 and we would go into the horse business together. This he did and we soon had several head of horses and were in a fair way to become wealthy when a disease got in its deadly work and all died. I have elaborated on this horse and mule trade to show what I got out of a nice horse my father had presented me—nothing.

The Hamiltons had let a contract to John Everson to build their first fence, and I was soon at the camp helping "trim poles." John was a married man, had a wife much younger than himself. She was a good singer, I also sang some in those days. After all the work was done we would get a hymn book in the evening and sing. I worked mighty hard each day, but, for all of that, I did not hold my place but a short time. Years after, my aunt told me John was jealous. I had partly agreed to run the Hamilton dairy that season, but owing to my uncle's temper I did not do so. Living near Hamilton's was a placer miner, Andy Myers. He and Alex Cooper had been partners. Alex had been killed by the Nez Perces the year before, just above the Hamilton house, and had been buried by Andy, "Old Man" Howard and Slim, a Chinaman, in a coffin made from part of a sluice box. Some time during the spring the people came to the conclusion to disinter his remains and take them to Bannack for burial. We took the remains to Bannack. Andy and I returned to his cabin the next day quite late. We had just sat down to supper when "Mack," the man who was working for Hamilton the year before and was with him when the Indians came, came in and said: "You ought to go down to Ham's at once, as he is having some trouble with Indians, who have a mare in their possession that the Nez Perce stole last fall." We certainly made quick work with the supper, and taking our guns went to Ham's, where we found several Indians in the house, with whom the old man was arguing about the mare. They wanted pay for her, he insisted on taking her without giving them anything. I soon put a stop to it by telling him to give them 50 pounds of flour. In this way he secured his property without trouble. Andy and I did some prospecting on Bloody

Dick Creek, located several claims but never worked them. Shortly after this I came to the conclusion to go to Butte. I returned via Silver Star.

There was a trail in those days through the hills from Silver Star to Butte. That morning, as I was getting ready to go, some one called my attention to the fact that there was another party going, and that we might go in company. This was agreeable to me. I found the man, who asked me how long it would be before I was ready. He said that he would go on ahead, that I would overtake him as he would ride slow. I had ridden several miles and had not overtaken him. I did, however, overtake John Paul, who was going to Butte with a load of vegetables. For some reason I rode along in his company. When about two miles up the gulch we saw a man come out of a bunch of bushes and come toward us. It was the same fellow who had left Silver Star ahead of me. Shortly after he passed us on horseback and I never saw him again. All at once the thought struck me that that fellow had intended to "hold me up," and that was the reason why he did not wait for me at Silver Star, and so start together. I had a good suit of clothes, but not a cent in money, my "all" had gone into the till of the hotel keeper that morning.

Soon after getting home I rode the range for some unbranded young stock that had gotten away from father the year before. After having done this, father proposed that "Big George" Sample and I should go and develop a quartz claim, belonging to C. X. Larabee, "Little" Bill McNamara and himself. The claim was on Little Pipe Stone. We accepted the proposition and moved to the place and went to work. The shaft was only 40 feet deep, but it did not take long to find that the "air" was bad. George insisted that I go to Butte and get some one to take my place, as he did not consider it safe for me to continue at work. I reported the condition to father and they sent a man to take my place. Father suggested that I had better get a team from his ranch—on the Jefferson—and haul vegetables to Butte, and sell them, if I couldn't mine. So I went to the valley and got a team; I had to go back via the mine to get the wagon. I arrived at the camp about noon, and as there was no one there, I proceeded to get something to eat, expecting to go up to the mine and get one of the men to help me put the wagon box on. Just about the time I was through eating I saw George Duwease, a miner who lived down the gulch, coming down the hill, and told him I was glad he came along, as it would save me a trip to the mine. "Where are you going?" he asked. "To Butte," I replied. "Well, I guess not; don't you know that Sample is dead?" Sample dead! He was a big, powerful man, of more than 200 pounds, healthy as could be. Now dead! He had gone into the shaft first that morning and when his partner went down he found George sitting. He complained of feeling very queer. He was advised to go on top, which he attempted to do, and, when within a few feet of the surface, let go and fell head first to the bottom, crushing his skull and dy-

ing instantly. We took him at once to Butte for burial. It would, no doubt, have been my fate had George not objected to my staying.

When the vegetables got large enough, I would go and buy a load, take them to Butte and peddle them. A fellow named Dave Hicks wanted to put a team on with me and go into partnership. I consented to this, which was not at all wise. I had some amusing times during that summer. I remember I went to W. A. Clark's house one day and Mrs. Clark wanted some potatoes. "Have you any good potatoes?" she asked, "the other day a young man sold me some and they were not good. You are not that young man, are you?" I did not have time to answer before I heard the voice of Mrs. Joaquin Abascal, Mr. Clark's sister, say: "I would know that young man again if I saw him." She came to the door. I looked her in the eye and said: "It could not have been me because I never saw you before." She took a good look and decided I was not the person, so I sold her another lot of the same "spuds." I shall not try to excuse myself in this matter. No doubt had Mrs. Abascal kept still I would have told Mrs. Clark that I had sold her some potatoes a few days before and if they had not proven good I would make them good..

I had time for many things, and once in a while would write a few lines for some paper or other. When coming from Horse Prairie, earlier in the season, as above mentioned, I met a man who gave me quite a lot of information(?) concerning the expectations of the Indians of Lemhi, etc. They were to meet at the "Lone Tree" on Horse Prairie, and from there go on the war path. This stuff came to me in a way that led me to think there was more or less truth in it. If it should prove true, and nothing had been said, I might be to blame for not having imparted the news. Under the circumstances, I wrote the following article to the Helena Herald concerning it:

Horse Prairie, Mont., April 16, 1878.

To the Editor of The Herald:

Thinking it proper to make the citizens of Montana acquainted with some of the possibilities of danger that may arise this ensuing summer from the "Noble Reds," I take this opportunity, before it may become too late, of circulating through your valuable paper what I have seen and heard. All Indians in passing this place are trying to obtain powder. One offered a fine American horse for six or seven cans of it, and another offered three pair of gloves for five cartridges. They are quite anxious to obtain ammunition at any price. They have been passing this place for a long time, but not more than two or three can be seen. On last Wednesday evening there were four Fort Hall bucks and three squaws here. They have with them one of T. H. Hamilton's mares that had been stolen from him last fall, when Joseph passed through. These braves seem to know more of the workings and machinations of Joseph than they care to tell. I have not the slightest doubt but what they were with that chief. The oldest "lady" of the lodge was at the house and

was kind enough to inform me that the Fort Hall Indians were "heep good." "Fort Lemhi Indians no good; one month, Lemhi Indians heap cut white man's throat." They told it at all the white cabins in the gulch. You may take it for what it is worth. As near as I can learn there are from 50 to 60 reds camped at what is known as the "Lone Tree," four miles above Martin Barrett's, on Horse (Prairie) Creek. The Indians say they have been from Fort Hall for two moons; where they could have been for that length of time is a question. Is it not possible that they have been getting the wherewith to further their devilish designs? Do you recollect the horrors of Minnesota? How the Sioux spread out over the country, only a few at a place, and how, at a given hour they began their work of murder and destroying?

Does not the actions and movements of the Bannacks at the present time present a parallel to those of the Sioux in 1862? And, further, it is not among the improbabilities that the Fort Hall Indians may, before another month passes, kill all the settlers on this prairie. If I see or hear of anything I will try and keep the Herald posted.

Yours truly,

H. P.

This article seemed to be the cause for a considerable scare among the people of Beaverhead county, as women and children were gathered in secure places, for fear of an uprising. Nothing happened, so far as the Indians were concerned. The people, however, were desirous of finding out who wrote the story. I never claimed the honor(?) until Mrs. Hamilton, my aunt, several years after, asked me if I knew anything about it, when I told her the particulars. After the vegetable season was over, Jared Chase and I came to the conclusion that there was much money in fishing, as one could get 25 cents per pound for them in Butte. Bob Foster was, at that time, running the Race Track House in Deer Lodge Valley. So Chase and I went there to fish. Not being very successful, we came to the conclusion we would go to the Big Hole Basin. In going up Mill Creek we noticed a very thick growth of timber. We were talking about it when I remarked to Chase: "It won't be long before all this timber is gone and these hills will be bare." "What are you talking about? You and I will never live to see those trees used; you talk like a fool," he replied. "That's all right," I said, "but Butte will use all this stuff." I must admit that this was a long "guess" on my part, as we were 30 miles from Butte and no railroad. Inside of a few years my assertion became fact, as Anaconda had been built and Caplice and McCune had this very timber cut for wood, 300,000 cords. I remember we camped all night at French, with Johnnie Seymour, an old time miner of that gulch, for whom Seymour Creek is named. We continued up the river and camped on a little creek near the river, since called McVey. We saw many fish, but were not able to catch them. I had been in the valley the year before, had seen the grazing and



meadow lands, which were very attractive to any one with stock. I wondered why it had not been taken up; was told that the snow fell so deep that one could not live in it. Neither of us thought that inside of a few years we would be pioneers of this valley.

We returned to Butte and began to cut cord wood for the Clipper mill. We worked at this during the fall. There was very little of interest going on that winter in Butte. The next spring father and I took up some land in Elk Park, on Nez Perce Creek. Johnnie Beall and I put up a cabin, corral, etc., intending to start a dairy. Why it fell through, I do not know. Early that summer Maud came from Minneapolis. She came up the Missouri river on the steamer Benton. D. J. Hennessy, Judge DeWitt, Lieut. Francis Woodbridge, who participated in the Battle of the Big Hole, were also passengers. I generally, during the summer, milked cows. (I am not sure but I think it was '79 or '80 that I had to pay \$42.50 for hay and \$80 per ton for bran with which to feed cattle, selling the milk for 50 cents per gallon). During the summer of '78 a family came to Butte from Iowa. They had, for a short time, a small house across the street from father's. The man, C. M. Buck, was a contractor and builder. There were several children in the family; two of them, Minnie and Hattie (13 years old), came over one day to see my step-sister, Jennie Hubbard. I would have been very much surprised had any one intimated that this little girl would one day be my wife.

The summer and fall of '80 was spent in the Elk Park ranch. Jim Prowse, Lyman Kinnear and I had the place. I remember that Lyman and I got out a whole lot of timber for fencing. After haying I sold my interest to my uncle, W. B. Stanchfield. I was to take the money, go to the University of Iowa and enter the Law Department. (R. B. Hassell had been the principal in the Butte schools and I had attended for some time during the winter). My uncle was to give me \$250.00 the first year, the same amount for the second. Before going to Iowa I made up my mind to take a team and make the trip through the National Park. My object in so doing was to get data for a lecture, providing my cash should not hold out. I thought that I could deliver a lecture on the wonders of that place and probably make a few dollars, as it was then so little known. I took a team, one of the horses belonged to my step-mother, and began my journey alone. On my arrival at Bozeman I met several of the Butte boys. John Reed, of the Inter-Mountain; Jim Forbis, Tom Wampler, etc., ten of them in all. They had just been through the park and were on their way home. I could not get any of them to go back with me. I got my dinner that day with Geo. Wakefield, who was then running the Northern Pacific Hotel. Mrs. Wakefield was a schoolmate of mother's. I met a kid, Link Coberly, who had been pretty near the Park but had not been in it. I proposed that he go with me. He said: "The money I have is five dollars; that won't take me very far toward the Park." I informed him that he didn't need any, I would put up. He

consented to go. We camped out on Bear Creek, 10 miles from Bozeman that night, and the next we were at Bottler Bros., on the Yellowstone. We picketed our horses a short distance from camp. We were up early the next morning. Requesting Link to get the horses, I proceeded to get breakfast. He had been gone but a short time when he came hurrying back with the information that one of the horses was cast, and "his head was as big as a barrel!" On making an examination I found that he had, in some way, gotten one of his hind feet in the rope which was around his neck, and in struggling to get up, had choked himself, more or less, also bruising his head. This was a nice state of affairs. A horse that could not be used; miles from home, and anxious to make the trip. What could I do? I went to Bottler and explained my condition. He said: "I have a horse that you can have as soon as he comes back from the Park, which should be soon now." I had to be contented and wait for "Old Bozeman," as the horse was called, for several days. At last he came and we made a new start. It did not require a long time to go, from this ranch, to Mammoth Springs. On arriving there I met Mrs. Carson (mother of Arthur of the North Butte), also Mrs. Ed Reimel of Walkerville, who invited me to have lunch with them, which was accepted with pleasure and much enjoyed.

When I got back to camp I found a young man, who desired to make one of our company, a Geo. Allen of the Yellowstone. We left the wagon at the Springs and began our trip through the Park. We went via Tower Falls to the Grand Canyon, Great Fall, Sulphur Mountain, Mud Volcano, thence to Mary's Lake, to the Lower Geyser Basin. We did not go to Yellowstone Lake. We enjoyed the scenery very much. The weather was delightful. When we arrived at Midway, or "Hell's Half Acre," we crossed the Fire Hole river to investigate the Prismatic Spring and the Caldron, or what was afterward called "Sheridan Geyser." This is a large body of boiling water, over 100 feet across, and when not in a state of eruption, is some 10 to more feet below the surface. Steam arises all the time, as from a great kettle of boiling water. Wishing to see more of this wonderful spring, I carefully walked toward it and stopped in awe at the fearful sight that met my gaze when a light breeze wafted the steam from me, as I was at the brink of that hellish hole. One more careless step and—the end.

When we arrived at the Upper Basin, we found ourselves pretty short of provisions. The boys were successful in getting a nice lot of fool hens, with sticks, but as we had no grease in which to fry them we began to rustle. Link found, in a tree, a can of bacon grease that had been left by the former camper. As this was nice and fresh, we made use of it.

We returned to the Springs via Norris Geyser Basin. At that place Col. Norris had a party of men at work on the roads. Link got some brown sugar of them, which, under the circumstances, was the nicest ever. The next day we arrived at the Springs, and got as good a meal as McCartney's Hotel could set up. We purchased a few supplies, and

started down the river. When on my way up to the Mammoth Springs I made arrangements with a party to catch some fish for me. When I returned to the place the man had a nice supply, which I hauled to Butte and sold them for 25 cents per lb. When I got back to Bottler's I found that my horse was in no condition to take me home. Wm. Lee had a large number of horses, so I went to his ranch and bought a pony for \$40.00, leaving my horse in his care. Link and I arrived in Butte in good season. Owing to the inroads on my cash, I did not have enough to carry me through the first year at Iowa City, so I did not study law. There must have been something of a Providential nature in this, as we have too many poor lawyers now. If I am not mistaken—I am writing this from memory and may make errors—that fall Mrs. Pierce and Miss Nellie came to Butte from St. Louis. Miss Nellie wanted a school. A teachers' examination was held in Hassell's room; C. K. Hardenbrook was at that time county superintendent of Deer Lodge county.

I made an application for the school at Travonia; my application met with much opposition by several of the patrons, and it did not appear that it would be possible for me to secure it. I recall that Henry McMurphy and Henry Jacobs were two of the trustees. I had almost given up when Hassell persuaded me to try for the examination anyway. I do not remember all who took the examination at that date, but Nellie Pierce, Addison Dingley and I did. I was successful in passing, so got the school. Dingley taught in old Silver Bow; Miss Pierce in the old Good Templar hall. That winter was an enjoyable one, as many of the boys gathered almost every evening at the Pierce home. We gave "Toodles," which was received by the audience without any great distribution of discarded vegetables or unsalable hen fruit. There was much to keep one busy in Butte in those days. So taken all in all, I can hardly recall a more enjoyable winter. There was a good "bunch" of young people. John, Will, Jim and Miss Belle Forbis, Nellie Pierce, Minnie Wampler, Maud Noyes, Will Armitage, Dave Marks, Charles Pope, Si. Marks, Tom Wampler, Dave Beck, Geo. Duffett, R. B. Hassell, Jas. A. Pack, Micklejohn girls, Miss Fannie Hotchkiss, Morier girls, among those I remember.

This school was to be the last one I was to teach, as I had made up my mind that a teacher should be better educated than myself. I did try to impart some information to the young people under my care that winter, and received a very nice compliment from Mr. H. S. Clark, who had been one of those most bitterly opposed to me in the beginning. It came up in the following way: Mr. Clark had two boys under me, one of whom had advanced far enough to go to a higher grade, up town, by New Years. I had told him he could go, but Mr. Clark came and asked, as a special favor, if I would allow him to remain with me, saying: "The boys have done better under you than ever before." I most

certainly felt flattered at these words, as I knew the man well enough to know that he meant what he said.

That summer Will Armitage and I ran a dairy. I did, for a while, clerk for Wm. G. Pfouts on Montana Street, in a feed and grocery store. Wm. G. Pfouts was a man of decided opinion. He generally thought himself right and then went ahead. In the fall Will Armitage and my sister Maud were married, as were also Jno. Wampler and Minnie Buck. They were to take a trip through the National Park. I had also agreed to take a party there. We would all travel together, but would have two separate messes.

Speaking of the National Park, I remember a little thing that happened. One day several of us were standing in front of Bill Woodward's place of business, on Broadway. I had been describing what I had seen in the Park the year before. Billy listened for several minutes, and turning to go into the store, said: "You are the biggest liar I ever saw." About one year after Billy, having been to the Park, came to me one day and said: "Al, I believe I owe you an apology. You remember, after having listened to your description of the National Park last year, I called you a liar? Well, I want to take it all back. You haven't got half enough sense to tell anything about it." Some people might not have considered that much of a compliment. I did. Woodward is and was a very intelligent man. My description must have had some merit, or he would not have questioned my veracity. No man can describe this wonderful place in such a way but what much must be lacking.

On August 15th, 1881, I again pulled for Geyserland with W. S. Park, his son, Frank, Geo. Teasdale and John Rule. Before going, we entered into an agreement as to the work each should do on the trip. I am convinced that this is the only way to make a journey enjoyable. The wedding party, consisting of the above named newly weds, the Misses Tilly Wampler and Nellie Pierce, the Rev. Jno. Garvin of the M. E. church, Butte, and Myron Hall of White Sulphur Springs, I think, started the next morning. The trip was very enjoyable indeed. It would do no good to go into it in detail. We went via Virginia City, up the Madison, back via Yellowstone, Bozeman, etc. I got the horse left on the Yellowstone the year before. We had been out for 35 days by the time we arrived in Butte.

My health was much improved. Soon after getting home, Geo. H. Tong gave me a position at the Vulcan mine. My first shift was put in on a shaft with Miles Cavanaugh. This man was a very peculiar one indeed. He had quite a serious temper, and it is said few men could work with him. He did not work long enough with me to display any of his crankiness. They tell some funny things in connection with him. A new man was striking the drill, which Cavanaugh was holding. The new man at first did not quite hit the head. The next time he struck too far. He said: "I was too far that time, Mr. Caven-

ough, wasn't I?" "No," was the reply, "you wouldn't be too far if you were in New York."

In the fall I bought some hay in the Big Hole Basin of Chase and Hammer and took my cattle to that place, where I arrived on Thanksgiving Day. E. O. Packard, who had been working for me, had agreed to care for them during the winter. Milt Jones, Jared Chase and Jake Hammer were at the ranch when we arrived, which was some time after dark. Jim Woods and wife were caring for Jim Maxwell's steers. They lived on the main river a short distance below Chase & Hammer's. While Mrs. Woods was not the only woman in the valley that winter, she had no one near enough for neighbors, hence a mighty lonesome place.

Returning to Butte, I resumed my work at the Vulcan mine, until my grandmother was taken with inflammatory rheumatism, when I was compelled to quit work and care for her. That winter Prof. Speck gave the cantata "Esther," Miss Wallace of Helena taking the leading part. I was keeping company with Hattie Buck, who also had a solo in the play. Mr. Buck did not like the attention I paid his daughter, on account of her youth. In March, Uncle Will Stanchfield and I started for the Big Hole to see how the hay was holding out. We took a span of horses, light buggy and a camp outfit. After leaving Dewey we had to make camp in a corral in which a stack of hay had been that winter. This was near the mouth of Bear Creek.

Wheeling was fairly good, although there was, in some places, two feet of snow on the ice. We were traveling on the river. In the early forenoon we arrived at Chalk Bluff. Near this place we met a man riding one horse and leading the other, which had a harness on. We learned afterward that this was Geo. Gronn, quite a character in his way, who was going after an elk he had killed the day before. This was the 20th day of March, 1882. After meeting Gronn we continued on up the river a few miles, when we met "Zeke" Packard and his father near the mouth of Pintler creek. The hay was gone and they had just turned the cattle on the hills, just below Doolittle creek, as some of the ridges were bare. We had to be contented with these conditions as no more hay was to be procured. We turned back and camped that night at a cabin belonging to the Williams Bros. on Squaw creek, next morning starting for Butte.

As there had been a considerable opposition to my keeping company with Hattie, and some talk of her father moving to California, we came to the conclusion to "steal a march" on the old folks and marry. We set the 6th day of April for that event. She was attending school, a little slip of a girl in short dresses. We were to go to the home of a mutual friend, get the justice of the peace and marry; no license was needed in those days. The day arrived, and instead of going to school, as her parents thought, she went to the home of W. W. Frances, where she borrowed a dress of Miss Alice, her chum. As Mr. and Mrs. Frances

were not at home, we requested of Mrs. Jno. Paddock, another daughter who lived next door, the privilege of having the ceremony at her home. She consented and Wm. Packard, a friend of mine, went for the justice of the peace. I have an idea that the J. P. had never before performed a like service. I explained that he could make it as short as possible. He said: "Do you take this man to be your husband?" "Yes." "Do you take this woman to be your wife?" "Yes." "Then I pronounce you man and wife." I reached in my pocket and handed him ten dollars. Upon receiving this fee, he held his hands up and said very impressively: "Oh, yes! Oh, Yes! What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." After we were married I sent a note to Mr. Buck explaining the matter. In the meantime we had gone to the home of my grandmother. I introduced Hattie to her as my wife. She advised us to go to Uncle Will Stanchfield's, which we did. Shortly after getting to uncles we saw Mr. Buck going by on a white horse. He went to grandmother's supposing we would be there. He was unable to get any information from her. In the evening Mr. Buck and his attorney, Judge DeWitt, again went to grandmother's for information as to our hiding place. Will Armitage told him we were at Stanchfield's.

It was about 9:30 p. m. when they came. Owing to Hattie's youth, the attorney tried to make me believe the affair illegal. Mrs. Buck had taken the news very seriously, especially as she was in ill health. For that reason Mr. Buck requested Hattie to go home with him. She wanted me to come with them, but as the buggy would only hold three, I must needs walk. Will Armitage and I walked up to Mr. Buck's. I knocked and when the door was opened met with an exceedingly warm reception. I asked if I could come in. His reply was in the negative; at the same time kicking at me, but luckily for me, did not reach any part of my anatomy. We did not have any serious trouble, as Armitage and I went home. In the light of subsequent events, I can not blame any parent for feeling very much hurt over such an affair.

I did not go up town the next day. When the Miner and Inter-Mountain came out, the most glaring news was the wedding. I received no particular blame from the news gatherers for my part in the matter. On the 8th I went up to see Jno. Forbis and get his advice as an attorney. On entering his office I was greeted by Jim, who was studying law at that time with Knowles and Forbis, with, "Hello, Al. Are you married?" I replied that I did not know; that I had come up to see Jno. and find out how I stood. Soon after, Jno. came in. He took the matter up and agreed that I was married, but "Where is your wife?" he asked. I explained all about that, saying the girl was at home, and that the old folks were keeping a pretty close watch over her, so I could not get to see her.

"If she is my wife, the old gent will not give her up; how would you go about it to get her?" I asked. "There is only one way; go down to Deer Lodge, go before Judge Galbraith and get out a writ of habeas

corpus," he replied. After talking for some time with Jno., Jim said he would go to Deer Lodge with me. We had no cars in those days, so I went to Mantle and Cowan's stable and got a team, made the trip, got out the writ and Mr. Buck was cited to appear, with his daughter, at court. Jno. F. Forbis, Will Armitage and I went to Deer Lodge together. Through the advice of Randolph and DeWitt, Mr. Buck's attorneys, he had failed to fetch his daughter. They had fixed up some affidavit, which they had gotten her to sign, stating she was not well and did not wish to come. Forbis came to me and said that under the circumstances he did not know what to do; that we would probably have to wait for a while, etc.

I was certainly very much interested in the matter and thought that there must be some way out of it. John was feeling blue; Randolph was elated. An idea, in some way, got into my head. I said: "John, I want to get some information. Can't I send Armitage up to Butte, let him go and see Hattie and find out how the land lays. If he should go to the house and as soon as the door was opened, walk in, could they do anything with him?" "No, they could not," he replied. "Well, I am going to send him at once, and then we will know all about the business. It was not the most agreeable night for a ride, as it was raining and snowing, kind of a sleet. I got a good horse and Will began his 42 mile ride about 9 p. m. That night there was a wedding in the parlor of the McBurney. Amos Buck of Stevensville and some lady late from the East. I could hear the merrymaking and could not help thinking about the difference between that wedding and mine. They would taste the real fruits of love and affection, while I might only realize grief in the actual loss of the girl I loved. I am confident now that I was a little bit envious of Amos' good fortune in having such favorable conditions for the launching of his matrimonial craft. How little do we know of the future, "mother" and I have lived together for over 32 years.

When Forbis entered the hotel at noon the clerk handed him a telegram from Armitage. "Hattie is well and willing to come. What shall I do about it?" This was shown to Randolph. It is needless to say that Randolph did not have much appetite for dinner that day, as he found himself outgeneraled. In the afternoon we were called into court. The affidavits were read by Randolph, and Judge Galbraith remarked that he did not see what could be done, under the circumstances. Forbis called his attention to the telegram. When he heard the contents, he said: "Mr. Buck, you will proceed to Butte and bring your daughter at once." Mr. Buck had to take a night ride. When he arrived, the next day, in Deer Lodge, we went to the court house. Mr. Buck and Hattie were sitting inside the rail. Judge Knowles, who was sitting with me, asked if I had spoken to the girl since they had taken her. "No," I replied. "Well you go and ask Mr. Buck if you can talk to the girl, and if he says 'No' you ask the girl if she wants to talk with you." Court was not yet in session. I walked up and said: "Mr. Buck, can I speak to

Hattie?" "No, you dirty dog," he replied. I turned and said: "Hattie do you want to talk with me?" No sooner said than Mr. Buck hit me in the face with a large law book he held in his hand—result, a black eye for me. I was about to strike him when the sheriff caught me and jerked me back into a seat. I walked back and sat down with Judge Knowles, who was laughing to beat the band. Soon after court convened and the judge set our hearing for 7:30 that Saturday evening. At 7:30 the old court room in Deer Lodge was crowded. Hardly standing room. The fight was on. For a time it looked as though Mr. Buck would win.

The girl had been told that the marriage was illegal, and this was the impression they wished her to get. If she could be made to decide that she had made a mistake the wedding would be null, so far as she was concerned. After listening to the witnesses, the judge asked her what she wanted to do. "I want to go home," she said. This surely was a peculiar situation for me. The girl could go free, while I would be a married man without a wife. The room was as still as death. All had heard the girl's reply. Forbis arose to his feet and said: "Hattie, I want to talk to you a minute. The court here, Judge Galbraith, is the one who decides this matter. Suppose he says this marriage is legal, what do you want to do?" "If this marriage is not legal I want to go home. If it is I want to go with my husband," she said. That settled the case in my favor. It seemed the people in the room were favorable to the youngsters, for no sooner was she through talking than men began to stamp their feet and shout. Seldom has such a scene been witnessed in a court of justice. The judge did not at once call for order. When he did and quiet was restored he said: "I hardly know what to do with these young people. I hate to lock them up, but when young people get to running away, you can't always tell where to find them." Forbis, with a big smile on his face, said: "I will pledge my word of honor that I will look after my client and see that he is here when you want him." "All right," said the judge. "I will decide this case 9 a. m. Monday morning."

During the trial Judges Stephen De Wolfe and Alex Mayhew sat behind me. When Hattie got through talking, Judge Mayhew patted me on the back and said: "Stay with her, my boy, she is worth having." John came to me a little later in the evening, and told me that Mr. Buck wished to go home in the morning, as he had several men at work on the school house. John told him that that was up to me. John, however, advised me to let him go, as it would be much more pleasant for Hattie. I got Forbis to go back with the message that Mr. Buck could go, but that as he, John, would send a telegram to Jim Forbis Monday, as soon as the judge had decided. Should the decision be in my favor, he was to turn the girl over to me at once. To this he agreed. All of us returned to Butte that Sunday morning. Monday, I was certainly on the "anxious seat." My telegram did not arrive until 3 p. m.



As the judge had decided the legality of the affair in my favor, I sent a note by my cousin, Willie Stanchfield, to Mr. Buck, telling him the contents of the telegram. He replied: "There is no hurry." No. hurry! Well, I guess that reply made me pretty mad. I wrote again and told him I would go to Deer Lodge and see what the judge had to say about it. I was going to the stable for a team when I met Will Armitage, to whom I told the result of my message to Mr. Buck, telling him, also, what I intended to do. He took hold of me and said: "You are not going to do anything of the kind; you are going to get something to eat and then go down home and go to bed." As "Bill" was larger than I this was carried out according to his plans. The next morning before I was up, Hattie was sent down to our home at grandmother's.

I have probably gone into this more in detail than such a matter would require. Yet it was talked and written about at considerable length when it occurred. Senator W. A. Clark told me he read it one morning at breakfast in Paris; Chas. Herman in Los Angeles. While these things do occur, I can not advise in their favor. Parents must use considerable good judgment in dealing with young people, as youth might be talked out of much, driven out of nothing. As my cattle were in the Big Hole, we were to take up our abode there as soon as we could do so. Some time about the middle of May my Uncle Will, his daughter, Fanny, left Butte with Hattie and me for our new home. In order to go to the Big Hole we had to go via Bannack. Our outfit consisted of a two-horse team driven by uncle, a single rig, a small wagon I had used as a milk wagon by myself. We had our worldly possessions in these two rigs.

We were going to a new land. No woman would be there to welcome my girl wife. In a valley, forty miles from the nearest neighbor, we were to begin life in a little log cabin, dirt roof and dirt floor, without anything in shape of comfort. The weather proved favorable for our journey. We arrived at the place, now Wisdom, where circumstances "pitched our camp." There was a small cabin, stable, corral, that had been built by Gilmer and Salisbury for a stage station soon after the battle of the Big Hole, as they had gotten a contract to carry mail from Bannack to Missoula. We found Jack Hicks, the man who had killed the first buffalo for our train in '66. I had not, to my knowledge, seen him since those days. He was hunting and trapping for a living, was when we arrived, getting ready to go to Jackson's Hole, Wyo. He told me there was plenty of hay for my purposes growing near there, and that he did not believe the stage company would use the place again, so I had better take possession. This was the 28th day of May, 1882. My cattle were down the river 15 miles. We would go and get them and make our home at the "Crossing," as the place was called. A road to Bitter Root, also to Gibbonsville, crossed the Big Hole at this place.

We proceeded to Doolittle creek that same afternoon. Steel creek and McVay were swimming, as water was high in the valley that season.

Zeke and his father had a cabin just over the ridge from Jim Callens' place, where they were cutting ties, which were being hauled to the river by Chase & Hammer. These were, later, floated down the river to Divide. We found our cattle and horses in fine condition, and took them back to the "ranch." On June first, Hicks, Stanchfields and Packards left the valley, so Hattie and I were "Monarchs of all we surveyed."

It was a lovely day in June, the distant peaks were covered with stainless snow, and framed by the dark colors of the evergreens. The swelling river gladly rushed to mingle waters with others of its kind, to later lose all semblance of itself within the sea. This emerald vale, with many fragrant flowers, was nature's gift to poverty; and he who would, with wisdom turn the sod, and "thus divert from yonder sparkling stream some portion with which to bathe the thirsty land," would reap a sure reward. Our only means of livelihood was by milking the cows and selling, at some future time, our butter in Butte. We proceeded to dig a place in the side hill for a milk cellar. I would get up at 3:30 a. m.—thus beating the "Golden Orb of Day"—to get the cows milked in the cool of the morning. I don't desire that you should get the idea that I rustled the live-long day, because I did not. I generally took a nap in the afternoon. It might not be a bad idea to give you a pen picture of our home:

The cabin was 15x16, with dirt roof, also dirt floor. There was a half window in each end, north and south. A bed was made of poles, in the northeast corner. We had no springs or mattress, a tick full of slough hay answering for the latter. Jack Hicks had a small rocking chair and stove, which I purchased. The other "chairs" were pieces of log, or small goods boxes. No curtains, no need of carpet. A few shelves for the few dishes, completed the picture.

On July 4th, we took a little ride, going up over the land now owned by Fred Frances, but the mosquitoes being bad, we did not get anywhere near as much enjoyment out of it as they did. We were sleeping on the hill just back of the cabin, under a wagon sheet the night of the 4th. It was probably near midnight when a fearful thunder storm which had been celebrating over Idaho, came up with quite a high wind. The wagon cover was blown off and we became drenched. We, no doubt, needed the bath, but would have much preferred it in some other hour of the day. July 5th, just before noon, a man came along and requested permission to build a fire nearby. As we were about to eat dinner we invited him in. While eating, we became quite well acquainted, as it is very easy for people to get near to nature when living on the frontier. We learned that his name was Matt Waldherr; that he was an Austrian, who had been in Nebraska and Wyoming, and wanted a piece of land. We gleaned the information that he could milk. As we had no cans in which to pack our butter, I thought it would be a good idea to get him to take care of our place while we went to Bannack for them. He agreed to do this, so we left that afternoon for Warm Springs creek, where we

were to camp for the night. Lewis and Clark mention these springs, also give a complete description of this valley in their journal. Clark camped there for dinner July 7th, 1806. He said that the water was hot enough to boil a piece of meat "the width of two fingers, in five minutes done enough to eat." When we arrived at the Springs we found several men from Gibbonsville in camp. They suggested that we take a plunge in the pool formed by a small dam a short distance below the spring, after dark. I foolishly consented to this and in we went. I say foolishly and that advisedly, because I did not have a towel with which to dry myself, so stood on the bank, wrapped in the light of a silvery moon and dried by the cool breezes of a high altitude.

We arrived at Bannack the next day about noon, and went to the home of Wm. Blair, Mrs. Blair being an old playmate (Emma Ferster). I had come with the expectation of getting Geo. W. Dart to make the cans. In this I was not successful, as he was packed up ready to move to Dillon, the new town on the railroad. Being disappointed in this, I must go to Butte, 130 miles away. So back we went to the ranch and explained matters to Matt, who kindly agreed to stay. We thought the river would be low enough to ford, so made up our minds to try that road. When we came to the "Twin Crossing" I mistook the ford and arrived near the east bank just above a boulder, onto which the high water washed my wagon, filling the bed full. Then "Old Queen," one of my horses, refused to pull; Hattie had me by one arm, to which she clung with a death grip. That beautiful, gurgling, sparkling stream(?) was now a demon, rushing madly by. How it laughed in devilish glee, thinking to clasp us in its cold embrace, and leave us food for fishes on the rocks below. I did not believe that I could get my wife out of this place in safety, as the water was going so swiftly by that it would carry us off our feet in an instant. An All Wise One knew the outcome. "Old Queen" threw herself and came up blowing mad and pulling to beat anything you ever saw. We were soon on the bank, mighty thankful for the escape. I want to say that Queen never again balked in a stream. We camped that night with Davis and Jones.

On my arrival in Butte I was taken sick, owing to my hot bath by moonlight, and was in bed for two weeks. You remember I had left Matt in care of the place for a short time. What with sickness, etc., it was four weeks before he could get away for himself. Matt was exceedingly anxious to get a place. He asked me how much I claimed, and I told him. He went eight miles up the valley and settled. A party came along one day and asked Matt about his place, what he claimed, etc. The valley extended about forty miles south of his cabin, without a settler. "Shust as far as you can see dat vay (south) and to vare Al Noyes don't claim de oder," he replied. As I only claimed(?) three miles south, Matt certainly had a dandy claim (in his mind), as it was 45 miles long and from 5 to 12 wide. The fact of it is, he did get a nice piece of land, which was made into one of the nicest hay ranches,

afterward, in Montana. Wm. F. Packard had entered into a partnership with me, as it was up-hill work trying to do anything alone on a ranch. He had come back from Butte with us via French Gulch. A few people had settled soon after we did. A. H. McVey, wife, two boys, Oscar and Earl, Jas. Geery, wife and little girl, Minnie, Geo. Smith, Jas. Innes and Frank Dixon, bachelors. Wm. Fraser and family, near Doo-little creek. They were the next ones to come after us, in fact, Mrs. Noyes being the first woman to settle in the valley.

#### MY WIFE'S FIRST LADY CALLERS.

We had been but a short time on the ranch. One afternoon I was working some butter on a small table near the back or north window of our cabin. Chancing to look up, I saw about 100 Indians coming up the valley, only a short distance away. I spoke to Hattie and told her not to show any fear. Soon two young "bucks" got off their ponies and came to the cabin. I heard one say to the other, "Don't speak English." I took my cue from this remark. I knew they intended to scare us, if they could and get us to give them anything they asked for. They hadn't calculated just right, as I knew a little of Indian nature myself. They came to the door and one said, "Water, water." I did not have any water in. A large slough ran by the house, so I told them they could go out and help themselves. "No," they wanted me to get it. Of course, I refused. "You gotta gun?" one asked. "Sure I have a gun," I said. My gun was an old bored out affair for shooting ducks or small game. It was of no particular value. It was leaning up in one corner of the cabin in plain sight. The Indian went and examined it, looking at the other with a smile. I took the gun out of his hands, telling him to leave it alone. Soon another young fellow came in and inquired whether I had a gun or not, also spying it about the same time, he too took it up and looked it over. I walked up and jerked it out of his hands and told him to leave it alone, that the next fellow who fooled with it would get hurt. When they found that we didn't scare "worth a cent," they left the cabin and went to the camping place, about one mile south. The next morning all my horses were gone, except the one on the picket rope. This was not a nice condition in which to be in. What to do I did not know. Hattie was afraid of the Indians. Yet I must hunt the horses. When I was milking, one of the Indians came from camp, on his way down the valley. He stopped for some time on a little knoll back of the corral, looking at me. Neither of us passed the time of day. After we had been to breakfast, Hattie chanced to look out of the window and saw him coming back. She said: "You better go and ask that Indian if he has seen anything of the horses." I followed this suggestion, went out, met him and said: "How? How?" "Good morning, sir," he replied in good plain English. I was certainly much surprised at this, and it made me feel very cheap that I had not spoken to him before. I asked him if he had seen any horses.

He said: "No; maybe white man's horses no like smell of Indians so run away. Me ask young men when me go to camp." This Indian was Louis Vantleburg, a sub-chief noted for his honesty among the people of Bitter Root. Telling Hattie I would go up the river and look for them, for her not to feel afraid, I saddled my pony and pulled for Steel creek in order to get the willows there between me and the Indians' camp. I went up the valley about eight miles without finding any clue. I then turned for home, and when near the Indian camp I saw two Indians get on their ponies and start for my place as fast as they could go. Vantleburg, seeing me, came out to show me my horses, which were on a hill five or six miles off. Thanking him, I started for the cabin as fast as my horse could go, fearing that Hattie might become scared at the two young fellows above mentioned. Just as I arrived two squaws were getting on their horses, and all four of them pulled for camp. "Were you afraid?" I asked Hattie. "No, I had a real nice visit. That young squaw can speak as good English as we can. She has been attending school at one of the missions below Missoula." So it happened that these Indian women were my wife's first lady callers. They came to grind their knives and because one could speak our language, they made the time pass pleasantly. Owing to the manner in which these young Indians came to our place the night before, and being Indian hunting ground, we did not know what they might do.

We went to Butte to live that winter of '82 and '83. Will Packard staying with the ranch; his father being with him part of the time. A young man by the name of Edward Shoemaker was living in the cabin belonging to the Horse Prairie Herding Association, about seven miles south of Wisdom. He was hunting and trapping. One day, in trying to cross the river on the ice, he made a test of its strength, using the butt of his gun. The blow forced the gun through to the hammer, causing it to go off and making a wound which resulted in death soon after he got to his cabin, which he made by an heroic struggle. Fred Myers and Cris Wilke happened to be there. Myers went for Mr. Packard and they made a coffin out of a sluice box and buried him near the cabin. Myers and Wilke had come in that fall.

Geo. Tong had agreed to give me a job on the Vulcan, but owing to some financial trouble, the claim was closed down. So I bought some cows and expected to sell milk for a living. Mrs. Kate Shaw and Geo. Criskey were part of our household. My father was doing the blacksmithing for the Dexter mill, which was leased from W. A. Clark by the Anaconda people, under Marcus Daly. They were reducing the silver and gold ore found on the surface of the Anaconda mine. There was some work being done in the shop for outsiders, also ore to be weighed, books for the shop to be kept, and a helper was needed for the smith. The man who had been keeping the books was requested to help the smith, he tried it for one day, and came to the conclusion he could find something more to his liking. During that day he said to father: "Old

man, do you know what I would call a man who worked part of his life for nothing, in learning a trade, in order to get a chance to work harder all the rest of his life?" "No," was the answer made by father. "I would call him a darned old fool," he said. As the position did not suit Dick, I got it; the \$3.50 per day looked good to me. I want to digress by relating the following, to-wit: During the summer I had learned of the imprisonment of a young man with whom I had worked in Elk Park cutting piling for the mines of Butte. His name was Roy Towsley. After going to Butte that fall, I had a vivid dream, in which I thought he had escaped from Deer Lodge and came to me for succor. One exceedingly cold night in January, I was awakened out of a sound sleep about 2 a. m. by a knock at the door. Something "told" me this was Roy. When I opened the door I saw a man all muffled up to the eyes, who could hardly speak above a whisper. I invited him in. When he got in the house he said: "Give me a drink of water." I took him into the kitchen and handed him some water. After he had taken a little he said: "You don't remember me, do you?" "Yes, you are Roy Towsley," I replied. "You are right. I have just escaped from Deer Lodge; there is \$100.00 reward and you can get it by giving me up, but I want to tell you, Al, I am not guilty," he said. I replied that I did not make money in that way. I started a fire in the sitting room. His shoes were frozen stiff, as he had broken through the ice on Silver Bow creek. On removing them we found his feet frozen to the instep. I went up the street and awakened my Uncle Will and told him the particulars. He returned home with me and we helped Roy thaw out his feet. I told Roy he could stay with me, but that he must always be in evidence, should any one come to the house. He remained with us until an operation must be performed. I went to Dr. O. B. Whitford and told him and his son, Chas. W., all about the case, keeping nothing back. They had him taken to the hospital for treatment. While they were administering the chloroform, one of the men who was working for them noticed a number on Towsley's shirt, and at once informed them that the man was an escaped convict. Dr. Whitford said: "What if he is, he will suffer enough without going back to Deer Lodge. So keep your mouth shut." He did not heed this. There was \$100 in it. He sent a telegram and found out that the number was Towsleys. They arrested him and placed a man over him as guard, and this soon after his feet had been cut off to the instep. That night the guard fell asleep. What was the use, he no doubt thought, of keeping close watch over a man in that condition? He did not know the nerve of the man in his care. When he was sound asleep, Roy got up, dressed himself and made his escape to the stable, where he stayed 48 hours in the dead of winter without food. He then gave himself up and was taken to Deer Lodge, from which place he again made his escape, as soon as his feet got well, not again to be caught. The night he came to me he had gone into my stable, taken off all his prison garb with the exception of this tell-tale shirt. It appears

that two young fellows stole three horses and saddles. Roy was walking along the road in the Jefferson valley, looking for work, when these people overtook him and asked if he wanted to ride. He accepted their kind(?) invitation and they camped near Twin Bridges that night, to be overtaken by the sheriff of Jefferson county the next morning. Roy was caught in bad company.

On the 7th day of February, Edna, our first child, was born. That was a very cold, disagreeable winter, and on that particular night, it was hard to keep the house warm. The little one was a great comfort to us. We would go back to the ranch just as soon as the spring opened—when that would be, we did not know. On the night of April 25th John Wampler came to us with the sad news of Mrs. Buck's death. A little boy was born to be motherless. This was a sad thing indeed. Mrs. Buck was an exceedingly nice, gentle lady. She had been several times to see us during the winter, and while she had not forgotten the manner in which our marriage occurred, had no doubt forgiven us.

As soon as possible we got ready to go to the ranch. Will Packard, Matt Waldherr and Zeke Packard had come down and we were to go back together. The first night we went to Henry Partridge's place on the Big Hole. We expected to go up the river and did go as far as what is now called the "Dickey Bridge." In those days there were no bridges on the Big Hole above Dewey's. When we arrived at the river we found it too high for us to cross with the little single rig we had. Matt and Zeke crossed with the heavy wagon, and we turned back, to go via Bannack. We were only 37 miles from home by the river road, while by Bannack it would be 118. We returned to Partridges for the night; pulling out the next morning for "home." At Bannack, we were kindly welcomed by the Blairs, and stayed all night. The next morning we got an early start, as we must make the Big Hole Divide. It was so early in the spring that we could not follow the wagon road, so were compelled to go quite a distance around and higher up the hill. We saw the tracks of a party ahead of us and found where they had dug through a big snow drift and gone on. We were very fortunate in having this work done for us. Just before dark, we found these people camped about four miles south of Warm Springs on Cow creek. They had a little fire and as it was getting cold we accepted of their invitation and went into camp for the night. My outfit consisted of a little single rig, just large enough for my wife and baby to sleep in. Will and I slept under it. We learned that the man's name was Wraton. His party consisted of wife, three daughters, Etta, now Mrs. Jay Hem; Dora, the wife of Fred Frances; Bertha, Mrs. Chas. W. Frances, and brother-in-law, S. D. Vance. Mrs. Chas. and Fred Frances have continued to live in the Big Hole. They have built up lovely homes and have been workers for the betterment of the people among whom they have grown up. This was on the 8th day of May, 1883. Our baby was three months old. While she did not suffer from cold, she could not have been any too

comfortable at an altitude of almost 7000 feet. On the ninth we arrived at our cabin, to find Mr. S. E. Packard in charge.

We found that our stock had come through the winter in good shape. Dave Wraton and Dug Vance erected a small cabin on Sheep creek. They moved to a more desirable place on the main river shortly after. The late settlers have often wondered why the people who came early took the river bottom first, when they could have had much better land by reclaiming the benches. The fact is, the river bottom had some natural hay, owing to the flood water in early spring and summer. While the bench lands required quite an expenditure of money and muscle before hay would grow. Muscle the early settler may have had, but no money. For those who may in the years to come want more information concerning this now noted stock feeding center, I will add the following, to-wit: After a part of Lewis and Clark's expedition passed through this valley in July, 1806, no account is given, to my knowledge, of any other person or persons having been in it until the gold excitement in 1862 (See Big Hole history). It is almost certain though, that trappers found their way here, as the journal of Lewis and Clark mentions this place as favorable to beaver. Capt. Bonneville may have come here in the early 30s, as he was on the north fork of the Salmon, near where Gibbonville is now, for a time. When the first prospectors came up the north fork of the Salmon, thence up Dallanaga creek, where gold was discovered in paying quantities, to the place since called Pioneer, I do not know. Who they were I never learned. That is a matter, probably, to be found in the Historical Society's records in Helena. That gold was found here before it was found in Bannack is well known. French gulch, at the extreme lower end of the valley, was once a noted mining camp. Mike Steel had found gold on Steel creek, and with others, Ed Boyle, Barney McDonnell, had put in several seasons placer mining. While many had seen this section of the country, it was considered too high, hence too cold and stormy for habitation. I have given this as a part of the story of the Big Hole.

As above mentioned, we who were the new comers had much with which to contend. There were no fences, no schools, no mail, and, of course, no churches. Our provisions were hauled over no roads from Butte. We also got mail then 80 miles away. Before coming to the valley I had interviewed Ed Barker, who had cut hay with Chase and Hammer on the North Fork in '80, as to the best place to locate. Ed Barker and his brother, Tom, had crossed the plains in our train in '66, their wagon being close behind ours. They, with Geo, Gibbitts, had spent a considerable time prospecting and hunting, in the summer and fall of 67 in the Big Hole. He told me that the land near the Warm Springs was good and that that would be a good place to settle. I had made up my mind to take up this particular place and make my home there, as it was only 30 miles from Bannack, then the county seat of Beaverhead county.



As before mentioned, we moved to the valley in 1882. We were compelled to come via Bannack, up the Grass Hopper to the Big Hole divide. We crossed the same day the "drag" of the Horse Prairie cattle herd did, May 27th. When we camped that night at Warm Springs there must have been 2000 or more cattle on my(?) meadow. Gee Whiz! What would my little bunch of 40 head look like in that outfit. Soon all the grass would be down the throats of that hungry mob, to make beef for the cattle kings of Horse Prairie. I saw, at once, that I must move before I even began to locate. The reason is plain, then, why I didn't take up the Springs instead of B. O. Fournier. I had a few head of cattle that would need hay that winter, and as there was about 14,000 head of cattle roaming at large through that section of the country, I would get no benefit from that season's grass, and might not be able to get fencing to guard against them the coming spring. Fournier had no cattle, so he could fence before he needed hay.

With that summer of 83 came more people to settle along the banks of the river. The Horse Prairie people did not take kindly to this, as it would cut in on their summer range. I remember that Mart Barrett, Gus Graeter, Dave Metlen, Tommy Pierce and others, who owned cattle, came to my place one day and entered into a conversation with me as to what I intended to do in such a snowy place. Mart said: "You can't live in a place like this, you will starve. The snow sometimes gets over these willows." I told them that I intended to stay right there and make a living of it. The stockman is always very selfish. It is part of his business to be. These men were making money in raising stock, as the cost was practically nothing. They had all of the Big Hole, in the summer and fall. In winter Horse Prairie and Medicine Lodge. If people were foolish(?) enough to take up the Big Hole, they would lose as fine a free pasture as lay out of doors. So, no wonder they would try to discourage the "new comer."

Some time during the summer O. Willis, the assessor, came in and spent a day and night at our cabin. He was the first assessor ever in the valley. Zeke Packard and Waldherr did not get up to the ranch with the wagon, and on account of the high water it was left across the North Fork below Chase and Hammer's. We brought the first organ ever in the valley on that wagon that trip. During that season a monument was erected at the Battle Field. The day it was placed in position, a young man was sent, via Butte, with dispatches for headquarters. He came to our place and passed the night. While eating supper, he noticed the organ and asked permission to play on it. Say! that fellow could play anything. He told us that many a time he had been locked up by his parents, on bread and water, if he failed to practice. With all his talent along that line, he did not use it to any advantage, as the next I heard of him he was playing in a hurdy house in Butte. Some time after the monument had been put up, Gen. W. T. Sherman came to inspect it. He camped on our ranch, just across the river from where Wisdom is now.

He kindly sent me an invitation to come over and call on him. Owing to diffidence, I did not. I regret very much that I did not go and talk with him.

There is nothing of particular interest to record so far as we were concerned that summer. We were to stay on the ranch that winter. Mr. Packard, Billy, Zeke and I put up the hay together. That winter the first beef cattle were fed in the valley. Nick Bielenberg of Deer Lodge sent in 98 head of steers purchased near Sheridan, Mont. They landed in the feed lots, or the feed ground, as they did not build feed racks, feeding on the snow, December 25th, generally called Christmas in civilized countries. They were fed until April 25th, then driven to Butte. They ate 2 6-10 tons of hay per head, according to measurment. "Big Foot" Smith lived in the valley that winter, hunting and trapping. He told me of a mine that he believed would, one day, prove valuable. (Of this more anon.) When the Bielenberg steers were taken out there was two feet of snow all over the valley, Geery, McVey, Fraser and I went out with Smith, the man who fed them. Game was plentiful all winter; elk and moose could be had any day, close to the house. Elk were always in sight, as many as 45 or 50 head in a herd. The weather, as a whole, was not disagreeable. Few if any blizzards. On the whole, we enjoyed it very much. We had splendid neighbors: McVeys, Geerys, Frasers and Wratoms. We went often to see Billy Fraser, as we had known him in Butte. They were mighty good people to visit. The first child born in the valley was Gibbon Fraser, afterward killed in the big explosion in Butte.

As before noted, the beef cattle left April 25th, with two feet of snow on the ground. McVey, Bill and I were going to take out four horses and get a load of provisions. I had a wagon in Butte. When we got ready to start back, we were compelled to go via Bannack, on account of roads. When we arrived at the Big Hole divide, we found that the drifts were such that we could not dig through along the main road, so we went higher up the mountains, where the drift was normal and worked our way over, camping that night on the side hill just east of Bull creek. The valley was nice and green, a rapid change, with two weeks of May sunshine. The next night we made our place. Early in the summer Will Packard and Dave Wraton went hunting. They found a little baby elk, which they captured without any trouble and brought it home. We called her Minnie. She exhibited some fine qualities. We brought her up with the calves, on skim milk. Before her advent, we always had to make a trip for calves in order to get them to feed. After she became one of the calf family she brought them up to the corral without any trouble to us. She would start, and if they did not follow, she would begin to run around them and get them in a playful mood, then make a bee line for home with all the calves following. When she became a little older she would not allow a strange cow in our herd. I noticed her one day. She had driven a young cow, belonging to the Horse Prairie people, out

of the herd. The cow would persist in returning to our cattle. I rode out to see what was going on and found a young calf that did not belong to us. Minnie probably was partial to calves, but did not want the mother. Often people would come to the house to borrow a gun, "Cause there is an elk right out there." No fence would hold her and no hay stack, in those days, high enough to keep her from getting on top of it. We sold her one day to Geo. Gronn, who was to take her to some one in Butte. A rope was thrown around her slender neck and tied to a post while George went in to dinner. When we came out we found her dead.

A man named Mulkey came into the valley that summer with his family. He was hunting for some "lost mine." Not successful in finding it, he worked for us during haying season. As the Coeur d'Alene country was then being opened up he came to the conclusion to go there. Billy Packard made up his mind to go with them, as there was a girl in the family, for whom he had developed some considerable affection. He sold his interest in the place to a young man in Butte named Talbert.

James Geery was the first postmaster. The office was called Wisdom, the name given to the river in 1805 by Lewis and Clark. The first voting precinct was at Wisdom postoffice, at Geery's ranch, three miles north of what is now the little town of Wisdom. On Sept. 7th. our first son, Charles Raymond, was born at my father's house in Butte. My father made me a visit that fall of a week, his only visit. Geo. H. Tong, his brother Harry, Atwood and Atwater Lawrence visited me. George told me he was in debt \$7,500 and could not eat if he didn't have good friends that owned a grocery store. Said that he had hopes of making some money out of the Goldsmith mine. He was successful in doing this, making \$72,000 in six months. Ben Froman and wife came along, from Dillon, while Tongs were there. As I had only one room, I gave it up to Ben, wife and Geo. Tong, we younger fellows made our bed down in a chicken house, which I had just completed. Jack Hicks had given me logs for a cabin 18x18. We had this erected and would live in it in the summer, going to the little house under the hill in winter. There was no other than a dirt floor in either of them. Jerry Fahey and sister, of Gibbonsville, came to our place one night, on their way from Dillon, to stay. Miss Fahey was sitting in a little rocking chair, her hand in some way touched the floor, in which there was about two inches of dust. "Mrs. Noyes, what kind of a carpet have you got," she asked "Nothing but a dirt floor," was the reply. In the spring of 1884, Mrs. Noyes requested that we do something toward getting a floor in the large cabin. A Mr. Woods, of Gibbonsville, told us he would give us some lumber that was on Cow creek, twenty-eight miles south of our place. Billy got this, which was not enough, so we broke up some of the sluice boxes at Steel's Diggings for the balance. Having such a large(?) house, and that, too, with a board floor, we concluded to give a dance, the first one in the valley. This was on Thanksgiving night. John

Paddock had agreed to furnish the music, but owing to sudden illness he could not come. Walt Maloney did the act in a most thorough manner, for which all were grateful. Counting children, there were 45 people gathered at our cabin that night. It was an exceedingly enjoyable affair. One of the cowboys "balanced" so hard the heel of his boot went through the floor. We had a nice basket supper, furnished by the ladies. It does not make much difference to my readers, as to the names of those at this first dance, except in a historical way, but for this last reason I will try and give most of them:

George Gronn, Wm. Fraser and family, A. H. McVey and family, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Thompson and Miss Sallie (now Mrs. Jasper Burgess); Nels Johnson and father, Erick Mussigbrod, Al Smith and John Cottrell of Mitchell and Mussigbrod's ranch, Jerry Merrett, Quit Owen, Watt Maloney, Charlie Frances, Mrs. J. C. Paddock and children, Capt. and Mrs. Bentley, Ben Hamby and family, Mr. Irwin, John, Frank and Ed Wright, Matt Waldherr, Goodlove, Wm. Ryan, May Ayers, Allen Merrett, Robt. Geery. Collection \$6.75. Many an enjoyable party was given at the old house after this "grand ball."

Early that winter Mr. and Mrs. Geery lost their only child, Minnie, with scarlet fever. This was the second death in the valley. We were living on our pre-emption one-half mile below Wisdom. Jimmie Buckley, a placer miner, was staying at the old Steel Creek mines, as he had for two or three seasons past. He was very fond of our children, and Edna in particular. One morning about three weeks after the death of Minnie Geery he came to our place. I was feeding the cattle. The first thing he said was: "How is Edna?" "She is all right, Jimmie. Why do you ask?" I replied. "Last night I dreamed she was dead, and I couldn't rest till I came to see," he said. The strange thing about it is she was taken sick that night with scarlet fever and was sick for over two weeks, being constantly nursed by her mother. Jimmie stayed and did my chores for me. There must have been some power that caused that kind-hearted old Irishman to come to us in our need. The summer of '84 we brought a young girl with us from Butte, who desired to get away from her father, who was unkind to her. In the spring of '85 she was married to Jerry Merritt in Bannack by Major Watson, justice of the peace, an old partner of my father's in '66. We went with them. This was our first visit to Dillon. I bought my first spring wagon of B. F. White, a Racine, paying \$165; Dan Chapman was the salesman. Some time in the summer after Mary and Jerry were married, I went to Butte. I was at the home of my brother-in-law, John Wampler, when he came in with a copy of the Miner, which had glowing headlines of the kidnapping of a young girl by Geo. R. and A. J. Noyes. Eugene Sullivan was then sheriff of Silver Bow county. The papers for my arrest had been placed in his hands and he had gone to the Lower Big Hole, instead of the upper, so had failed to find me. As soon as I read the article, I went to the court house to find Sullivan. Some one told me that the



FIRST HOUSE IN WISDOM, MONTANA



gentleman driving up the street was the party for whom I was looking. I stopped him and explained to him that my name was Al Noyes; that I could be found at any time when needed. "Are you the son of a gun I have been hunting for all over the Big Hole country?" he asked. "Yes," was my reply. "I guess you are all right, you report at Judge Irvin's court," he said, and drove on up the street. When the hour for the trial came, father and I were on hand, but Nick Ayers did not appear. Wm. Scallon was his attorney, and asked for a postponement of the case until the next day. I had been to see Knowles and Forbis to engage their service, if needed. Judge Knowles said: "We will help you if you need us, but you won't. You go down and defend yourself in the preliminary hearing." This I proceeded to do. The court did postpone the trial until the next day, so Ayers could attend. I happened to be at the court house late in the afternoon when Chas. S. Warren, clerk of the district court, came out of his office and proceeded to interview me on the case. "Do you know Judge Pemberton?" he asked. "No," I replied. Pemberton was then prosecuting attorney, he happened to be sitting in front of the court house during our conversation. Warren saw him and said: "Judge, I want to make you acquainted with Al Noyes, a boy I have known for years. You couldn't get him to do a mean trick. We have him arrested for kidnapping a girl; proceed with this trial and it will cost Silver Bow county \$500 and nothing will come of it. You had better quash it." Pemberton went into Judge Irvin's office and told him to quash the case of Montana vs. G. R. and A. J. Noyes. "Give me a written order to that effect and I will do so," the judge said. This girl had gone home with us soon after Raymond was born, had lived with us until she was married, and her father had done nothing toward getting her back for almost a year after she left home.

In 1885 Geo. H. Tong bought Talbert's interest in the ranch. John Wampler made up his mind he would move to the valley. He came in, built a cabin on a pre-emption claim two miles below Wisdom, took up some desert land on Steel creek, near mine, returning to Butte for his family. Some time in November he left Butte for the Big Hole. He was taken sick on the way in and died with blood poisoning about ten days after he reached my place. We sent for a doctor and the late Dr. Treacy of Helena came. He arrived only a short time before John died. The only good his coming did was the information concerning the cause of death, and the advice to be exceedingly careful in handling the body. Dr. Treacy was the first doctor to be called to attend a resident of the valley. Tom Wampler was with us when John died, and made the coffin for his burial. John was buried near the little lake just north of Wisdom. He was a good citizen. He had been mining for years, during the early days of Butte, and was respected by all. He accumulated quite a lot of property. Besides his wife, he left a son, Walter, and one daughter, May. Walter died at Tonopah, Nev., a much loved young

man. May is married and lives on the old Wampler farm near Vincennes, Indiana.

Geo. Woodworth, wife and son, Fred, W. W. Frances and wife, and C. W. Frances came to the valley in 1885. When I first came to the Big Hole it was not with the intention of making a permanent home, simply to raise some stock, make a little stake and go to some more pleasant place. Did not expect, in fact, that we would have many neighbors, yet they kept on coming, taking up all the available land. A school house was needed, so one was built near the George Woodworth ranch. A Miss Blodgett was the first teacher, the year 1885. In time schools were built in such number that many teachers found employment. We had the ordinary amusements common to new settled places. A Literary Society flourished for some time, and gave us quite a considerable amount of enjoyment. Dancing and snowshoe riding were other ways of getting together. We often took our children on toboggans to a neighbor's, the men and women on skis, Cattle feeding had not been conducted on much of a scale, as there were only the local markets, Butte and Anaconda, to supply. In 1891, Charles Fry, the big packer of Seattle, came to our place and stayed for a week or more, and had Chas. Frances make a trip up Trail creek to see if it would be possible to break a way to the Northern Pacific railway at Hamilton. He reported unfavorably and no cattle were ever shipped that way. Fry is now one of the largest buyers of Big Hole cattle.

J. D. Fox and son started a small store at Fox. They did not carry much of a line, yet it helped fill in. They were the pioneer merchants of the valley. We had our desert claim fenced by John Cottrell. This was the first land enclosed, as a ranch, in the valley. We took the first ditch out of Steel creek for irrigating, for the desert claim; also first ditch out of the Big Hole river for the same claim. The summer and fall of '85 gold was found on Trail creek, two miles above Gibbon's battle ground, by "Old Man" Lane. Quite a lot of excitement was occasioned by it. A town was laid out, survey made by John Poindexter, called Monumental City. A store was started by some Bitter Root merchant. Several people put the winter in at the place, among whom was Billy Edwards, the man who was in the battle and the one who carried the news to the outside, his wife, Dug Newcomer, Charlie Richardson, Frank Caldwell, Old Man Lane, Dunton Bros., Jim Raisor and several more, whom I do not now recall. I bought a lot and hauled hay for a feed stable. The winter was mild. Very little snow in the valley. Only fed our cattle 12 days. As there were great expectations for a stampede the coming spring, I made up my mind a bridge across the Big Hole would be a paying investment. I engaged the services of W. A. Armitage, D. F. Wampler and Watt Maloney to help me build a log bridge over the river, about one-quarter of a mile below the one now on the main road going west from Wisdom. The stampede did not materialize, so the money did not flow in too freely. This was the first



bridge across the Big Hole above Dewey's Flat. This bridge lasted that season and part of the next, before being carried out. This puts me in mind of a little incident that occurred, while the bridge was in commission. The postoffice was at Gerry's, four miles north of our place. People on horseback were charged 25 cents toll. A man came along one day and enquired for the postoffice. Mrs. Armitage directed him, also telling him there was a toll bridge fee of 25 cents. "You can't cross the bridge till you come to it, can you," he asked. To which she had to reply "No." He did not make any deposit, but rode on by. When we came in for dinner she told us about it. Soon after, when we were getting the team ready, Maud saw the party coming back and called my attention to the fact. When he was near enough I spoke to him. He did not stop to reply, but put spurs to his horse and went by on a run. This certainly caused me to become very angry. Turning to Will Armitage, I said: "Let's catch that fellow." We pulled the harness off the leaders and jumping on bareback, we lit out in hot pursuit of Mr. Man, who we did not catch until three miles had been gone over. We made him pay us for our trouble. He asked my name, being angry, I did not inform him. He rode on for a short distance, to where some of my neighbors were at work on the school house and asked them, "What that fellow's name was who had the bridge," saying: "I will see if there is any law in this land." Some of them asked him why he desired to know. "He made me pay for crossing his bridge," he replied. "Uncle Jimmie" Batterton said: "Did he make you cross his bridge?" "No, of course not," he replied. "Well," the old man said, "you had better let him alone. That bridge is his, on his own land. He knows his rights in the case and will protect them." This was the last I ever heard of him, to my knowledge. I do not want anyone to understand that we cared for the fifty cents enough to chase a man that distance. It was because he was trying to cheat us of our just dues. If this man had stopped and explained that he did not have much money, but desired to cross the bridge for his mail, there would have been nothing said on my part other than "Go ahead."

The town of Gibbonsville, over in Idaho, was supposed to be a good gold camp. There was ore there, no doubt, which only needed the right process to reduce it. In the winter of 1888 a Mr. McAfee of Denver wanted to get some machinery across the main range of the Rockies, where no team had ever been taken in the winter season. Mr. McAfee came to me and requested my assistance in this undertaking. I was to help break the road on this side to meet the party he had coming from Gibbonsville. It did not look very inviting, but as he claimed he was depending on me for help, I could not refuse him. Seneca said: "All men are susceptible to flattery," and as he was a wise man, he must have known. Jack Wright was visiting at my place. He was a good teamster, had a good work horse with him at the time. I went to the stable, where he was at work, and asked him what he thought about the

matter. He at once said: "It can't be done, impossible." My reply was: "It can, and you are going to help me do it." Told him I would give him five dollars per day and expenses, he to drive a four-horse team, three of mine and his own. He agreed to this. I then went to Will Armitage and made him the same offer, which he accepted without any argument. I was to furnish the hay for the teams then on the road from Dillon, at any place they camped, from the Big Hole to and in Gibbonsville. We got ready at once and broke a trail for the Poleburg cabin, 16 miles away, through a trackless waste of snow. We made the cabin O. K. and returned home for hay. When we were out a few miles, the next day, we saw the freight outfit coming. We all pulled into the Poleburg camp that night together. There were six four-horse teams, Nate and Merrett Hobson, Cy Byther and a driver, Millard Kirkpatrick, who had for his assistant Col. L. J. Price. This was the first time I had ever seen him. The Colonel had very large feet, as he was a large man, so when he enquired the next morning if anyone had an extra gunny sack, as he wished to use it in which to wrap his feet, I replied that I had one wagon sheet and probably he could get one from some one else, as they would, no doubt, come nearer fitting than a small grain sack. He did not appear to take kindly to this joke. The next morning the men were to take part of their stuff and break as far as they could, toward the party that was coming from Gibbonsville. I was to take my teams and go to the ranch for hay, and overtake them the next night at Moose Horn creek. We went home, put on two good loads and began our return in good season. When we arrived at the Poleburg cabin we left one load and one span of horses, and started for the camp, which we supposed would be at Moose Horn. As this was the month of February, the days were not long. The beaten track was before us, impossible to get out of it. We had wide hay racks and most of the road was cut through timber years before by some fellow who probably did not believe that any one would be foolish enough to try to haul hay over it. As soon as we got into the timber we began to chop trees. When we arrived at Moose Horn we found no camp. The fellows had found good roads and so had proceeded to get as far as they could that night. Where they were we did not know. What we did know was, they had no hay for their horses and would have none unless we got to camp with it. We were not in the best of humor, you may know, and thought some of stopping for the night. That we did not was on account of the horses that would stand all night in a snow bank, after having worked hard all day, without hay. We had a lantern, so could see to chop a tree, after we had run into one. We kept at this work until 11 o'clock, when we saw some of the fellows coming to tell us where they were camped. When we arrived there we found that the snow had been dug away, so the horses had a good place to stand, free from wind, on account of the depth of the snow. The weather was clear and cold at night. One of the nights we camped at this same camp, it was 45 below

zero. McAfee paid \$100 per ton to have this machinery taken from Dillon to Gibbonsville. My work, including hay, for 18 days, gave me \$360.00. Pretty good for a ranchman in those days. Taking this trip, as a whole, it was enjoyable.

As soon as this job was finished, Mrs. Noyes, Roy and I went to Dillon, when Edith, our youngest, was born, March 27th. Our work was the usual ranch work that summer; nothing of interest to note until election time. The "Big 4," Dave Reinhart, Joe Metlen, A. O. Rose and Will Jones, ran for office that fall. They came to our place, when part of the roof was off our one room, so they had to take a field bed in the same room with the whole Noyes family. That same fall the Republican Central Committee sent Judge L. A. Brown and Henri J. Burleigh into the Big Hole to make some speeches. They were to speak at my house, but as the information had not gotten out in very good shape, and the night being cold and stormy, no one but myself was privileged to listen to them. Mrs. Noyes kept the children in the kitchen and the orators of the day, or night I should say, held forth in the living room. First one and then the other would get up and deliver, more or less, of his speech, to be always interrupted by the other before being anywhere near through. I endured this and enjoyed the evening very much indeed. I explained to Judge Brown that the conditions were such, concerning the boundary lines between this county and Deer Lodge that "floaters" could come in at any time and change the political complexion of Beaverhead county. I went into the matter in detail, drawing a crude map of the country near French Gulch. He said that he would, if elected, take the matter up and get a bill through for a new survey, or in fact, a survey of the county lines of Beaverhead and Deer Lodge. A very peculiar thing happened a little earlier in the fall. Rufe Ferster, my old school friend of the '60s, had been nominated by the Democrats for treasurer against Joe Metlen. Soon after the convention adjourned Rufe, Mrs. Blair, his sister, and her children, came to visit us. Rufe and I were sleeping in the hay mow. One morning he awoke and said: "I had a funny dream last night. I thought you and I were playing on the banks of the Grasshopper near the foot bridge, in front of French's place, when we made up our minds to go to the other side of the creek. We started across and both fell in. The peculiar thing about it, we did not get wet." "Let me interpret that for you. You have the nomination for treasurer on the Democratic ticket; I am trying to get the nomination for assessor on the Republican. I will not succeed in getting that, and you will not be elected, and the fact that we did not get wet means that it will not hurt us by losing." My interpretation of Rufe's dream came true.

That fall the Republicans had placed Thos. H. Carter in nomination against W. A. Clark. As Montana had always been Democratic, with the exception of Wm. H. Claggett, every one thought that Clark would have a sure thing of it. The result, however, proved Thos. H. a

winner. The reason for this was that Marcus Daly, though a democrat, did not like Clark. Why they were enemies, neither of them pretended to know, so people close to them have told. The fact that they were, was enough to place Carter very much before the people, not alone of Montana, but the United States. I desired to hear this man, who was to lead the Republican party to victory, so I went to Dillon, 80 miles. I was introduced to "Tom" by Judge Brown, as the Republican war-horse of the Big Hole." I suppose the Judge must have thought a fellow was a "war-horse" who could survive the speeches of himself and Henri J. single-handed and alone. I listened to Carter that night, and went with the Dillon delegation the next day to Glendale. At that place we had a large rally, speaking, with a dance afterward at the rink. Finley Cunnard and I walked to Melrose, five miles distant, for a place to sleep. The Republicans won that year in good shape and Judge Brown got the boundary survey bill through. As it provided for a commissioner from each county, to look after the work, with pay at \$8.00 per day, he wrote and asked if I would accept the office from Beaverhead. Sheriff A. O. Rose was at my place that night and advised me to accept. I was going for a visit to Minneapolis and other places in Minnesota, over the Great Northern railroad, and went out with Rose to Divide. It had been years since I had been in my native state, and as Jim Hill was offering a rate of \$40.00 from Butte to St. Paul and return, it was a temptation. I visited Helena a day going and two or three on my return. My trip east was enjoyable in a way, would have been more so if I could have taken Hattie and the children. I visited my Uncle Ira, father's brother, also his sister, Sarah, at St. Cloud, besides many of my cousins. My cousin, Kate Noyes, went with me to Minneapolis, to see my mother's sister, Almira Broughton. In that city I met many of my old playmates. I went to the University, saw Mrs. Mattie Campbell-Wilkins, my old teacher of years before in the common school. Many changes had taken place. Pres. Folwell was deposed, Dr. Northup had succeeded him. Many new buildings were on the campus. We also went to Farmington, Minnesota, to see my father's sister, Martha, who was the oldest of the family, and last to die; returning to St. Cloud for a few days before coming back to Montana. My Uncle James Jenks was then alive. I had usually spent my vacation at his farm near Clear Water, Minnesota. He was a surveyor, a man of more than ordinary ability. I recall that he had an excellent memory. For instance: One could repeat a couplet from Scott's "Lady of the Lake" and uncle would quote the two preceding or two following. As above noted, I stopped off in Helena. Charles Stanchfield, Geo. Bailard, Jay Hern and Bill Collins had taken up a considerable piece of land on Lake creek, Big Hole Basin, some few years before and gone into partnership. Charles had sent a nice band of dairy cows; the California boys, Bailard and Hern, were not much used to that kind of work, so Charlie made up his mind to buy them out, also buy the interest Geo. Tong had in my ranch. This was the busi-

ness that detained me in Helena. Stanchfield did buy the California boys. He and I together bought Geo. Tong by giving a mortgage on the ranch and cattle to Tong. When the county commissioners of Beaverhead met in the spring, they appointed me "Commissioner of Boundary Line Survey." Stanchfield and I had started a good sized dairy; had a market in Butte for our butter. In July the commissioners for the survey, Capt. Wyman of Silver Bow, Morgan Evans of Deer Lodge, Henry Meyers of Missoula and myself met in Anaconda, to consider the matter and let a contract for the work. Gus Kornberg, a young German engineer came with Capt. Wyman, as no other engineer put in a bid he got the contract. I proposed, as we needed pack and saddle horses, to buy them. We could sell, when through with them, for something worth while, and the counties would be ahead by the transaction. This, however, did not meet with the approval of the others. A price of \$2.50 for saddle and \$2.00 for pack horses per day was agreed on, as this was what the livery men would ask. Myers, Evans and I agreed to furnish two horses each. We adjourned to meet at Gregson's Springs, a short time after, to begin actual work. It was quite a large party that met at Gregson's.

Cook tent, one for the men, another for us. Our first Sunday several ladies and gentlemen of Butte took dinner with us. Sheriff Lloyd and family, Mr. Chauvin, wife and niece. I can not now recall all of the men who worked that summer on the line. Prof. Geo. Vogle was a guest of Morgan Evans, Kornberg had for his assistant John Heagle. There was a cook, packer, chainmen, rodmen, axe men, etc., making the party 14 strong (not to count the packer's feet, which were actually so strong his boots afforded no protection from their offensiveness; in fact we were compelled to do without his services, as no one else could occupy the same tent.)

It would make quite a long story, that one of 108 days over almost impassable mountains, through thick timber, in one of the dryest and most smoky years ever seen in Montana. Many days we could not take up the work on account of smoke, yet the expenses were busily eating into county funds. I had to take the boys into the almost inaccessible places, as I was the only one of the commissioners who did not carry a "silver crown." There was much hard work on those side trips, and as I was the cook for those, the boys did not fare any too well. I remember that we were way up at the head of Seymour creek, under the grand old mountain peaks, only to be approached with pack horses. Provisions were getting low, so in order to keep the boys good natured, I told them they should have, at my expense, as good a meal as could be had in Anaconda on our arrival at that city. We continued with our work, planting our flag on the divide of the main Rockies. We must go to the camp near French Gulch, thence to Anaconda and Rock Creek, miles before we could again pick up our work. It was Saturday evening when we arrived at the main camp. Sunday our Chinaman cook would only get two meals. The boys wanted supper, Chink said "No!" and rolled into his blankets

and would not get up. The boys proposed to hang him. I objected to such a procedure and they did not molest him. We got our own suppers. The next morning they made him walk to Anaconda and carry his blankets.

On our arrival at Anaconda, the boys reminded me of my promise made at the camp on Seymour. I told them to go ahead and order what they wanted and I would pay for it. There was five of them at \$1.50, or \$7.50. I desire to record this just as it was, as some one told my Uncle Charles and Geo. Tong, with whom I was doing business, that I "blew in" \$500.00 for a supper for the outfit in Anaconda. After leaving Anaconda we went to East Rock creek, picked up the line and run to Moose Lake, on the Middle Fork of Rock. The night we arrived at Moose Lake with the pack outfit, we could not camp there, as a fire had destroyed all the feed, hence compelling us to go about two miles, to the West Fork. The survey party did not see our sign, so they camped on the banks of Moose Lake, without bed or provisions. They were a pretty "sore" bunch when we found them the next morning. We were to go up the Middle Fork to the Main divide, thence down the first stream running in a southerly direction to the Big Hole river. I was sent to "spy out the land." Lou Larson was herding cattle that summer on the "Rocks", so I hired him to go with me. We went up the West Fork to the head, climbed the main range, and were able to see the Big Hole. We had our horses, that day, in places I would not have dreamed possible to get. We arrived late at camp that night, near Moose lake. The next morning I started for the Big Hole. Dug Newcomer went as far as the divide with me. From there I went down Pintler creek and got home about 10 p. m. Mrs. Noyes and the children were not at home, being over at the Armitage ranch. My cousin, Mr. A. L. Broughton of Minneapolis, was there also. When I got ready to start back I invited him to go with me. That day we stopped at Billy Teidt's for dinner, on Pintler creek. Teddy Roosevelt had had his camp there for some time. We did not get to see him, as he had left a short time before. I remarked to Teidt that for some reason, I liked Roosevelt, though I had never seen him, I had read many of his articles in the magazines. Teidt told us of several little things that happened while Teddy camped there.

One night he was standing by the camp fire, having just come in from the day's hunt. Clothing all in rags, in fact, sans pants. "Just think of it," he said, "I am one of the 400 of New York, if I want to be." It always amused Teidt when he thought of what a figure Teddy would cut in New York's 400 in such an "evening dress." We arrived at our camp on Rock creek in good season that night. For a day or two afterward we had some snow. We continued our work until we came to the summit, at that place the commissioner, Myers of Missoula, would leave us; Wm. Dickerson, who was with him, left also. Morgan Evans and his friend had left the party at Moose lake, as that was as far as Deer Lodge county came west. We erected a monument on the pass

between the heads of Rock and Pintler creeks. As only a line between Silver Bow and Beaverhead was to be run, Capt. Wyman and I were left in charge of the work. We got through some time in the latter part of October. I had been out 108 days. My saddle horse cost the county \$270 for hire. If the commission had accepted of my proposal, and bought horses, much would have been saved. I do not remember of a season more enjoyable than this one. The weather was exceptionally fine, and the boys good natured. Kornberg played the violin exceptionally well, George, a Tyrolese peasant, could get as much music out of a zither as any one to whom I have listened. Gus Kornberg made money in some mine in Butte not many years after, went to San Francisco, where he spent it. He returned to Butte, where he died a few days after his arrival. He was a very bright young man, a graduate of some German university.

It was along in '89 that F. A. Heinze was coming into the lime-light. Though only a boy, he was successful in beating Jim Murray, who seldom came out on the losing side. The old town of Dewey's Flat was booming those days, as a proof, 10 saloons were running in full blast. Those were the days when silver mining paid a little, but no where near as much as people unacquainted with the matter thought.

I went to Dillon to settle with the county commissioners. Geo. W. Bailard went with me. We were gone about a week. The summer, as before mentioned, was exceedingly dry. Few people had enough hay that year. Snow came in November, but not deep. One man, who had 130 head of cattle in the upper valley to begin with, came out with six the next spring. I was fairly successful with ours. I kept part of them on the hills until February. Emil Zorn did most of the riding. In the spring Charlie Stanchfield pulled out of the partnership, taking his horses and cattle, leaving me the ranch and indebtedness. Maybe I could have pulled out of this in the long run, but as Tong was behind at the banks, I did not want to continue with such a load. In those days cattle were low and money was not easy to get. I continued to keep the place for a time, as Tong did not seem inclined to take it. Certainly I worked with no hope of bettering my condition.

The postoffice was at our place, Mrs. Noyes being the second postmaster in the valley. Emil Zorn continued working for us. He had saved some money. Mrs. Noyes had bought, with money taken in as postmistress and selling meals, a few steers in the fall of 1890, for which she got a fair price in the spring. To give you an idea as to prices in those days. She paid from \$12.50 to \$18 for good two-year-old stuff, selling for \$38.00. I got her to put her money in with Zorn and start a small store at Wisdom, I think in the summer of '91. Loo Pickett had been carrying mail from Dewey's to Wisdom for some time, wishing to dispose of it, Zorn and I became the owners of a stage line. The mail was only carried twice a week in those days, and either Zorn or I did the driving. The little stock of goods helped to pay expenses. Being

small, little could be expected of it. In the winter of 1891 Billy Packard wrote to me from Murray, Idaho, that he wanted to come and work for me on the ranch. Didn't care what the position was, only wanted work of any kind. In relation to this letter of Billy's: Some time before I got his letter I had a dream about as follows: I thought that Billy Packard wrote to me that he wanted work, would like to take charge of the dairy, but would do anything I had for him. I wrote for him to come. He came and took charge of the dairy and that we got an exceedingly rich lead together. Shortly after this I did get his letter, couched in the very words of the dream. I, of course, wrote him he could come. As the first part of this dream came true in every particular, I thought, to my sorrow, that the part concerning the mine would also.

As hay was not salable, and cattle feeding not the most profitable industry by any means, I came to the conclusion to let Mr. Tong take the place, and I would attempt something else. One day James Mallory, of the firm of Bielenberg, Walker and Mallory, came to the ranch and I sold him my cattle, 100 head for \$2,000, check made payable to Geo. H. Tong. Mrs. Noyes had some cattle and a few horses. She and Emil Zorn bought the horses that belonged to the Noyes and Tong ranch from Tong. I had had an idea in my head for some time that I would like to become the assessor of Beaverhead county. Yet, as I was down and almost out, I hardly felt like making the attempt. Mrs. Noyes suggested, before Mallory, that I now get in and try for the nomination the coming fall. Jim encouraged me to a considerable extent, and advised me to take a chance. When the Republican convention met in Dillon I was on hand and received the nomination, having to beat Mikey Henniberry, the then deputy assessor under Dave Reinhardt. Will Armitage and Jas. B. Callen were with me as delegates from Big Hole. After returning home, having nothing in particular to do until the campaign opened, Will Packard, Fred Myers and I went to investigate some new leads that had been discovered, in the upper end of the valley by Ed Englesgjerd and one of the Daniels boys. Frank Brown, an old time prospector, was at my place when we left, and as he was soon going into the mountains again, we agreed to stake each other in if anything was found that fall. Packard, Myers and I camped on a branch of Bloody Dick creek for the night. Soon after we got there a man from Colorado, a prospector also, came and went into camp with us. Some time the summer before a man had fallen from a cliff on Miner's creek. Some of the people thought that there had been foul play, as Wm. Christianson was with him the day he was lost, and they had discovered what was supposed to be a rich lead. The party that came to our camp was the one who had found the remains a day or so before. The next morning we all started together to find Englesgjerd and Daniels. While walking along through the thick timber, the stranger being just ahead of Myers, Myers saw a very curiously wrought handle on the revolver of the man, which was in a scabbard. Fred's curiosity got the better of his judgment, for he reached for and ex-



tracted the gun. As soon as the party felt the hand at his back, he jumped and turned, with his right hand on the hilt of his knife.. Fred was too busy looking at the gun handle to notice the look and action of the stranger, who finding no harm was intended, answered the questions put to him by Fred as to where and when he had become possessed of the treasure. We succeeded in finding the miners and after making some examination we came to the conclusion to go home. Brown was there. I explained to him that we did not find anything worth taking up. He said that he had not found anything new, but he wanted to give me an interest in a claim he already owned. I told him he could give the interest to Mrs. Noyes. This present was our undoing, but of it more later on. It came time for us to be out and doing, for the campaign was on for votes. Thos. F. Hamilton was out for sheriff, J. G. Shannon, treasurer; T. J. Murray, clerk and recorder. We made a party that went all over the county. Campaigning in those days required the expenditure of too much money in saloons. We met the people and awaited the results of election day. Judge Everton J. Conger, the man who captured Booth, was running for county attorney, with Edwin L. Norris, later governor, as opponent. The judge was successful. The Republican party won and I would be assessor on the first day of January, 1893. As we would move to Dillon, we wanted to sell our interest in the little store. We found a buyer in Alfred J. Turner, who did not have any money, but gave his note with security. The 400 acres of desert land belonging to Mrs. Noyes, on which the town of Wisdom was afterward built, together with the cattle and horses, was leased to Dug Newcomer. Just after Thanksgiving we moved to Dillon. Although we were strangers in the place, we soon found good friends.

On January 1st I was sworn into office, and became active in trying to learn my duties. I can see now how unwise I was in one particular, I talked too much. My reason for so doing, probably, was that being a stranger to the conditions and asking for information along certain lines somewhat different than any one else, some of the fellows, sneeringly, asked if I could do what others had never attempted. My particular enquiry was concerning the assessment of banks. I was told that you were only allowed to do certain things by the government. As an example, a bank begins business with a capital of \$50,000; as you are to assess this as you do other property, you would put, as was done for years, about 66 per cent as the assessable value. Now, if a man begins stock raising with fifty cows, and continues in that business for a number of years, he certainly increases his capital to a considerable extent. The assessor comes along and instead of assessing the 66 per cent of the 50 cows, he no doubt finds that those 50 have become 500. Then, to equalize matters, he assesses 66 per cent of 500. The banker begins, as before stated, on \$50,000, and though he continues in a more successful business, and piles up undivided profits, the ordinary assessor will continue to see the original capital for his consideration. I was given to

understand that this was right. I did not believe it, so made as much of a study of the matter as I could and did attempt, and finally succeeded in doing those things never tried before by any prior assessor. Many of the men possessed of means were up in arms—result, much excitement among the people as to final outcome. I want to say that I had no desire to cause the wealthy trouble; what I did want was to get as equal an assessment as possible, and in this matter saw no friend or foe.

The story of my fight for what I considered right, can be found by looking over the records, and also the newspapers of that date. I came before the people in such a way that it made them recognize me and my work. I met many pleasant people, who sided with me, giving good advise and encouragement. No one any more so than Edwin L. Norris, then a young attorney, and Wason M. Oliver, one of the county commissioners. I was not successful the first year, but intended, more than ever, to make a success the next. Norris once said to me: "I admire your pluck, but not your common sense; you can't beat these fellows." I told him that I should continue to try while in office, and so got results. My time being about to close, a new election coming on, people came to me said: "You have been foolish to antagonize these rich men. If you had gone along and allowed things to go as they had before, you could have been re-elected." My reply always was: "The people of Beaverhead county are not fools, they can see who has been working for their interest, and if they want me it does not matter what the rich think or do." During this term of office, in the second year, I think, W. F. Packard, J. T. Murray, T. W. Poindexter, afterward state auditor, and I bought the mine known as the Ajax, an interest in which had been given to Mrs. Noyes by Frank Brown two years before. We made up our minds to develop it, in a way. We cut a road through the timber, built a trail to the head of the falls and put up an arastra, which was never used, and quit work for the fall. It was at this time that Tommy Poindexter said: "You get in and run for the office again, the people want you." As he was then on his way to Dillon, he agreed to "note the lay of the land."

The day before the convention, Callen, Armitage and I were once more in Dillon. My information was not of the most encouraging nature. Tommy came to me and said: "The big fellows intend to down you." This placed me in a position where I was none too sure of myself. For a time I hesitated about allowing my name to go before the convention. Many of the boys, among others, Drs. M. A. Miller and Leason, came to me and asked if I had lost my nerve. They said they would get out and do all they could for me if I would allow my name to go before the convention. At last I consented and the fight was on. Governor White, one of, if not my most bitter opponents, was elected chairman. He did every thing he could to defeat me. In a speech to that convention he remarked that they had "just placed Henry Knippenberg in nomination for the legislature, and that Henry Knippenberg would not run on the same ticket with A. J. Noyes." Armitage arose to his feet and asked

Mr. Knippenberg if that was so. The gentleman did not reply. The convention adjourned until after supper. I, with Callen and Armitage, was eating in the cafe when Knippenberg came in with some of his lieutenants, Mr. Earl being one of them. Mr. Knippenberg was manager and a large owner in the Hecla mines. As soon as Mr. Knippenberg saw me he said: "How is Mr. Noyes feeling tonight?" "Not very well, sir," I replied. "What did I understand you to say?" he asked. "Not very well, sir," and walking over to his table I continued: "Who is Henry Knippenberg that he refuses to run on the same ticket with A. J. Noyes? I want you to understand, sir, that in spite of you and B. F. White, I shall succeed myself; I have taken no particular interest in this fight, but shall do so from now on." I was, no doubt, emphatic in my expressions to him. Mr. Knippenberg simply said: "Be kind enough to be seated and after we are through supper, please talk to Mr. Earl. I can say no more." Of course I waited for them. When they were through, Mr. Earl took me by the arm and we walked up the street toward the court house together. He said: "Noyes, Mr. K. never made such a remark about you; in fact, he never thought of such a thing. He was taken very much by surprise when he heard Governor White make the announcement. Being, as he is, a partner in the bank, he did not feel like getting up and calling White a liar, but this much I say to you, that speech has lost White the Hecla delegation. They have been voting for you ever since and will continue. You will receive the nomination." I thanked Mr. Earl for his kindness and sent my regrets to Mr. Knippenberg and did not go near the convention hall. The fight was bitter, long drawn out. It must have been 10 p. m. before I received the nomination and the convention adjourned.

J. E. Morse told me, the next morning, that he was in the back part of the room, that White came to him with a face as white as his name, and with tears in his eyes said: "Morse, that fellow has given me the first beating I ever had in my life." I record this here because I am proud that the people of Beaverhead county stood for me, no doubt believing my work was for them and not for a favored few. So once more my name was before the people, making it possible for me to succeed myself in the assessor's office. I was elected by a good, large majority and proceeded along the same lines.

C. E. Stanchfield had not been successful in his business affairs, and had given a mortgage to Mr. Ralph Davidson of La Porte, Indiana, on his Big Hole land. I induced J. E. Morse, a prominent merchant of Dillon, to go in with me and buy from Davidson, who had foreclosed, this 2520 acres of land for \$5,600. This was my last year in the office. This was the beginning of the end for me in the valley. Horses had become a drug on the market, so J. E. and I bought of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Hamilton, of Horse Prairie, their band of horses, good ones, too, consisting of 220 head, sucklings thrown in, at \$5.00 per head. I afterward sold to Morse and Selway 100 head of these at \$3.75 per head.

During my term of office I met Governor Rickards, at his request, and was introduced to the members of the state board of education as the one assessor in Montana who was not afraid to do his duty. After my work was done, in July, Mrs. Noyes and I moved to the ranch, afterward known as the Ajax, to make our home. J. T. Armitage and A. J. Turner had put up a corral and some cabins for us the winter before. As before mentioned, my property had gone to G. H. Tong before I was elected the first time, so I did not have any to put into this ranch. Mrs. Noyes had 100 head of cattle and other property, horses, etc., amounting in all to about \$4,000, besides the 400 acres of land near Wisdom. Although the cabin was not large, in fact, 18x24, we did not refuse to entertain any one who came. During the summer the Rev. Walter Hayes, pastor of the Presbyterian church in Dillon, came and received a nice bed in the hay corral, as the night was warm. That was the year 1896, and of course an election was on. Late in the fall four gentlemen drove up in the afternoon and wanted accommodations for the night. We told them we had lots of room, and could accommodate them. My wife had two beds in the room, on which there was quite a lot of extra bedding. As the time came to retire, the gentlemen asked where they were to sleep. I explained that Mrs. Noyes would attend to that. She proceeded to make a "field-bed" on the floor, the reason for so doing not appearing clear to our guests. I requested them to step out of doors a few minutes and I would tell them where to sleep. This was of course, to give Mrs. Noyes a chance to retire. It is needless to say that we all had to sleep in the same cabin, as it was too cold in the hay corral. These gentlemen were all elected that fall. Since then, J. B. Poindexter, who was one of them, has become district judge, and another, Edwin L. Norris, the governor of the state.

I have given these incidents to illustrate what a "pioneer woman" could and would do without any apparent trouble to herself. My work was to be the up-building of a large ranch. It is no small job to take several thousand acres of raw land and subdue it so it would produce good crops. That first season we cut something over 500 tons of hay. Mr. Morse bought cattle of John Snooks, who lived on the Salmon river. Cattle were not high that fall, so good beef steers sold the next spring for \$38.00 per head. We had borrowed \$1,000 of Wm. Roe. Mr. Morse and family spent part of the winter in Los Angeles. Before making the trip he had arranged to borrow from Mr. Roe \$4,000 with which to buy cattle the coming spring. When Mr. Morse returned I sent him a check to pay to Mr. Roe the money above mentioned.

Some time in April Mr. Morse requested me to come to Dillon and go with him to the Ruby valley and look at some stock cattle. We went to Sheridan, thence up the Ruby, where we purchased or contracted for two bands of cattle of Gus Smith and Wm. Maloney, for future delivery. I returned to the ranch, as the cattle could not be taken over the divide until May. When I went to receive the cattle Mr. Roe made up

his mind that he wanted a mortgage on all the stock we had bought, as he felt "sore" toward me for an assessment made of his property. Mr. Morse explained what Mr. Roe wanted. I told him to tell Mr. Roe that we would not need his money. Morse said: "You are pretty independent, aren't you?" "Yes," I said, "we have 250 head of cattle on that ranch and do not owe for them, and I will not borrow money to buy more and give anyone a mortgage." Morse asked if I would accept money from White. I told him I would, if it could be obtained. I had not asked Governor White for money, as he had become so bitterly opposed to the manner in which I had conducted the assessor's office that he would not speak to me on the streets. Morse, however, explained the matter to White, as to the feeling engendered toward Roe by me and also told him we needed the money to finish paying for cattle for which we had already contracted. White gave us a credit of \$5,000, so we took the cattle home. After haying, we made up our minds to buy more, as they "looked good to us." I made a trip over into the Bitter Root and purchased 550 head while over there; Mrs. Noyes and the children made the trip with some of the other Big Hole neighbors. We camped for a while with Mr. and Mrs. Will McCoy and had a nice visit. McCoy is now the oldest, or has served the government as range rider longer than any other man. We bought cattle on Red Rock and other places. A car load of full blood Hereford bulls of Kohrs and Bielenberg of Deer Lodge. We had, before this, purchased of Chas. Deputy two fine Herefords, shipped by him from Illinois. You must remember that we had only gotten a five thousand credit of White, but by fall we owed him \$19,000.00, and by spring \$27,000.00. That did not make any difference to him, as cattle were going up and we had bought them right. I had not been able to feed all this stuff on the Ajax ranch, and so my outside feed bills amounted to \$6,500. The fall of 1898 we had 1,200 stock cattle and probably 350 calves. I did not believe that money could be made in running stock cattle at such a high altitude, as too many calves would be apt to perish from cold at birth. I proposed to Mr. Morse that we sell and pay our debts, and then run the place on more conservative lines. We could have sold for \$36,000.00, which would have been enough to pay up everything, clearing 2,520 acres of land inside of two years from the time I had assumed the management. This would, also, have given Mrs. Noyes and Mr. Morse the original money they invested.

Mr. Morse said he did not consider that a wise proposition, and he would not consent to it. Not many years after, when we were struggling to make both ends meet, he said: "Why in the name of God didn't you take the bull by the horns, and do as you pleased, when you wanted to sell those cattle?" I allowed him to dominate in this case, very much against my judgment, to my sorrow. I told my wife that I could see the beginning of the end, if one was to run stock cattle in the

Big Hole. That fall we sold our steers to Martin Sorensen for \$30.00 per head—yearlings up, 600 of them.

"Mother" and I made up our minds to take a "wedding trip." We attended the exposition at Omaha and certainly enjoyed ourselves. We were there "McKinley day" and got a glimpse of the president. We had as companions Mrs. Wm. Orr, two sons, Chas. and John, and E. L. Poindexter, now the editor of the Dillon Examiner. After I returned from Omaha we made up our minds to ship some old cows to that place, also try the market for horses some place in Iowa. Chas. Deputy was to ship some steers, Anderson Bros., horses. "Jimmie the Tink" was with Deputy. The experience was new to Deputy and me. When we were about to leave Dillon, a young man came and wanted to go with me. I asked for transportation for him, but did not get it. The young fellow said he had some money, but did not wish to spend it on railroad tickets. When we arrived at Cheyenne he stepped up and shook hands with me. He had succeeded in beating his way, making as good time as we did. Our run from Cheyenne to Omaha was made in 28 hours. We disposed of our stock in the morning and in the afternoon I got out on a fast meat train, but was side-tracked at Council Bluffs for several hours. I arrived late Saturday night at Grand Junction, where we were to sell the car of horses. Early in the morning I went to the stock yards and moved my horses to the corral for feed. Leaving instructions with the livery man as to advertising the sale, etc., I went to Des Moines to see Geo. Redhead, then a very successful breeder of Herefords, who had owned the bull "Ancient Britton," to buy some full-blooded cattle. The Thorpe Live Stock company had requested me to get some Shorthorns for them, as had the Centennial Cattle Co., a request for Hereford bulls. Redhead was a very nice, accommodating gentleman. He took me, on Thanksgiving day, to see the shorthorn herd of Martin Flynn, of whom I bought stock for the Thorpe people. I made a trip to Marshalltown to see Governor Packard, a Hereford breeder, and bought some bulls for the Centennial Cattle company. In the meantime, I had attended the horse sale at Grand Junction. It was certainly an off year in Iowa for horses, as after paying car fare and incidentals, we only had \$4.00 per head left. I found a young man who was willing to take my car load to Montana, providing I could give him a position for the winter, which I did, on the "Highland" ranch. As to this particular ranch: It could not have been much over a year after we had taken over the Ajax when Mr. Morse and I rode over some bench land several miles north of the Ajax, which appeared to us as an exceptionally good place for a large stock ranch. We did not have the money with which to float the scheme. We did make several attempts to secure it, but were not successful for some time. I happened to be in Governor White's bank one day and mentioned the subject to him. I did not talk long until he agreed to finance the affair. Senator Norris later governor, wanted to go into the company, on Morse's description of

the conditions. He did not have the money, unless it could be gotten in some way; for instance, like getting it from White. I stepped out of the bank and met Morse and Norris going home to lunch. I soon explained that I had an important business engagement for them at 1:30 o'clock with the governor. I told them that he had agreed to get behind us on the "Big Bench" matter. We were on time at the bank and talked the affair over, with the result that we incorporated a company known as the "Highland Water Co." When we left the bank Morse and Norris both remarked that they did not see how I happened to be able to talk Governor White into putting up \$20,000 on such a scheme. Morse, in particular, remarked: "Al Noyes, if any one had told me you could talk the governor into this thing, I would have called him crazy." Norris and I walked up the street toward his office, meeting Mr. Roe, who walked back to his bank with us. I supposed he wanted to see Norris, as he was attorney for the bank, so excused myself and started to walk off when Mr. Roe said: "We would like to talk to you a moment in our bank if you have time." This was surprise No. 2 that day. The first was when I could get a man like Governor White to become the backer of an enterprise; a man who had done all he could to defeat me for office a few years before, and who would not speak to me when he met me on the street, and second, Mr. Roe, who had become somewhat embittered on account of one of my assessments, as before mentioned, who had not spoken to me for some time, now requesting me to come into his bank that they might get my opinion and advice as to whom to loan money in the Big Hole. As the Highland enters more or less into my life, mention will be made of it later on. Before I forget it, I will say that Edwin Norris and I agreed to taboo politics from the beginning of that partnership, with what results will be noted later on.

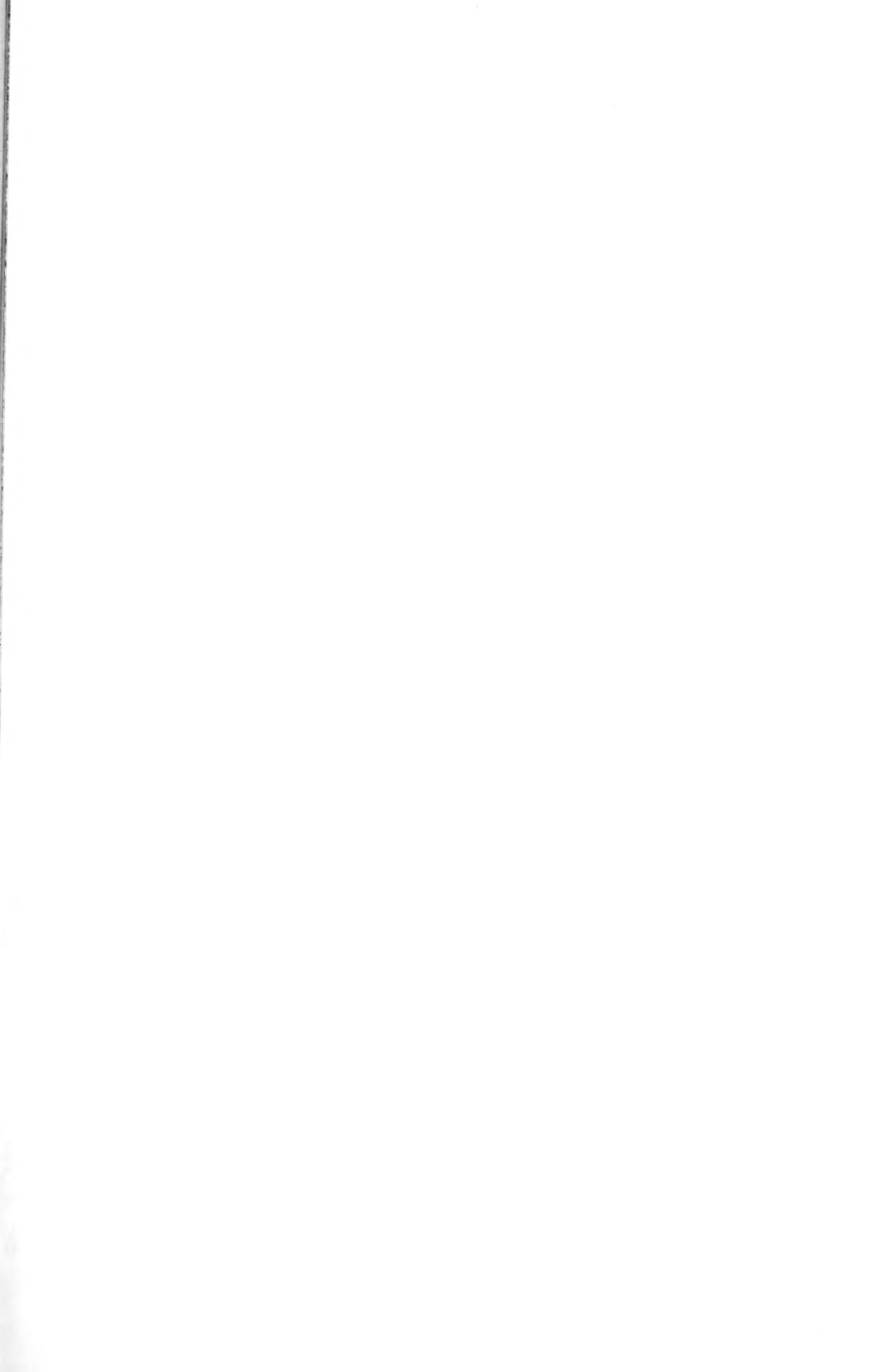
My friend, Tommy Poindexter, than whom few better men ever lived in Montana, became state auditor. Norris was quite an active figure in the convention when Tom received his nomination. When they returned to Dillon, Tom told me: "That fellow Norris, if he holds his head, will have everything coming that the people can give any one politically." As Morse and I were branching out, we needed, we thought, some pasture land. As the state could select land for rental purposes, Col. L. J. Price and I went to Helena and interviewed the state board of land commissioners, and got their consent to have Mr. Henry Neill, state land agent, to look over the land, and if, in his opinion, he thought proper to select it he could do so. There was no trouble in getting the land; the next thing would be several miles of fence with which to enclose it. A young man, Clarence H. Strowbridge, took the contract to build the fence. Morse and I had bought all the interests held by others in the Ajax mine, had done some representing, nothing more. We leased and bonded it to a party, who never did any work. It was during that time that "Deafy" Thompson killed "Dutch Gus," in one of the cabins near the mine. They had had a little trouble, so Jim made his bed out-

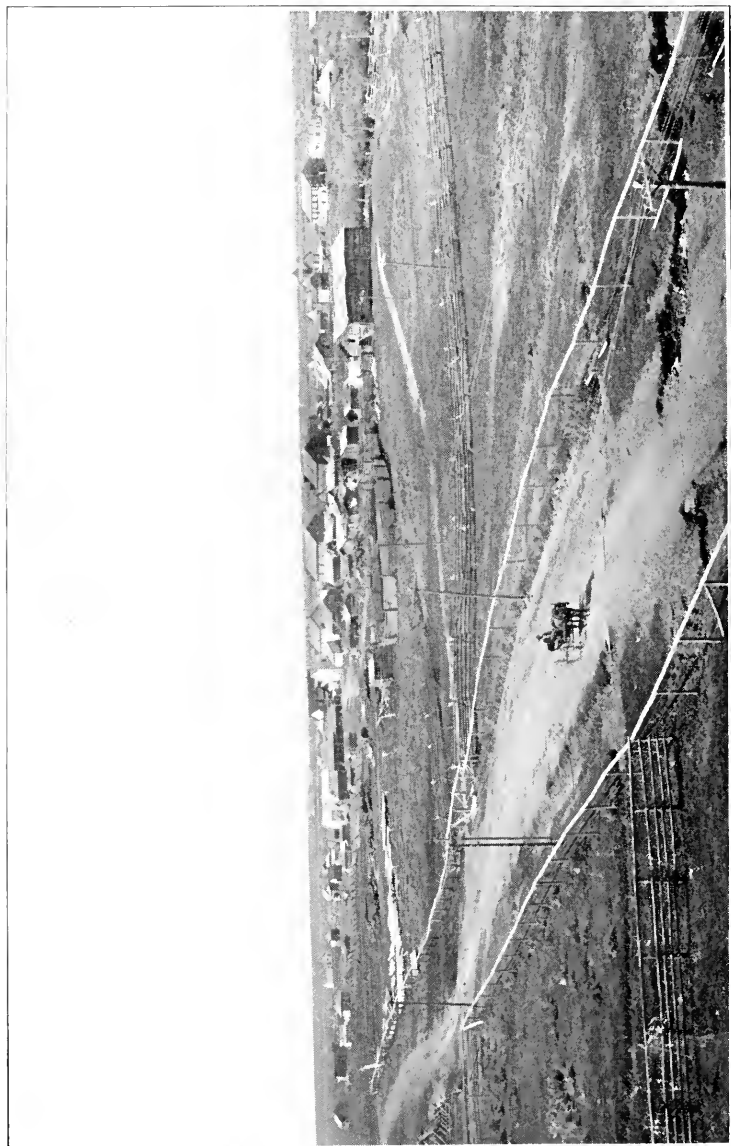
doors. Gus occupied the cabin. One morning Jim came in before Gus was up and enquired about the coffee. "I'll give you all the coffee you want, you ——," said Gus, and pulling up his rifle took a shot at Jim, which just missed his head and lodged in the side of the cabin—years afterward one of my boys dug out the bullet. Jim started to get out, as Gus was trying to get another shot, with the result he closed the door from the inside and was too much excited to open it, as all this time Gus was trying to get another cartridge into the gun. Jim happened to see on a shelf his six shooter, which he grabbed and put an end to Gus' activities. Jim went to Jackson and gave himself up, telling what he had done. Someone said: "Maybe the man isn't dead, Jim." "Yes he is; I looked at him; he is as dead as h——l," replied Jim. Several men accompanied "Deafy" back to the scene of the tragedy. They found everything just as he had told them. At this season of the year there is always snow in the mountains in this vicinity, at that time there was no road up the hill, nothing but a trail, and the snow up to the waist. It was found impossible to carry the corpse, so the only alternative was to drag it. They tied a rope about the feet and began the journey. Hauling a person or body in this way caused too much friction, so said this party, so some one suggested they put the rope around the neck. This was done, and the body moved more freely. In fact, it moved too rapidly, as it slid down the mountain, passing on one side of a tree while the men went by on the other side. They say that in this way the neck became dislocated, hence much longer than it should have been. In due time Gus was taken to Jackson and interred; Jim was exonerated. Years after Frank Conway wrote "The Ghost of the Ajax," a story that caused considerable comment.

#### WISDOM.

As before stated, when I moved to Dillon, in 1892, to take the office of county assessor, we sold our interest in the little store to Alf. Turner. Alf did not stay long in the business, as he got a chance to get rid of his share to Frank Housel, who later disposed of his interest to Emil Zorn. Zorn having, in the meantime, gotten married to my wife's old friend, Allie Rutledge, built a new house on a homestead close to the old Noyes place and started a hotel. He also put up a new store building, with a hall for public meetings up stairs. Emil was making money pretty fast with stage, hotel and store, but like many others, wanted to gather in the dollars faster, so began placer mining at the little camp above the battle ground. It did not take him long to go into the hole enough to place his business matters in jeopardy. A drummer, W. A. Frances, had been in the Big Hole and thought he saw a chance for the building up of a future business at the Zorn place, so he got J. P. Lossl of Pioneer to go in with him and purchase the business. Zorn went at anything he could get to do for a time, as there was not a lazy bone in his body, always looking for something better, which he found in a piece







WISDOM, MONTANA



HATTIE M. NOYES  
FOUNDER OF WISDOM, MONTANA



of land in the Bielenberg and Walker lower ranch. He located a desert claim on this and went to work improving it. Shortly after he met with the misfortune of the loss of his wife, leaving two nice little girls to his care. Not even daunted by this unkind act of nature, he continued on with his work, paid his indebtedness and made a success.

While I was in Dillon I had tried to interest the Eliel Bros. in the mercantile business in the Big Hole. They had had a store at Dewey's, also one in Gibbonsville, Idaho, and did not appear to be doing as well as they should. I suggested that they use the two stocks of goods at these places at Wisdom and build up a good trade, as the valley was bound to grow, and the mining camps were bound to die. Mr. Leonard Eliel said that they had never made a successful venture outside of their home place, and guessed that he would not take any chance on the Big Hole. Years after he said that he was sorry that he had not taken my hint in the matter, as the indications were good for a splendid trade.

While Emil Zorn was in business he hired Owen Ellis to drive team for him, and also gave him the privilege of putting in a little stock of liquor. This business soon became large enough for the undivided attention of Owen, and he opened up a saloon in our old home, to build a cabin for it later on near the store. As the postoffice had been at or near Wisdom for some time, all the Fourth of July celebrations were held there. One Fourth people came from all over the valley, and some from Gibbonsville, Idaho. The land belonged to Geo. H. Tong, J. P. Lossl and Mrs. Noyes. A lane was built through Mrs. Noyes' place, according to an old survey, and a bridge was built across the river by Will Armitage for the county. The land in the northeast corner of her field was high and dry, and of little value. This particular July day Johnnie McKinzie of Gibbonsville, my old friend that gave me my breakfast that August morning in '77 on Divide creek when I was hunting Indians, wanted to know how much we would take for a piece of land large enough to build something like a saloon or hall on. I had offered Frances and Lossl the whole 400 acres of land, with \$1,600 worth of fencing on it, for \$1600, and they would not listen to it, so when McKinzie broached the subject, I made up my mind at once to lay out a townsite on a few acres of that dry ground. Clarence Strowbridge had been running an ice cream and fruit stand that day, and the morning of the fifth, just before I got ready to go to the Ajax ranch, I asked him how he had done the day before. He told me that he had done nicely. I then, jokingly, said to him that I was going to lay out a townsite and that I would give him \$1,000 and let him start a small business in the new town of Wisdom. I did not think much more of this matter that day, but the next morning before breakfast Strowbridge and George Bailard were at the Ajax ranch. It did not take Strowbridge long to inform me that he came up to see if I were joking about starting him in the little business. I told him that it was said in a joke, but as he had taken the thing so

much to heart I would try and carry out my part of it, providing I could get the money. I wrote to my old friend Tom Mulaney of Dillon, and told him what I wanted and he said he would let us have \$1,000. B. R. Stevenson was told to go ahead and survey a townsite. I then made a trade with the Ponsonby people for the store and saloon building at that place, as the town had gone to the "bow-wows." The buildings would need to be razed and the lumber hauled to Wisdom, Strowbridge to use his teams to do the hauling; Mrs. Noyes was to put up the building, part of which was to be used as a hall, balance store, kitchen, dining room, etc. After the building had been purchased, Mulaney told Strowbridge that he had changed his mind and could not let me have the money. This was certainly putting us in a very disagreeable position, as we had spent several hundred dollars. I went to Dillon and met Tom, who said. "Say, Al Noyes, did you depend on me for that money?" "I most certainly did, Tom, but that need not make any difference, if you can't let me have it no more will be said about it." "If you depended on getting that money from me, you shall have it, if it is the last thing I ever do. You never went back on me, and I am going to stay with you." As this money was for Mrs. Noyes, she gave Tom security for it and started Strowbridge in the Wisdom Mercantile company. Bailard and Newcomer bought a lot and wanted to start a saloon, but did not have the money, so I got Mulaney to loan them the money to put up the "Old Glory" building. The particular mistake I made in laying out the Wisdom townsite was that I supposed that my first survey was correct, so told Stevenson to lay it out in that place. After he went to do the work he found that the old corners were wrong and that Tong owned part of the land we had fenced. Not expecting the town property to be of much value, I told him to go ahead and lay out a street on the east on her land, and the lots west of that. This gave to Owen Ellis, who bought the Tong ranch, the whole east side of the Main street in Wisdom and cost us a loss of several thousand dollars. The town continued to grow slowly and is now a good little inland place with three good sized stores, instead of the little one Mrs. Noyes and Zorn started in 1891. I probably had as much faith in the future of Big Hole as any one else, and recall that I had predicted, in some of my articles to the county papers, that it would make good. In building up a new section of country, there is much of an exceedingly pleasant nature that will enter into the work and make you feel that you have undertaken a grand work; not alone for your betterment, but for the good of thousands that will follow you.

That June morning in 1882 that found Mrs. Noyes and myself for the time being almost the only settlers in the valley, found us also full of hope for a successful answer to our day dreams. We looked at the grand old mountains, the flower-decked valley, listened to the murmur of the river on its hurried way to the sea, and thought of the time when we could go again into the world where people lived together in cities and enjoy the blessings made possible by being with the crowd. The

little log cabin with a dirt roof and dirt floor was for the time a palace. It would protect us from the heat of summer and the cold of an arctic winter. It held two hearts filled with love, or at least with the imagination of love strong enough to hold us a good many years through the ups and downs of an earthly existence together.

We saw the possibilities, but did not, at first, think that many would, in our life time, come to reap the reward that could be had. We were pleased to see newcomers and always extended the hand of welcome, no matter who came nor how many. To one coming on foot a meal and bed was ready without cost and probably a piece of money, if the person deserved it, ere he left the ranch. For years we kept open house, and did not think of making a charge. To satisfy "Grandma" Frances, we began, one January day to "keep track" of the number of meals given to others for the year. At the end of three months I had gathered statistics enough along that line to satisfy myself and lost interest in my "bookkeeping," as the total was 576 meals. I did not regret then nor do I regret now that I had so many friends(?). If they enjoyed it, we certainly did, and that ought to be pay enough for anyone. In those early days the roads to Butte were simply fierce. In fact, we did not have any road up the river, although we did manage to come that way. We could ford at Dewey's or go over the "hill." We generally went over the hill, which was so long and steep that a team was pretty apt to be all in by the effort. I remember that on one trip Dave Nickolson, since of Bitter Root, was along and as I had a large load for my team and he was light, he took part of mine and hauled it two days for me. When he got ready to leave the road to my place, I asked him how much I owed him for the trouble and this was his reply: "Whenever you meet one who is overloaded, take part of his load, as I have done for you, and that will pay me; pass it along." That was Dave, all right, and I hope that I have so lived that he has been paid in full. Do I make it clear?

When Sacajawea, the Indian woman with Lewis and Clark's expedition, saw from the bench just above what was to be afterward the battleground of Joseph and Gibbon, the glistening dome of Old Baldy, she knew where they were. She could show them the place of their "cache" of the year before, as she had been with her people in this valley on hunting trips. This band of hardy men, under Clark, were certainly given as grand a sight that morning as any they had seen, excepting the Pacific at the mouth of the Columbia. They had endured and done much in the journey they had made through the trackless regions of the northwest. They were, again, over the real rough trail of the mountain lands, ready to set afloat their boats on the placid waters of the Beaverhead and calmly drift to St. Louis. Probably no seer among them predicted the future up-building of a great nation in this big wide west. They had been two years in making the trip, and could see no reason why man would need these desert(?) wastes when so much good land remained unclaimed on the other side of the "Father of Waters." It was, no doubt, a sure

thing in their minds that the beautiful valley they were in would not be settled for years and years to come, and maybe never. They had no vision of Marshall with his little piece of yellow metal at Sutters mill in California that was to change the whole face of this western continent and make it the mecca of thousands from every land of the big round world. They could not see the miners of Florence, Boise and Idaho City that would try their luck along the many rapid streams tributary to the Salmon, and especially the ones who were to come up the Dehlonaga and find the hidden treasures of Ruby, the beautiful little creek at their feet. Nor could they see the reason why millions would yet be taken from Bannack, Hecla and French. They had conquered the unknown trail to the Pacific; had seen the land of the Snake and Columbia, and had passed one winter near the latter's mouth. That far land where flowed the "Oregon" could never be much to the United States, being too far away. They would be glad once again to see the people in St. Louis and especially to make their report to the president at Washington. They were only glad to look on the beautiful valley at their feet because it was a place one day nearer the end of the journey. When this party separated, one to go down the Missouri and the other to go to the Yellowstone, they were doing so simply to widen their knowledge of the geography at the head of the Missouri.

The finding of gold at Sutters mill changed the whole face of the west, and gave rise to a new class of men—a class that would never again die out until the whole world, known and unknown, was to give up its treasures. They, the prospectors, were to search out the hidden places where gold had lain, uselessly, since the "Beginning," and with trials, struggles, heartburns and their blood itself, would bring it forth to the light of day and make it play its part in the upbuilding of a world of business. Seldom did the prospector retain any of the wealth he found. "Come easy, go easy," was what governed them. The whole west was a treasure house in their minds, and there was no use in saving when you could find an Alder, Confederate or Last Chance any old place in the mountains. That gold is yet doing good and bad, depending much into whose hands it has fallen. It sends the steel rail hither and yon, and builds the floating palace of the deep. It makes the world beautiful by its expenditure in wonderful structures that house the more successful. It cuts away the mountain, deepens the sluggish stream, makes islands of continents, entraps the rushing waters that would leave havoc in their wake and compels them to nourish the thirsty soil and leave a rose where drifting sand once made a desert. It enables the student to find out the hidden secrets and use the knowledge for the up-building of a race. The man of science can, with its help, learn how to drive away many of the ills that threaten life and free the fevered brow from pain. What a wonderful thing in the hands of him who knows no thought of evil; who wills that each dollar he spends shall uplift his race and send it ahead in long strides to a plane of decency, greatness and universal



happiness. Better to be an optimist than a pessimist, better to go through the world with a smile than a frown, better to write of the good that gold can do than to tell of the hellish misery it has wrought. So let us back once more, in this little story, to the time when the prospectors Cris Weaver, his brother, and others, gazed from the main divide on the little basin at the head of Ruby. I do not know how this man Weaver happened to find gold in Ruby, and only know from my old friend Lou Smith of Butte that it was Weaver who was considered the discoverer.

It would take no great amount of imagination for anyone to go back to that summer in 1862 and find that mining was already being conducted, on a small scale, on Dahlonaga creek, a branch of the North Fork of Salmon river, just over the divide from Ruby. The prospector of those days did not think anything of a several mile jaunt in his hunt for a place that would "pan." No doubt Weaver took a stroll one Sunday, probably for game, and found gold in Pioneer basin. It took but a short time for the news to go to others and soon a little camp was in full blast, washing the yellow metal for grub stakes. From that day to this more or less gold has been taken out, although it never was a rich section. The Big Hole basin, or valley proper, did in no way appeal to these miners as a place of residence, and most of them left as soon as the "Grasshopper Diggings" were discovered, which was only a few days after. I have no facts at hand that tell me as to the lucky man who found pay at Bannack. Some say White. Mike Steel said: "John Smith, Pat Maloy and Bill Maloy were the men." Anyway, the late Judge Stapleton of Butte was in early. People that were going to the Idaho mines came to Bannack instead, and built the town that was to have the honor of being Montana's first capital. I did not get to Bannack until 1866, so was too late to witness the lawlessness that held sway there under Henry Plummer and his gang of toughs. The old scaffold on which Plummer, Ray and Stinson were hanged January 10th, 1864, was up the gulch a short distance from our house. From Mr. Wm. Roe I gleaned the following facts concerning the execution of these men (not before in print, I believe, at least part of it has never been).

Roe was one appointed to help get these men. One was at a dance on Yankee Flat, and Roe and some one else went for him. As soon as he was told that they wanted him, his wife threw her arms about his neck and held on for dear life. Roe said: "I never had anything as hard to do in my whole life as came to my lot then. That woman standing there with her arms about her husband's neck, sobbing pitifully, tears streaming down her cheeks and begging us not to take him. I had to use force to remove her arms and hold her while the man with me led him away." When these men were gathered that cold night under the scaffold, they made pleas for their lives, but no one as abjectly as Plummer, the ring-leader. Mr. Roe said that he did not blame them in the least; that anyone, almost, would have done as Plummer did, if he thought a talk would have given him his liberty. R. P. Eaton captured Ray and after he was

hanged, Mrs. Ray came out and asked him where her Ned was. He replied; "Your Ned is alright." (This man Eaton became the next sheriff of Bannack District, Idaho territory). I will try and give in Mr. Roe's language an account of the hanging of "Dutch John:" Mrs. Ray had been given her husband's body, but Plummer and Stinson had been taken to a small cabin across the street from the hotel. This cabin was not yet completed, as the chinking and dobbling had not been done. There was a work bench on which Plummer was laid, and Stinsen was placed on the floor, and a little way from the work bench. When we made up our minds to hang John, he was taken to this cabin. You must remember that when we hung the others it was very cold, and it was probably on this account that we did not bury them at once, and why their remains had been placed in the cabin. It was a mighty weird sight, the dead highwaymen lying there; the band of stalwart men bent on doing their duty in ridding that section of those who had been so bold in their deviltry, and the tall form of "Dutch John" standing there dimly, in the candle light, on a dry goods box that was to be used as the drop that was to send his soul to his maker. The cabin was full, and when the box was pulled from beneath John we all surged, the light went out and my heels caught on Stinson's body, and to keep from falling I threw one hand out and it fell on Plummer's frozen face. Jesus! but it was cold! We closed the door and left John hanging there all the next day. It was probably about 8 or 9 o'clock the next evening, anyway it was dark, when I chanced to look toward the cabin and I could see every once in a while a light through the chinks. It startled me for a moment, but I made up my mind to investigate. I went over and pushed the door open and found little Davy Morgan scratching matches and looking up at John. 'What are you doing here, Davy?' I asked. 'Say, Bill, I just came over to see the bloody bugger,' was his answer. It is needless to say that Davy was "drunk." Years after this same Davy cut down "Plummers' Scaffold" because some of the fellows, jokingly, told him that if he didn't reform they would hang him on it. I recall that during a political campaign quite a number of us were looking for the location of this scaffold, among us Col. Sanders. I found one of the stumps and from it extracted a bullet, which was given to the colonel, a "souvenir" that he told me afterward he valued very highly.

This old dead town of Bannack gave life to the territory, and later to the state of Montana. Many of the men who have helped to make the story of Montana were a part of Bannack in those early days. When the first legislature met, there was no fancy structure built of granite, with frescoed walls, polished dome and well kept grounds. The only rooms available were two cabins, one a large sized one, built for theatrical purposes but not finished; the other a small cabin at the other end of the street. (In one of the volumes of the Historical Society is shown a cut of the buildings first used for the purpose, an adobe and a small cabin near it. These are not the buildings, for the ones used were on the north

side of the street and these are on the south side. The "House" is now a stable, three miles from Bannack on Taylor creek, owned by Chas. Retallack). A cut of the home of Governor Edgerton is to be had these days, copyrighted by Tribune Pub. Co., of Dillon. It shows a low log cabin that has been used for years as a stable. It did not matter what kind of a house the men met in, they were there for business and while they may have had their little scraps, they were soon forgotten. "Uncle John" Bishop says: "That Col. Broadwater got on the peck one day and was going to wipe out the whole legislature when he met a freighter named Tom Pitt, who knocked the colonel out in the first round."

Speaking of that time, "Uncle John" tells of the first loan he ever made in Montana: There was a fellow named Rohbacker who lived at Boulder that came to Bannack that winter to lobby for a charter to build a toll bridge. As the legislators were not as avaricious then as they became later under Daly and Clark, it did not require much or any money to get a worthy bill through. Rohbacker needed \$50.00, which I gave him without interest. On his return home he sent me the money, in gold, by express, which cost me \$2.50. Some time afterwards I had occasion to stay all night with Rohbacker, thinking that my accommodating him would be good for a night's lodging. He turned my horse in the pasture, gave me a bed on the floor and charged me \$3.50." I will say to my readers, do not hunt Uncle John up with the expectation that he is still doing business in the old way. He learned his lesson.

I have told you that we left Bannack in the spring of 1868 for Silver Star, a small town on the Cherry creek, a tributary of the Jefferson river. Green Campbell had been the man who was successful in finding a gold ledge, afterward known by his name. Some Ohio man had purchased the claim from him and put Charles Everett in charge. A mill was built and gold was extracted in large quantities. I have stated that I had been in Everett's room in the old "Silver Star" hotel, and had seen gold pan after gold pan of retort. The memory of that wealth has followed me all the days of my life and made me dream, in day dreams, of the time when I too might be as successful as Green Campbell in discovering a paying mine. My experience in the early days of Butte did not dampen my ardor, but rather added to it. Years after, when I had left Butte and gone to ranching, I had learned of claims I had owned that were worth millions instead of the thousands that the Green Campbell produced. I had kept in touch with acquaintances in the old town and found that many of the leads once actually valueless, owing to cost of reduction and transportation, were paying dividends. Is it any wonder, then, that having such lessons in sight, I would, at some future time, because of a little piece of anglesite, think, with the Count of Monte Cristo, that "The world was mine?" At the head of Steel creek, on the Wise river side of the divide, several of us pooled and began to develop a claim. Ed Brown and Fred Myers, two of the members of the company, did the work, which never brought any returns. While working there Ed found the "Martin

Mines." Some exceedingly rich ore was found in the Martin; a good many thousands were spent in its development, with no particular success. Myers and Wilke, near their home ranch, found some very good ore which was only in kidneys, hence of no value from a paying standpoint. I was interested in those finds(?), as I believed that some place good paying mines would be found in the Big Hole.

Before I enter into the experiences encountered by myself in actual mining, I want, for the few who knew less than I do about the matter, to give some of the stories or romances connected with mines. In them one finds those who had the nerve to undertake great things, some to succeed by sticking to it, while others went broke on account of their faith. A man does not generally go at the mining business as he would others. If you build a house, you plan first and execute after. You would not begin a house with only enough funds to put up the walls, you would see to it that there was enough for a roof. Every nail, lath, shingle and piece of timber would be taken into consideration before one dollar had been expended. That would be the only wise way, wouldn't it?

It is because of the element of chance that enters into mining that so many men, exceedingly careful in all other business affairs, have fallen down. In the early days of placer mining, the crude rocker and the whip-sawed sluice box was about all that cost money, unless a ditch was to be dug with which to fetch the water to the ground. You could, if you wished, "clean up" at any time and tell just how you stood. When "drifting diggings" were encountered, you could then begin to calculate how much timber you would need for a set and how much energy would be required to raise the water. Your bed-rock flume could only be approximated when you did not know the exact place where your pay came from. The big dredge, that is now used in many places, is a matter of scientific calculation, without such knowledge and the money with which to carry out your ideas, you would not venture. That element of chance, then, is the particular dangerous thing connected with mining, and especially quartz mining.. Luck! Is there no such thing as luck? Some say there is nothing in luck. The South American Indian who accidentally found the wonderfully rich silver mines of Peru, from which one thousand millions of silver have been taken, and that in the crudest way known to the miner, was truly a lucky fellow for his employers, if not for himself. The man who had knowledge or curiosity enough to employ one with knowledge to tell him what the heavy black metal was that bothered the gold miner on Mount Davidson was certainly a lucky fellow, not to himself alone, but to the world at large, as the millions in silver that was taken from those veins have been a wonderful factor in the up-building of this nation. The man who picked up a piece of sandstone in southern Utah and sent it to Salt Lake City for an assay was considered more curious than sensible. The assayer knew that sandstone did not contain silver and threw the rock to one side, probably too honest to uselessly take one's money. The finder wanted to know; there was something

peculiar in the cast of that particular piece of sandstone that had aroused his curiosity. To the man with the blow pipe he said: "Are you an assayer? Do you charge for your work? If you are an assayer, I want you to assay, not to guess." Result was that the rich mines of Silver Reef were found. Luck? I remember that I rode over the same ground, as a cowboy, that afterward gave its millions to W. A. Clark & Bros. from the "May Flower." Luck? I remember of hearing Thos. H. Hamilton of Horse Prairie tell of an experience in Australia. In the early days of that country the claims were very small. About 10 feet square. "Ham" said: "I was working for a big fellow who was much of a bully. The next claim to us was being worked by a green Swede. We had been at work in our shaft for some time, and the boss, not satisfied with the 'indications,' said: 'We will go to dinner early and when the Swede goes to his we will jump his hole, or trade holes with him.' We went to dinner and hurried back and took the Swede's tools and put them in our shaft, and when he came back we were working in his. He said: 'You fallows, aye tank, got my hole.' To which my boss replied: 'Don't you know your own tools?' Da ban my tools, all right,' the Swede said after having made an examination, and went to work without any more talk. When that fellow struck bed rock he cleaned up \$30,000, and we never got a color." In Jeff Davis gulch, the gulch from which Senator W. A. Clark took the money that gave him a start, claims up to 10½ paid and then the streak was lost; to be found, years after, by Chinamen, who took out \$36,000 in six weeks. Certainly chance played a part there.

Frank Ramsdell made his sweetheart, Emma Butcher, a present of the Alice mine. The Walker Bros. of Salt Lake bought it and sent Marcus Daly to run it. A mill was erected and the day before it was to drop a stamp, W. B. Stanchfield hauled a load of timber for the mine, which Daly assisted him to unload. After the load was off they sat down and lit their pipes and Daly opened his heart to Stanchfield and told him that the successful operating of that mill and mine meant much to him. Told him that he was in debt so far that unless they did succeed then, he could never come out whole. There they sat and smoked, and each one may have had his dream of what the future would mean to him; what it would bring to him. They were about the same age, both men knew what hard work was; both knew the chance that mines held out, as one had been in the mines of California and Idaho, the other in Utah and Nevada.

Daly could not have dreamed of the great smelters of Anaconda, the beautiful Bitter Root stock farm, with its fast horses that would carry his colors in every great race track in the land. He could not see the great struggle that would come up between him and W. A. Clark, for the political supremacy of a state, the loss of which to him would mean the quickening of his demise. As he went down Main street that night, on his way home, he could not see, even in his mind's eye, the monument that a loving people would yet rear to his memory, the first and only

one so far erected to any man in Butte. And when he did make a success of the Alice, and had disposed of his interests in it, had bought for \$30,000.00 the Anaconda, he had something that was a white elephant on his hands, until he interested Haggins, Tevis and Hearst, with their wealth, in its development. No use in telling what he became, the world knows. But Stanchfield, he too had his dreams. He could think of a time when some of the mines he had taken up would give him a home for his old age; when he could go again to the home of his boyhood and proudly hold up his head because of his success. He could not see that he should stick through all kinds of ups and downs to the "Lizzie Ellen;" that the soft and swelling ground that he and Tibbitts encountered could have been held up long enough for sufficient development to give them a patent on what was afterward to become the great Comanche, one of the richest copper mines in Butte, from which \$38,000,000 has been taken. No! He could not see! Daly could not see! But chance, that fickle Goddess, gave one a world, the other, almost a nameless grave. Why is it? I don't know. Do you?

Several years since I wanted to get some information from one of the early day miners and prospectors of Butte. I went down to South Butte, into the old placer diggings, once owned by John Noyes and Dave Upton, and found the old shack that was pointed out to me as the home of "Val" and some of his friends. No structure could have presented a more woe-begone appearance than this. It was not even as good and attractive as the old log cabin of the early days, nor anywhere near as comfortable. It was built(?) from refuse lumber, brought from near and far, and in great contrast with the fine homes and large brick buildings not many blocks away. My knock at the door did not bring a response. In making an examination of the premises, I noticed a man a short distance from the house, working in a cut. I went up to him to make an enquiry as to where I might find my friend. Owing to the noise made by the water in which he was working, he did not at first hear me, so I had a chance to take a good look at him. He was tall, bent and weatherbeaten, unkempt, with hardly enough clothing to cover a decent scarecrow, showing age, apathy, a general demeanor that gave you the impression that hope was a dead and already buried substance so far as he was concerned. When he raised his head, I knew him. I had not seen him for twenty-five years. I had been on a ranch, had played the mining game and had no particularly bright future myself to which to look. I called him by his given name and told him who I was, and asked him what he was doing there. He told me that he was trying to catch some of the copper that was being carried away, in solution, by the water. That this water came from the Gagnon mine, but that the owners, these days, also had a plant above him and that but little escaped for him, in fact, not enough to make it pay. We had quite a long conversation concerning the many changes that had come into our lives since we first met, over thirty years before. He said: "What a fool a fellow is to follow mining all the days of his life.

Time was when I could have had my pick of any of the land over in the valley; could have had a good home for my old age. But now, even that has been taken up and I see no particular hope for the future." "Stop and think, Dave; have you not had some chance, in all the years you have been here to get rich in mining?" I asked. "Well, yes, that is probably so. I did have the Moonlight mine, which Jim Murray jumped and sold for \$450,000." \$450,000! The mine that Jim Murray jumped! Jim Murray, already a millionaire, did not need this one, but Dave had probably been careless and Jim always had an eye on the main chance and was willing to take advantage. As an Irishman once said to Jim: "Jim Murray, I knew you when you was a petty larceny thief, and now I know you when you are a grand larceny thief." Old Dave, if alive, may be on the county. Jim is living on the income of his ill-gained wealth. In the early days of Virginia City, Nevada, when John Mackay sunk the shaft to tap the Big Bonanza, it was more the matter of nerve than anything else that kept him going under most discouraging conditions. "Just a little more work; just a little farther, and we may find it. I hate to stop now; who knows but what the next round of holes will break into ore," he no doubt said. And the next round! It did break into the most wonderful body of ore and gave to the world \$108,000,000 of gold and silver; \$58,000,000 being gold. Chances? No, pluck, because there was wealth already known on the Comstock.

It is said the "Chicken Bill" salted a mine and sold it to H. A. W. Tabor for \$30,000. It took but a short time to prove the deception, but Tabor told his men to go ahead and sink, as they had nothing else to do, and they found a mine from which millions were taken. About 1860 Abe Lee found gold in California gulch. Tabor and wife moved there and opened a small store. The placer miner was bothered with a black sand that he did not understand, but which proved years after to be lead carbonates and the cause of Leadville. Fryer was digging on what was called "Fryer's Hill." Tabor outfitted two men to prospect. They went up to "Fryer's Hill" and picked out a place to sink a shaft. When they had the hole down three feet, Fryer came and ordered them off, saying that that was his claim. They asked to be shown his boundaries and as there was an abandoned hole outside of his lines they, wanting to have something to show to Tabor for the day's work, begun in it and after sinking 27 feet found the Little Pittsburg. One sold for \$100,000, which he has yet, the other got \$30,000, and spent it for fun(?). It made millions for Tabor. If they had continued at the first place they would have gone 1,000 feet before they found ore. Any luck in this?

It is said that Pat Largey tried to sell a mine to Daly for \$150,000 which Daly turned down, as he thought he had prospected it by a drift from some of the other mines he was working. It proved afterward that he had cut the vein at a blank place. Later the Largeys sold the claim for millions. Cleveland Wallace and Moffit worked the "Orphan Girl" until they were almost discouraged. One day Moffit made up his mind

to assay the waste dump and found that they had already thrown over \$100,000 away.

Geo. Tong, who owned the Goldsmith mine in Butte, had found some ore which he knew to be good, but it was not "in place." He hunted for a long time without being able to find the vein, when a kid brother, who hardly knew quartz from granite, was put to work, with the result that he soon uncovered a "Bonanza Chute," from which he produced \$72,000 in six weeks. That old mine has a peculiar record. Tong made thousands and spent them in helping his friends and in trying to develop the state. The body of pay ore "played out," or was lost, and much money was expended in trying to locate it. One night W. B. Stanchfield and Atwater Lawrence after firing some holes in the face of the drift, went back and took a smoke. "Uncle Will" said: "I am going to put a hole into the foot wall, right where we are and take a chance of finding something, before I go back to the face." Atwater was foreman of the mine and did not take kindly to his uncle's intention, and tried to get him to go to the face and go to work. The "old man" was obdurate and would not listen, and taking his hammer, he hit the footwall, which gave out a hollow sound. The sound indicated to them that there was something there, and a hole a foot or so deep showed up another rich body of ore for Tong. Curiosity or luck—suit yourself. Then the devil in her showed out clear and plain. No longer would she allow her riches to be uncovered by him who had not held to them nor bound them to him in links of steel. Try as he would, she said No! Try he did, until she bent him and broke him, as a reed is broken by the winter's blast, to lay him low in the valley near the great mountain he had loved so well. The heritage he left was a heritage of debt—\$101,000! Most of it owed to people who did not really need it. Then again she says: "I will save his name, now that he sleeps in the valley and take the stigma of debt from the loved ones he has left." And then she gave to Ellingwood a part of her treasure, which he found in a drift. He worked it from bottom to top, and when the debt was paid she cut him also, for it is almost true to the letter that there was \$202,000 in this one chute, one-half of which belonged to the Tongs or their creditors, to be exact. A peculiar story, isn't it? Yet it is true. It vindicated Geo. Tong.

Billy Parks sunk the first 100-foot shaft in Butte, on the Parks Parrot, only a short distance from the Anaconda mine. Billy, in those early days, was the big man of Butte. Things were coming his way and no one would have thought that he would ever come to want. Yet, years after, I saw him a poor, lone prospector, still trying to find where nature had hidden a treasure that he might uncover for his old age. It is useless to multiply these stories. I have given them to the reader to allow him to form an idea why I, with this knowledge at my command, might be apt to make the mistakes I did in my mining venture. You say: "You wouldn't do as others have done, and as I did." How do you know, unless placed in exactly the same place and under the exact conditions?



When Frank Brown gave Mrs. Noyes the interest in the "Carrie Leonard" or Ajax, he also offered to give us a part of the groupe now owned by the Oreway people, the Jahnke mines. We did not want them. As I have mentioned some other place in this narrative, "Big Foot" Smith had told me of a mine at the head of Big Swamp creek that had some very rich ore and had also said that the lead was a strong one. This was the Ajax. Smith thought that the indications were such that one with money could make it pay. When the interest was given to us, we did not know that we would return to the Big Hole, if I should be fortunate enough to be elected assessor. After going to Dillon, I got an idea that the Ajax was to become valuable, and got Jim Murray, Wm. Packard and Tommy Poindexter to buy the interests held by Brown and his partners. As before stated, I had never seen the mine and only knew, from others, that some place at the head of Big Swamp creek, pretty near the top of the main range of the Rocky mountains, there was a gold lead of good size that assayed mighty well. Tom Buggy of Butte, one of the best assayers in Montana, had been there, from the Idaho side of the range, had taken samples and was satisfied with the lead and ore, but said a fellow would need a flying machine or something not at that time invented, to get to the place, and the Lord alone could tell how one could get the ore out. Tom was not satisfied with the location. As the above named boys, on my say-so, had bought the mine, they became very anxious to see what it looked like, so as soon as they could get there the next summer, Brown, Packard and Poindexter took an outfit and went to investigate. It must have been as late as the middle of June. They could go as far as Stanchfield's ranch with a wagon, from which place one must take saddle and pack horses, for a distance of 15 miles through the timber and up the canyon of Swamp. Brown knew the whole range of mountains for miles and so it was no trouble for him to guide them to the place. They passed over snow drifts 30 or 40 feet deep, even at that season of the year, before they got to the mine(?). The vein was so located that the part where the work had been done was exposed or free from snow on account of the winds and the hot sun of June. Brown said that the shaft was 80 feet deep, but as there was water almost to the top of it, caused by the melting snow, the boys had to take his word for it. There was some lead ore on the dump that was said to have come in, as a side vein or stringer, a little distance down the shaft. This shaft was at an altitude of 9,750 feet, and high enough for one to look over the main range into the Salmon River country. The boys took a sample of the dump and also got some specimens that showed free gold. The sample showed something over \$14.00 per ton in gold, besides the silver and lead. To say that we were pleased would be drawing it mild, because here was a great big lead that could be traced through the country for miles that showed good pay ore in the surface, and could be approached by building a wagon road up the creek. We made up our minds that the world was ours, if we could get a little money with which to do development work and probably put up a

small mill. After my work was over for the season, I wanted to go and see the mine, so Tommy and I took a team and "lit out." We took the old Scudder Creek trail and camped for dinner the second day out with Mike Steel and Lou Swanstrum. They were running an arastra on some of the ore that belonged to the Beck claims, near the head of Scudder creek. Mike was a character. He had been in Montana for many years, had been in Bannack and Alder, had discovered Steel creek in 1869, with Barney McDonnell and Ed Boyle; and later was the man to bring the Elk Horn to the notice of the people. He knew that we had a fair prospect, so gave me the following advice. He said: "Boy, don't get the big head, just because you have something that looks good, or you may come out the way I did. After I found the Elk Horn, I got Judge Mead and Con Bray to go in with me and build a mill. You bet that everything was looking fine; everything was surely coming my way. I needed a hat and went down to Bannack and hold Graves that I came for one, as the old one was too much worn out for a man in my position. He took down every hat he had and they just sat on the top of my head, as though they had been made for little boys. L. F. said: 'I will be compelled to take your measure and send for one.' He notified me when the hat came and it was just a fit. Well, we went on working and got the mill in operation, and for some cussed reason the thing didn't pan out; times were getting rocky, my hat was old and needed replacing with a new one. I went down and told Graves that I needed a new headpiece and he said: 'There she is, Mike, I know this will fit you as I had several made when I took your order.' Well, I put that hat on and it dropped down over my ears and eyes. I tried every hat he had and every one was too d—— big, so F. L. got disgusted and said: 'Here is a boy's hat, try it.' Do you know, that kid's hat just fit me."

Tommy and I left the boys to go to the Big Hole that day and stay at Stanchfield's for the night. The next morning we took saddle horses, with blankets and a lunch and started to find the mine. Tom was not sure where it was, but thought he could find it. We kept too far to the right and was on the north side of the canyon when we saw the mine at a distance of probably three-quarters of a mile. The conditions were a little better this day than they were when the boys had been up earlier in the season. We got some very nice pieces of ore, many of them showing free gold. We also made an examination of the water power. Just at the head of the canyon is one of the most beautiful mountain lakes imaginable. A nice stream of water flows a distance of 200 yards and falls for several hundred feet in cascades, making, in high water, a most desirable water power.

We would harness this, put up an arastra, haul ore down the big snow drift to the head of the lake and then raft it across and begin to take out money with but a slight expenditure. It did not appear to be an unreasonable conclusion at the time, as the ore was mined and with a down hill pull all the way to the place of reduction. We returned to Dillon and

began to make arrangements for the construction of the arastra. It must have been about the first of August, 1893, that we got back to the Big Hole. Tommy, Lou Swanstrom and Frank Caldwell came from Dillon, Zeke Packard and I joined them at the edge of the timber, above Sam Peterson's ranch. We had our outfit to take up through a section of very rough country. No team had ever been up the creek prior to that time. Mrs. Noyes and Ethel Wampler had come with Zeke and myself, so they could take our team back to Wisdom. It was a jolly bunch of boys that entered the timber that August afternoon to begin a road over which many dollars were yet to be taken out(?). We were as happy as Jason when he started out to hunt for the Golden Fleece. (It never once entered my mind that I would get fleeced). We made our road along the line of least resistance. We did not cut a stick of timber more than necessary, as we could turn into small parks, though it did make a road that a snake would have broken his back to follow. It was only for the time being that this road was to be used and when there was actual need for a good road, when machinery was to be placed on the mine, then would be plenty of time for such work, useless now. These were the arguments we made, or the excuse rather, for not being more particular.

Two days hard work and we were within a mile of the foot of the falls, another day and we were at the foot, but we wanted to put the arastra up near the head, and there was a mighty steep hill about one-half mile long that no pack horse could climb with a load of lumber, without a trail. Say! You ought to have seen the mosquitoes! They were great big, hearty fellows, hungry enough to tackle a buzz saw. Why, they would even bite me! (One time I was joshing a bibulous friend of mine and said: "A mosquito wouldn't bit you, Bill." Huh! I guess he wouldn't if he hadn't bitten you first and wanted to get the d——n dirty taste out of his mouth," he replied. I hushed). Nothing like a bug of that description could stop us, so at the hillside we went and soon had it in shape to get a pack horse with a few boards on his back to the arastra site.

I found out that I had been much mistaken as to the ability of those mosquitoes to do me harm. It was only a few days before I was compelled, on account of a sore on the back of my neck which threatened, blood poisoning, to go to the valley. I did not get a chance to go back that fall. The boys completed the arastra, and had everything ready for a run when the snow bank, the only mode of transportation, melted, and we had to pull out without a run. This work cost us about \$750 and never was used. Some smart Aleck came along some time in the fall or next spring and turned the water on, "Just to see the wheel go around," and run the thing to pieces. This was the fall of 1894. Jim Murray sold his interest to J. E. Morse the next year, I think, and stood to lose but little. Pretty lucky for Jim! When Morse and I went up in 1895 to look over the Stanchfield ranch, with the view of buying from Davidson, we came to the conclusion to go up and see the Ajax. We had Dug Newcomer and Jack Thomas do the representing that year, and they

were at work on No. 3 tunnel, living in the old cabin, the first one built on the creek and the one in which "Deafy" Thompson killed "Dutch" Gus. The weather at that season of the year was ideal, and the evening and night we spent there was much enjoyed. It is funny how little incidents long forgotten in a way come back to one. While I am writing this this morning on Puget Sound, where I can look out on the placid waters of Port Orchard bay and see some of the great men of war as they lie at anchor near the new dry docks at Bremerton navy yard, and can also see one of the old ships that Farragut had in his fleet during the Civil war, I think of something altogether different, in every particular, in the old Treasure state. I see a little log cabin nestled beneath big nut pines, close to a great mountain that rises several hundred feet, too steep to be easily climbed. A beautiful little gem of a lake is only a few hundred feet to the north; to the west great snow banks cover the head of the canyon, snowbanks that never melt. Off there on the mountain side is a zig-zag trail that hardy mountaineers use when they pack to the summit of the main range. Off here, to the east, is the valley of the Big Hole, and further yet, the Lyon mountain section, and in the dim distance, in a clear day, the mountain range at the head of Blacktail Deer creek, 100 miles away. Four men, in the prime of life, are at the little cabin tonight. Two of them have been viewing the conditions, two of them been at work in the mine. It is after supper and they step to the door and notice a pine martin, a beautiful little fellow, sitting on a log. Jack says: "Keep still and I will get that fellow." In a moment he re-appears from the cabin with his 45 and blazes away. Result, Mr. Martin falls off the log. "Oh, no! I guess that's not all right; just the easiest way in the world to make five dollars," says Jack standing there with the gun in his hand, sure of his martin any time that he wishes to pick it up. What's that little animal that is going like the wind for the rocks? Gee! that's Jack's martin! He has had time, while Jack is telling how easy it is to make five dollars, to get over being stunned and loses no time in "hitting the trail." (I don't know where Jack is; our old friend Dug has gone over the "Great Divide.") When Morse and I arrived at the end of the road we fixed our horses so they would be secure for the night and went up to the cabin where the boys were getting dinner. After dinner we went up the trail to the mine. After you leave the cabin you follow along the mountain side, just south of the lake, over a very rough trail until you come to a piece of fairly level land, from the point where you strike this place you can see the vein as it winds its way to the main range to the right and up the spur on the left. No trouble to see it, as it is from 6 to 50 feet wide and free of slide rock. At the lowest place where the lead is exposed was a small tunnel, called No. 4. Very little work had been done at that time at this point. A zig-zag trail led from the level to this point. From this tunnel the vein extended along the mountain to the east or northeast, and was so close to a precipice in places that one is compelled to take hold of the small bushes that grow in some places near it to keep

from falling a hundred feet or more to the top of the east side of the "spur," 1,000 feet higher, where it breaks off in a precipice several hundred feet high. The trail to tunnels No. 1, 2 and 3 branches off from the one to No. 4 on the level piece of land before described. Tunnel No. 3 is several hundred feet up the vein from No. 4, and can be reached by following the vein over the insecure trail along the precipice just mentioned, or one can go back and take the trail that zig-zags for hundreds of feet along the mountain side. I started over the trail along the precipice. Morse looked at me and said: "Are you going to try that trail?" "Sure," was my reply. "Well, I am not a mountain goat, and I am going some other way," he said. I showed him the other trail and he started. He was not as much of a mountain man as he became afterward. I had no trouble in going by my trail, but I could look down and see J. E. on his hands and knees, trying to make his way. The men had to carry all their tools over the trail he was having such a time to travel. He got to No. 3 at last, and as but little work had been done, it did not require much of our time to look it over. He was ready to go back, as he had seen enough. I mentioned the fact that I wanted him to go up and see the discovery shaft, as it was from this point the boys had taken their samples the year before. "What! Go up to that place up there? Not on your life!" he said. When you leave No. 3, to go down the trail you would not notice where the trail forks, one down, the other to No. 2, unless you had been there before or were a careful observer. I banked on the fact that J. E. would not know the trail he came over to lead him off to the right to see the discovery, which was several hundred feet higher up than No. 3. We worked our way along the trail, resting whenever he wished, and commenting on the conditions. When he would come to any particular place that was hard to climb, he would say: "Any d——n fool that will give me what I have in it can have it and no questions asked." I soon arrived, with him, at the shaft, where there were several tons of very fine ore on the dump. He looked at me a minute and grinned and said: "I thought I told you that I wouldn't come up to this place?" "You did, J. E., but I wanted you to see this ore and knew that you could be brought here without knowing that you were coming," I replied. We looked the ore over and found quite a number of specimens that showed free gold. Morse was glad that he came, after the trial was over. We had the return trip to the cabin to make. It did not appear but a short distance down to the level place, in fact, only 860 feet, but the trail called for at least twice that distance. We began our descent and J. E. would be compelled to catch hold of anything in sight to keep from falling, and every time he found a steep place he wanted to "sell."

We got back to the cabin without any broken bones, made an examination of the lake and water power before the boys came down to get supper. The next morning, about 9 a. m., we pulled for Bannack, where we arrived about 7 p. m. The farther we would get away from the mine the more valuable J. E. would consider it, so that by the time

we arrived at Dillon we had a valuable property. We made up our minds to haul out a load and have a test made by some good outfit. J. T. Armitage went with me. We took a four-horse team and pack saddles and got out 1800 pounds which we took to Dillon. Some of this was sent to Salt Lake to be treated by some one who had a small plant made for the purpose. The result was excellent. The fact is that the gentleman to whom we sent this ore wrote back and told us to be very careful as it might have been salted on us, as it went about \$37.50 per ton in gold, besides lead and silver.

We let the matter drift along, doing assessment work, expecting that we would be able to find some one who would buy it at \$20,000. As some very nice specimens had been taken out by the men during the representing years, people began to talk about the mine in various sections of the country. Silas King came to see the mine, for himself and Jim Murray, the Butte banker and mining man. While the lead looked good to Silas, he could not see how we were ever to get a road to it over such a rough country, so he turned it down.

Some time during the summer of '98 a big windy fellow came to the Ajax ranch, and wanted to know about the mine. "Would I allow him to go and look it over, etc." Yes, he could go and look as much as he wished, so far as I was concerned. One thing about him, he was a dandy fisherman, as he could catch trout, and plenty of them, in Lake creek, where we had fished with poor results. He went to the mine and was well pleased with it. He got a lease and bond for \$20,000, I believe. Said he would put men to work, build a small mill, harness the water power and "raise merry h——l with that old hill." He did put Jim Thompson and "Dutch Gus" up there, with the result, as before mentioned, of Gus' death. I am sorry I can't remember this guy's name, as he was quite a factor in 1900 in helping beat me for the legislature, using democratic money, though himself a pseudo republican. As a gas factory he would have proved an immense success. It was a good thing when we got rid of him through his inability to make a raise of money with which to go ahead. If he had been able to get some one to put up enough to lift the bond, we would have been glad, but he was a "non-producer," in this particular case at least. I really believe that his name was Hopkins, though I am not sure.

All of our representing was done on tunnel No. 3, as we thought this the best place to work the mine, as it would require a little shorter tramway than the discovery shaft. In the haying season of 1900 I told my uncle, W. B. Stanchfield, that I would like to go and look over the claim and see if anything could be done with it. We appointed a day for this visit and made the trip. We looked the ground over with considerable care, and came to the conclusion that we could not do anything to make it pay. We were at the discovery shaft when we had come to this conclusion. When you remember that water, from melting snows, always filled or nearly filled this shaft, and that none of us had ever been down it to see

the vein in the bottom, we could only judge as to what might be there from the ore on the dump. We hadn't taken any of that ore out, hence did not know what particular part of the dump came from the bottom. So far as we might know the bottom might show a blank and waste from it might have been thrown over the hill. There was quite a nice lot of galena ore on the dump, but we did not know where it was to be found in the vein. Brown said that it came in as a cross lead a short distance down the shaft. As many times as I had been up there, I had not noticed the vein to the east of the shaft, until just about the time we were ready to leave, when I looked up the hill and said: "Uncle Will, this lead is at least 23 feet wide up there; give me the pick and I will show you." "You are crazy, boy," he said. I took the pick and walked up the hill about 50 or 60 feet, and drove it under a piece of rock. When I got the rock out I did not say any thing. It was a big chunk of galena ore. I scratched about a little more and found other pieces, and called to him and said: "I have found the place that the galena ore comes from; come on up." "No you haven't; you are just fooling," he replied. But I assured him that it was a fact. The old gentleman was very active, so it required but a short time before he was up that hill and took the pick out of my hands with feverish haste. (Any old mining man or prospector will show much interest in a find, whether he has any claim in the ledge or not).

It would have done your heart good to have seen Uncle Will, down on his knees, working with pick and hand, as we had no shovel, tearing the ore loose from the lead in big chunks, or picking up and sifting through his fingers the sand carbonates. Working together, we must have dug out at least a ton of ore in less than an hour. When we began it did not appear very wide, but by the time we were through, we had uncovered about a 16-inch face of galena and carbonate ore, and proved to our satisfaction that the ledge was much wider at that point than we had supposed. We carefully covered up the exposed ore by throwing rock into the excavation, selected a piece of ore for assaying and went down to the mountain to camp. It was too late to go home, so we made our camp in the open back of "Dead Man's Cabin." We built a good fire and sat there far into the night talking of boyhood days and the old home in Minneapolis. Surely the mine on the hill was the mine of my dream; could not be a doubt as to that fact. Hadn't Billy Packard come from the Couer d'Alene, hadn't he become a partner in this lead? Sure as shooting things were to come my way fast from now on. Morse had become disgusted with the showing and was anxious to get rid of it, so, that night, Uncle Will and I planned to lease and bond the Morse interest, and, as we were full of the day's work, take it on ourselves to develop the lead enough to sell. We did not take into consideration the possibility of getting money to place it on a paying basis. I was to go to Wisdom and send Tom Buggy the "sample" as soon as I got home, and if it showed good values, I would go to Dillon and get the lease and bond from J. E. for \$10,000. We could really see the money that we would divide after paying him his.

Now, don't misunderstand me. We did not intend that Mr. Morse should blindly sell us his interest, as I was to tell him just what we had found and show him the assay certificate from Buggy. I sent the sample. In due time I got the returns, with a note from him saying that the piece of ore was anglesite, something that he had seen but little of in his experience in Montana. (I am sorry I destroyed that little piece of paper. I did not expect to try to tell "The Story of the Ajax," or I would have retained data, so that there would be less guess work as to dates, names, etc.) It showed on the face of it something as follows: Gold, \$32.80; silver, 13 ounces; lead, 63 per cent—making shipping ore, if one could get a wagon road up the mountain. It did not take long for me to saddle my horse and go to the Stanchfield ranch, where I found Uncle Will at work in the hay field. "Well, Buggy has assayed that piece of ore and it is no good, so everything is off," I told him. "No good! I know better than that without any assay; what you giving me?" was the reply. I pulled the certificate on him and his blue eyes sparkled like diamonds. "Say! Isn't that a dandy, old man?" he said. As soon as I could get away from home I went to Dillon. In Dillon, I made my home at Morse's and must have gotten there about supper time, as I did not get to see him until then. While we were eating I took the certificate from my pocket and handed it to him. He looked at it and said: "Where did this piece of ore come from?" I replied: "That is a little piece I picked up and as it looked good to me I sent it to Buggy." "Say, Al, no joking; where did this come from?" he again asked. "That rock is from the Ajax, and there is more of it in the same place. I came to see if you would give Stanchfield and me a lease and bond on it at the price you and I have been holding it?" Then I told him all that I knew about it. After he had listened to my story he said that he did not care to sell, but would give the "Old Man" a bond for one-quarter interest for \$5,000. This, of course, was as good a thing as Uncle Will could have expected, better in fact. We had estimated that the cost of a road from the valley, besides what had already been done when we built the arastra in 1894, to be \$1,000. As we were familiar with ditch, timber and road work, we thought that that estimate safe. As stated some place else in this little story, Ed Norris and I had tabooed politics and agreed to attend to business and never, never run for office again. We were foolish enough to shake hands to bind the compact; a compact to be broken by both of us later on.

Seneca has rightly said: "All men are susceptible to flattery." That fall of 1900 I was a member of the republican county convention; W. A. Clark had made up his mind to be vindicated if it cost the ransom of a king, with chunks of dough left over big enough to buy a few lesser lights. I did not desire to again enter the political arena. The Ajax and Highland ranches, and the possible time I might use in helping develop the Ajax mine should take every moment of my time. When I arrived at Dillon I was met by first one and then another, and told that I was one



of the men that must make the race for the legislature. No matter what I had to say to the contrary, I must listen to them and allow my name to go before the convention. I had promised my wife not to have anything to do in the game, when I left the ranch. But what was the use? They had elected me to office when I needed it, and now I must make a sacrifice for the party when it needed me. "Truth of the matter is, old man, you must get in," more than one told me. If wise men are susceptible to flattery, what can you expect of an ordinary one? I allowed them to present my name with the result that I received the nomination. My running mate was Alvin Anderson, a good, level-headed man, that would have done good work had he succeeded in being elected. Milton L. Davidson was up for state senator.

I heard a good many comments when our convention adjourned. Charles Paddley said: "Mr. Noyes, you are the only man on your ticket that we can't beat to a stand-still, and there is no use trying to get your scalp." On our way to the Mantle ranch the next day, Morse and I met George Metlen. "Who did you fellows put up for the legislature?" he asked. Morse replied: "Davidson for the senate; Al Anderson and Al Noyes for the house." "Gosh! We can't beat 'Skinny,' that's a sure thing," he said.

Soon after the convention several of us went to Helena to the state republican convention, and nominated Dave Folsom for governor against Joe Toole. After attending to several of the necessary matters connected with the mine and ranches, I met the "boys" in Dillon for a campaign through the county. Alvin Anderson did not go out. Davidson and several of the other candidates and myself, with a gentleman from Great Falls as speaker, Laurin Jones and L. J. Price, to help entertain (and these two fellows were dandies any place you put them) made a trip, or trips, one should say, that covered the whole country from Dillon to Lima, Bannack, Big Hole Basin, Dewey's, Glendale and Hecla.

A trip of this kind written up in detail, would make quite an interesting story for any one not having had the actual experience of a campaign among the miners and ranchmen of a county in a western state. The most of us had brushed up against the rough side of worldly conditions. We had followed the pack horse over mountain ranges, through beautiful foot hills, along winding streams in quest of mines; we had lived among the miners in the early days of some camps and experienced their kindly inner feelings, even though they may have had rough exteriors. Many of us had cowboy experiences; others were used to woodcraft. So under the existing conditions we could appear at home in almost any company. Milt had not been educated to really enjoy the rough usages of a careless frontiersman, be he miner or stockman, when he, full of "40-rod", wanted to show him particular attention and affection by a maudlin embrace or a vacuous kiss. Nevertheless, he was too much of a gentleman to openly show his disgust for men who, under the influence of liquor, made asses of themselves, but who, when sober, were not at all disagree-

able, and whose vote counted, in final results, with the governor of the state. Price and Laurin Jones told me that I lost votes by a little talk I made at Jackson. "No doubt about it," they said, but I do not care at this time if I did. When we arrived at Wisdom, my home town, I soon found that the sentiment of the people was to down me at the polls. When this truth came to be fully realized, I certainly felt very sorry. I did not care a great deal about being defeated, if my defeat came about in the right way. But, to have men for whom I had done much, and was willing to do more, allow some one, who had a little money to spend, or who could and would readily use subterfuge in order to change their minds and make them go against me for the time being, made a deep wound. I loved these people and wanted their good will. I had tried to earn their undying affection; I had truly tried to fill every office to which I had ever been appointed or elected for the benefit of these people. I did not believe that they could be bought or persuaded to do aught against me. When they, who were loyal, called on me for a little talk, I attempted to respond, with the result that tears and sobs so choked me that I was unable to say a word, and some used that against me, before election and on election day, derisively, to make capital for my undoing.

If it is unmanly to shed tears for the loss of a friend, I was unmanly. If it is unmanly to weep for loss of prestige one had worked decently and above-board to secure, I was unmanly. It is not unmanly to shed tears and feel sorrow for the loss of a friend or friends. It is not unmanly to sob broken-heartedly for the loss of a position that one has gained by trying to do right and lost through no intent to do wrong on his part. Many besides myself have shown their sentiment in this way, and One, greater than all "Wept." When we arrived at Dewey's we found that our campaign was surely to be a failure. Dewey's had always been noted for its full-blooded, staunch and reliable republicans. Not so this night. W. A. Clark's money had made cowards of them all. His henchmen were there to see that the "cattle" he had bought should not stampede when part of the herd was going through the place. In all the town of Dewey's not a republican could be found who would fill the chair that night, when our man spoke. This duty fell to me. When we arrived in Dillon Morse asked me how I sized up the situation. I told him that we did not have one chance in the world to elect our men. It might be possible to elect some of the county officers, but no one on our legislative ticket could expect to get in. He did not take kindly to this, as he was so desirous, in fact has always been, of seeing the republicans win that he would never admit defeat until the "count" was made. (I think that Charlie Conger, for assessor, was the only man we elected). Lee Mantle was out that year for senator, and took much interest in the legislative ticket. I remember one little story he told in a talk he made in the opera house in Dillon during the campaign: "The democratic party puts me in mind of a man who was making the trip to Europe. He had been out but a short time when, as is the custom, I believe, he became deathly

sick. He called the captain and said: 'I want you to promise me one thing, Captain, if I die, please take my remains to land for interment; don't bury me at sea.' The captain promised. A day or two after he called for the captain again and said: 'You remember what you promised me, captain, if I should die at sea? Well I want to absolve you from that promise—as there will be no "remains".' The democrats will be in the same condition this fall," he said. But Lee was as much mistaken in this matter as Joe Metlen was when he ran against Al Graeter for sheriff several years before. According to Joe's story the matter was like this: "In those days we rode all over the country on horseback, but, as it was not all settled, that did not require a great amount of time. I took my horse and made the trip, and every fellow I met agreed to vote for me. Why, I had a walk-over! No trouble at all. Fact was, I was in office already, so far as Al was concerned, to hinder. I met him on my way back and broke the news as gently as possible and told him I hated like thunder to see him get out, spend his money and waste his time. 'Oh, that's all right, Joe, mighty thankful to you for good advice, etc., but I guess I will go and see the boys any way,' he replied. Well, sir, there must have been the damndest lot of liars in Beaverhead county you ever saw or else I misunderstood them, because Al got nearly all the votes."

I will always remember that election day in Wisdom. Men whom I believed my friends were out open and above board for my defeat. The Highland ranch was a bone of contention. "You are the main reason for having had that much of the public range fenced in and taken from your neighbors," they said; while they really knew that I was only one spoke in the wheel, they would take their spite out on me. I have mentioned elsewhere that the Big Hole people did not take kindly to sheep. They had never allowed any one to keep them in the valley. Fred Schulz had taken up a piece of land on the Highland bench and, as he understood the sheep business, he wanted to fetch in a band and keep them through the winter and take them to the range outside of the valley in the spring. He talked to several of the ranchmen and they made no objections. Fred got the sheep into the valley the day before election. This was enough for men who would use any weapon to down a political adversary, no matter what. They knew, as well as I, to whom those sheep belonged, and knew how gullible people are. They said: "J. E. Morse and Al Noyes have brought a band of sheep into the basin and are to run them on the Highland." J. E. Morse and Al Noyes! We did not own the Highland Water company, others were interested equally with us, but their names were not mentioned. It was Noyes who must fall before their onslaught of indecent and premeditated lies. "All is fair in love, war and politics," it is said. There is no reason why one should be allowed to use malicious, vicious and villainous falsehoods to place a person's chances in jeopardy, even if those chances are political ones. No man who so perverts the truth should be considered a good citizen, because, if he is careless of decency, righteousness and manhood in things that are

not of vital interest to him, he will certainly bear watching when any personal interest is at stake. Pick up any newspaper, in a political year, and see how the men are held, who happen to be opposed in their belief to the editor. Take any campaign. In one paper a man is too good for heaven; in the other, too mean for hell. There should be valid reasons why one man should be better fitted to fill a certain position than another. The man who will willingly use lies, to win in his political battles, should be hanged as high as Haman, in public opinion.

I do not regret that I fell by the wayside at that election, as I do not need to offer any excuses as to the reason why I voted for such and such a man, as many of them did and do; nor have I been branded as one who was sold to the highest bidder. That ended my political chances, as I have had no desire to go before the people since. Norris was more fortunate when called upon, by the people, to run for office. He has filled the seats of lieutenant governor and governor in a most creditable manner. An honor to himself and his adopted state. At this writing he is spoken of as a possible member of President-elect Wilson's cabinet, as secretary of interior.

Ed Norris is an honorable man, not a money maker, as he wishes to know that the way the dollar comes is a decent one. J. E. Morse liked Norris, excepting his politics. He said: "Ed Norris is one of nature's gentlemen, and if he is elected, and I have no doubt but what he will be, he will make one of the best, if not the best, governor the state has ever had." There is not the least doubt in my mind but what Norris could have been elected to the United States senate this winter had he so wished. This would have fulfilled Tommy Poindexter's prophecy. I am not willing to say that Ed Norris is out of politics for "keeps," though he thinks he is, as a "bug" may get in his "head-piece" any time and set him training for something of a higher order than he has yet held.

The little piece of anglesite that was sent to Buggy that showed such splendid results, was the most dangerous factor that ever came my way. In fact, it was the means of my undoing. Mr. Morse was willing to spend some money in the development of the mine, so we at once gave Mr. Stanchfield liberty to get men and supplies and build the road. It required but little grading for the part of the road through the timber. They began at the point where the old road crossed the creek at the camp called "Zeke's Spring," and cut a good, wide swath through the lodge pole pines until they came to the beginning of the trail that led up to the lake and mine. They built a cabin at this point, as the weather at that season of the year was apt to be anything but agreeable, owing to the frequent snow storms that came at that altitude. This first road through the timber to the foot of the mountain was, later, to receive much more of an expenditure in bridges, grades and corduroys before heavy machinery could be taken to the mill. It was the same fall that I was running for the legislature that the work on the road was begun, and because of it a

story became current that Morse and myself had colonized at least 100 men all known to be favorable to me in the coming election. The democrats went so far as to send a spy to look over the situation and make his report in Dillon. The only information that he could impart was that we had 12 or 15 men, two-thirds of whom were democrats, and the loss of what money he had taken with him in a game of poker at the camp. My uncle kept these men at work as long as possible, as we were anxious to get the road in shape that season, in order to build a tramway up to the mine and ship some ore the next. The road was not a difficult one to construct so far as an engineering problem was concerned, but required constant care and attention to keep the men busy and interested. There was quite a lot of rock work and fills along the mountain side next the lake. All this was finished and a cabin put up, at the foot of the lake, by the time the heavy snows came to drive them out.

When work was suspended in the fall, it would be impossible to do anything more until July or August of the next year, on account of the deep fall of snow. We could dream as much as we wanted to about the mine during the winter, and speculate as to what riches it was bound to produce when developed. "Mother" had traded her ranch at Wisdom the year before to "Grandpa" Francis, for two houses and lots in Dillon. It soon became evident, after election, that we should move to Dillon in order to give the children a chance to go to school, as the teacher at the Bristol school house would not give them any attention. I spent part of my time in Dillon, the balance on the ranch. It required a considerable amount of attention to look after the development work on two large ranches, each of which contained over 4,000 acres. The Ajax or Stanchfield ranch had had but little done toward making it a successful venture prior to our taking hold of it. Miles and miles of ditches and fences had to be constructed, as well as comfortable quarters for the men and stock to be erected.

The Highland Water company was to develop water for several thousand acres of land. B. R. Stevenson, Frank Brown and myself had incorporated a company called the Ruby Water company, and had secured the big canal formerly built by the Salt Lake Placer Mining company out of Ruby creek. Don't know that there was any particular reason why we should have done this, other than speculation, as no one of us, except Brown, had any land at the time that we could conduct this water to. The Salt Lake people had expended a considerable amount of money in the construction of this big ditch. It was dug along a very steep hill side for quite a distance, before the water could be brought to place of use, a bar just opposite the battle ground, and only a half a mile from it. The hillside was composed of clay that slumped off and cut down in many places. Later on I turned my interests into the Highland at cost, and Stevenson and Brown disposed of their interests for a nominal sum. The actual cost of putting in flumes and repairing this piece of property was \$16,000. It cost money to ranch as well as mine. Speaking

of this ditch reminds me of the only time Ed Norris ever saw it. He, with Mrs. Norris, came to the Big Hole to look over the conditions. They came to the Ajax, and Mrs. Norris stayed with Mrs. Noyes at the hay camp while Ed, J. E. Stevenson and I went to look over the Ruby ditch. We left the team at the edge of the timber, close to where the ditch comes upon the level or bench land, and walked up the bottom of the ditch to its head. It was a mighty hot day in summer and was well along toward noon when we got to this part of our journey. Harry Neal lived on Moose Horn creek, a short distance away, or at least I thought it was only a short way, and I proposed that we go to his place and get dinner. That was agreeable to all. We took off in a southwesterly direction through the thick timber for the point I supposed Harry's house to be. We walked and walked, often answering Norris' query as to the distance yet to be gone over before we could "eat that dinner?" When we did at last arrive at Buckskin Park, a landmark that was well known to "Steve" and myself, we were a mile from dinner. I explained to Ed that we would soon be there and he said, to the others. "You all can follow that d——n fool if you want to; I am going for that team." "Well, when you find the team, which will be about five miles from here, on the left hand road, you come back and pick us up," I said. "Not by a damn sight," he said, and consigning me to a place of perpetual torment, he struck off down the road and we went to Harry's and got dinner. After dinner we got Harry to take us to the carriage, which he was not compelled to do, as we met the future governor of Montana, looking as happy as possible, with a good cigar in his face, and driving my pet team, the "blacks." I didn't much blame him for "bucking" and leaving us that day, as he was depending on me and I had not been over the road before and only knew, in a general way, where we were going, which was actually farther than I thought. We told him what a nice dinner Miss Neal had gotten up for us, trying to make it as disagreeable as we could for a man with an empty stomach by speaking in delight of each good article that had been set before us.

Some time in the early spring Uncle Will wanted to make a trip to the mine and see what the condition would be like at that season of the year. We had left bedding and grub at the upper cabin for the convenience of any one who might be caught up there without supplies. We could go from his house on skis. It was 12 miles and would require about six hours of hard travel. We had measured the road and had the miles marked, from the "lower" cabin to Stanchfield's ranch. So each mile post was a landmark. When we got to the "1 mile" tree the snow was just eight feet deep. By the time we arrived at the upper cabin we had gone over snow forty feet deep. The cabin was covered all over with snow, but there was a kind of tunnel along the east side that, by getting down on your stomach and crawling, you could reach the door, and as it opened on the inside one could get into the house. Uncle had left dry wood enough for several days, when he broke camp in the fall, and

as no one had been there to use it, we soon had a good comfortable fire and a hearty meal. After a rest, we made the trip to the mine, a mile and a quarter distance, and found but little snow on the surface near it, as all had been blown down to make great big drifts at more convenient places for it to stick. Early the next morning we started and arrived at the ranch without any experience worth noting.

As soon as possible after the snow went off, Uncle Will took some men and went up to build a tramway from the "level," 860 feet below shaft No. 2, to the shaft. Every stick of timber was to be carried on one's back, for that particular piece of work. It was not an easy thing to keep men who were willing to exert themselves at such hard labor. Uncle Will, though more than 60 years old, took the lead and never asked any man to do more than he himself was willing to do. It required some time to get this work done. This tramway was to be made of poles pinned to cross ties. These ties were about six feet apart. It would consist of three poles, excepting at the "turn," when four would be needed. At the upper end, near the shaft, there was a drum worked by a brake, over which the cable played, to allow the cars, which were built in shape of a boat, to be drawn up or lowered. The full car hauled the empty one back. No particular work could be done in the mine until after the completion of the tramway, as there was no place to pile the ore on the mountain side without going to too much expense. I do not recollect the exact amount of time required for the construction of this piece of work. As soon as it was in shape, men were put to work on shaft No. 2, which was started at the place where the lead deposit was found. No ore was to be shipped except that which carried a large percentage of lead. It was necessary to build some kind of a shack over the shaft to protect the men from the high winds and frequent storms that came at this season of the year at such an altitude (9,700 feet). The ore was sacked, loaded into the cars and turned loose down the mountain. Any little mishap and a car of ore was distributed, in the slide rock, from top to bottom of the tramway, with no chance of ever getting any of it again. When you take into consideration that each car had from one to one and a fourth tons of ore, valued at over \$90 per ton, it was not a laughable matter to see that much money lost beyond recovery. And yet, the men could not help feeling amused at such an occurrence. "Just see those sacks fly!" they would say, making no more of the affair than they would had they lost a white chip in a game of stud poker. Strowbridge had made a contract to haul the ore from Wisdom to Divide for five dollars per ton, bearing expense money for his back trips. We hauled the ore from the mine to Wisdom with our own teams. We were mighty anxious to get the returns from the first car which had been sent to Dillon. In due time it came and showed a net result of nearly \$1,000. Gosh! But wasn't my dream coming true in fine shape? It required but little work at that place in the mine to take out a ton of ore. They found about three feet of galena by the time they were down three feet and when they were down seven feet

they had seven and a half feet of that rich lead money maker. Just think of it! seven and one half feet of ore worth about \$90.00 per ton, and a fellow only down seven feet in this vein! Then, too, there was more ore on the hanging wall, just how much, we did not know at that time. Afterward, we found that the vein of pay rock at the particular point was 23 feet wide. As above mentioned seven and a half feet lead, the remainder good fine gold that could only be taken out when we had a mill. As soon as the first "piece" of actual money from the car sent to Denver was placed in the bank to our credit, people began to take notice. Newspaper men would come for a "story on the Ajax," which we did not feel like giving until we were positive that it was worth a "story." While the ore was being taken out, I was attending to my stock business. As we were getting money from Governor White for that end of our venture, I could not afford to give very much of my time to anything else.

During that fall Henry Neill, state land agent, came up to the Big Hole to look over the state lands. I was with him for several days, while he was at this work, and when it was concluded, asked him to make a trip to the Ajax. It was a mighty easy thing for Henry to be taken with a nice team to the "upper cabin," but not an easy thing for one of his weight to make the balance of the trip up the trail. I guess the wind was trying to see what it could do that day. It would actually pick up good sized pieces of rock and hurl them at one with shrieks of delight. I am not real sure that there was any determined effort on the part of the wind to hit a fellow with any particular stone, but the fact was that there were so many stones loose that a fellow could not dodge all of them. Henry could only go a short distance before he was compelled to sit down. He was not at all sure of himself and said more than once: "Noyes, I do not believe that I can make it." I kept jollying him and told him that it was a sure thing he would get up to the shaft, if we did not hurry. While the wind was almost strong enough to blow me from one shelf back to another, I was not distressed in any way. Neill, on the other hand, was really about all in, and feared that his heart might go back on him. After the longest time I ever spent on that trail, we did manage to arrive safely at the shaft house. There was a good fire and a comfortable place for one to sit down and rest, when once you were there. The vein was very flat and one could walk down the foot wall without fear of falling. As soon as Neill rested, he was introduced to the miners and given a candle for further investigation. The sight that met his vision was enough to excite any one who had ever seen a piece of ore. The reflection of the candle light on the cubes of galena caused them to sparkle like thousands of diamonds. The large body from which thousands of dollars had already been taken, could not have been excavated to a depth of more than nine feet at the time he was there. A cut had been made into the hanging streak that showed a large body of free ore in which gold could be seen with the naked eye. It was a very interesting place to visit, even for one who had no interest in it; to me, doubly so. We stayed at the mine



until the men were ready to go to camp for the night. We were to spend the night with them and leave for Dillon the next day.

After supper the men were gathered in the bunk house, and many stories and experiences were told or recalled. Harry Neill was a splendid story teller. He very vividly told of the experience he had on a trip to Europe and entertained the boys for a long time with many interesting things. A Frenchman, Albert Donay, was, apparently, paying attention to a disabled alarm clock. He did not seem to notice anything that was going on, being bent on trying to find out how the "d——n Yankee" made it. After Neill had gotten through with his story, Bailard requested Donay to tell of an experience he had once in New York. I am afraid that Donay's mind had not been tuned along the higher plane of decency and respectability, as the story he told would probably do in a mining camp among men who were not too fastidious, but certainly not where women congregated. Neill was thunderstruck and had no more to say that evening. We left for Dillon the next morning and Henry implored me to let him go and get \$200,000 for us for the Ajax mine. He said he had never seen anything to equal it and he had seen mines all over Montana. What would you have done, Mr. Reader, under the same circumstances? I know what you would do now. What would you have done then? Given a vein that was exposed along a mountain side for miles, a great big, strong vein, that showed pay rock in more than one place; that was being developed in such a way that each stick of blasting powder was, apparently, opening up an immense treasure house, would you have listened to the pleading voice of Henry and sold for \$200,000? When you consider that a cubic foot of lead weighs about 700 pounds, and that that chute of ore carried over 60 per cent of that metal, it would only take about five feet in place to make a ton. It would not require much imagination for one to think it possible for it to go anyway 250 feet into the mountain; a very little effort to think that it would be at least 50 feet long, and with a known width of seven and one-half feet, you could really think yourself possessed of 93,750 cubic feet, that would be 18,750 tons, worth at \$90 per ton, \$1,687,500.00. Crazy! Yes, crazy for taking things for truth without investigation, especially anything that its truth or falsity was capable of demonstration. Yes, you wise guys would have sold at the price offered, but we—we were not wise. Morse said: "These things have been known to come to men in times past, why isn't it possible that they have come to us? If we make a success of this, we will be called the wisest fellows in the country; if we fail—damn fools." We played the game from ante to show-down and but little was lost by any one else. Every time a pick was driven in or a shot fired, the property looked better. The next year we made up our minds to get some kind of a mill. We did buy and haul in one that we never used, that cost quite a lot of money, and is scattered from the "Old Faithful" mine on Old Baldy through the Big Hole to the Ajax. It required much thinking and a whole lot of advice, freely given from every mining man, or so-called mining man, that

we met before we made up our minds to buy five stamps and erect a "stamp mill." We did not know where we could get a man that could do a good job along those lines. At last we thought of Frank Allen of Gibbonsville, Idaho. Frank had erected the first mill in Montana, in Bannack, in the early days. He had also built several small ones in Gibbonsville. Uncle Will and I went to see him. He was not sure that he could help us, but agreed to let us know soon. We needed a saw mill with which to get the timber out on the ground, as there were plenty logs near the place chosen for mill site. We bought a small steam engine that had been in use for the purpose for some time. This had to be hauled to Wisdom, over a fearful mountain road. We found a man willing to take the job, contracted with him to do so and started for Butte to see a mill that had been erected several years before, about 18 miles from that place. It was easy to buy this mill for the sum of \$1,000, a small part of the original cost. Clarence Strowbridge had agreed to haul it for us, if we made the purchase. A saw mill was ordered from Missoula and Uncle and I returned to the Big Hole. Frank Allen had made up his mind to build the mill for us. We took our men and began the preliminary work, such as cutting logs, clearing a place for the mill and excavating for the site. All this work was in the hands of Allen. It is no easy job to construct a quartz mill 75 miles from the railroad, where the machinery must be hauled over roads that have not been worked enough to make solid. Some of these pieces weighed over 9,000 pounds and were extremely hard to handle. Clarence had two good boys working for him, Jakey Louk and Harry Kanute. These boys could get about all the pull there was in a team at the right time, and if by any mischance they could not get the "string" team through the timber without running into a tree, they would take everything as it came and make no particular roar about it. To us, things dragged and were going slow. We were anxious to see those stamps drop and see the results, which we could only believe would be favorable. New cabins must be built for cook and bunk houses, blacksmith, assay office, stables, tramways were to be erected to take place of the one already built, at such a cost of time and labor. Ore houses, a house at the mouth of No. 2 tunnel, cabins for the wood choppers, stables for the horses, at the lower and upper camps, which were three-quarters of a mile apart; timber for stulls were to be cut and peeled. Copper plate from San Francisco must be ordered and delivered by the time the mill was ready. A concentrating table was to be bought and hauled from Anaconda. Busy times up the Swamp Creek canyon that summer and fall. Miners were at work developing more ore, every one was on the qui vive. While all this work was going on up in the Big Hole country, Mr. Morse was exceedingly busy in the development of the large grain and alfalfa ranch on the bench north of Dillon. He was to say to the waters of Birch creek: "You have rushed heedlessly, carelessly, in fact, criminally, to join the waters of the sea. You may have quenched the thirsty even in your haste, but they had to snatch it from your rest-

less bosom, as you flowed unchecked and uncontrolled, unmindful of the duty you owed mankind in your mad desire to unite the mountain and the gulf. I will prove to you, great power that you are, that the puny hand of man will stop your hitherto refractory career and bind in strength of 'tripple brass' each drop and make it answer, when the time is ripe, the great desire of a thirsty soil. You must succumb and I will be the means."

A benefactor of his race is one who makes two blades of grass grow where only one has grown. If that be so, J. E. Morse has been a benefactor of his race. He has controlled the water that would naturally be useless, and held it back to be used at a time when it was needed. The great broad acres of grain and alfalfa proved that the piece of land selected by Granville Stuart, and for which he received more or less adverse criticism, could be made valuable by its alliance with Birch creek water. I don't believe that J. E. Morse or anyone else ever spent his time and money to bring the water from a mountain stream to the hitherto sun-baked bench lands of Montana simply for the reason they wanted to be classed as benefactors. There is always something of a personal nature that enters into any large undertaking. When Joe Furley put the matter of making dams, on the head of Birch creek, to Morse, they were both very enthusiastic as to final results. Morse did not have any particular amount of money that was loose for such an undertaking, and Joe proved early in the game that he could not keep up his end. Morse was as full of resources as a pod is full of seeds; while he might get discouraged at times and not feel sure as to where the next turn would place him, he always worked with the view of ultimate success. As Governor White said: "Morse is a mighty resourceful cuss." He did not drink or gamble and was tireless in his efforts to see that everything was done at the right time, with the exception that he was careless in regard to the detail work of the Ajax mine.

As mentioned before, we were so anxious to see the work completed at the mill. This was not done until late in the fall or early winter. When the mill was completed, it had not been constructed along lines of wise engineering. The ore bins were flat bottomed boxes, made as some of the boys said: "To give more men work than to make the economical handling of the ore for the mill owner." The tramways were not built uniform in grade, hence many cars of splendid ore was ruthlessly destroyed. The ore house above the mill, 750 feet away, was built at a point where the most snow was known to pile up, instead of a point that I had selected, just a short distance below the boarding house and the brow of the hill. The place that I had picked was probably 150 feet further from the mill than the one chosen. It would have made the first cost a little more, but was at a point where it would have been free from drifting snow, therefore in the long run would have been a great saving. While we are waiting for that beastly mill to get started, we can spend a little time in describing what was going on in the way of development on the lead. The old shaft, instead of being 80 feet

deep, as Brown had assured us it was, proved to be when pumped out only 40 feet. Frank had said that the ore was just as good in the bottom as any other place. Maybe that was true, and might have been a good indication that further investigation, too strenuously followed, would prove disastrous. Brown and his partners of the Salmon River country had owned the lead for several years. They had run a little cut at the lowest point of exposure, probably 10 feet long. They had gone about 15 feet in No. 3 and sunk the discovery shaft 40 feet. When they found that they had gone through, or lost the ore in this shaft, they were not very enthusiastic about doing more work. The melting snow would always leave the bottom of that shaft a mystery, so far as the casual observer was concerned. One would need a good sized pump with which to hoist the water and see what was below. These men had not gone up the hill to the point where I made the find of galena ore. When we found out that Brown et al. had stopped because the ore had played out, we didn't care, as we were then to mine. Men were put to work to unwater the shaft and see what it contained. It only required a little expenditure to find that Brown had stopped at a fault and that a large body of good free milling ore was and is continuing on its way into that mountain. Shaft No. 2 was getting to be too deep to haul ore by windless and an effort was made to start a drift from the bottom of it to the surface or side of the mountain. It would have been wiser, as we afterward found, to have begun this work from the outside and run in on the lead. The real reason for beginning inside was that we had shaft house, tramway and drum already built. A beginning on the outside would have caused a whole lot of work and expense, especially at that season of the year, winter, before any actual work on the mine could have been done. The drift to the surface was a peculiar one when finished. The boys started out with good enough intentions, no doubt, but as they were to follow the ore streak, they soon became hopelessly lost so far as the point they had started for was concerned. After putting in a whole lot of time, our French friend, Albert Donay, a splendid worker, but quite rattle-headed, came out with excitement depicted in every line of his face, with the news that he had broken into some old workings; that some one must have mined in that particular place in pre-historic times. On investigation it was found that they had run in a half circle and hit pretty near the top of the old Brown or No. 1 shaft. I guess that it was a good thing for us that Frenchy had done the work, because if they hadn't found it, they would have come back and broken into the workings where they began. Kind of funny, wasn't it? Yes, it was, in a way, but when a fellow had expected to come out, with a certain amount of labor, to the outside of a mountain, and found that his work had been simply to find a shaft that had never been lost and that was no good when found, it did not strike us as particularly amusing. There was a fairly good reason for having made this blunder. The lead was much wider than any of us supposed at this point, being, in fact, about 23 feet of pay ore, that was not of the same general char-

acter to the eye of the ordinary miner. As it was not in a compact body, being full of seams, they would follow one of them, taking it for the hanging wall, when, in fact, the hanging wall was 15 or 20 feet away. This blunder helped to develop a body of ore that might not have been found for some time to come. These very seams fooled some of the best miners we had for quite a while, even in other portions of the mine.

When spring came, work was commenced on Tunnel No. 1, and soon came to these "old workings." From the mouth of No. 1 back for about 100 feet was certainly a large body of ore, good, bad, etc. This tunnel was driven on under and to the east of the big bunch of galena ore described on top. The big "pocket" was lost completely and no one could tell where it had gone. Tunnel No. 2 was commenced some 70 or 80 feet down the mountain and tapped the vein at a fault, as only the "schist filling" of the vein was in evidence. Scott Galbraith had charge of the work at this place and was much discouraged at the results. I think that he must have been in 150, maybe 165 feet when "mother" and I visited the mine. We went back into the face and not a sign of ore was in sight. Mighty discouraging. This tunnel had cost a whole lot of money and was disappointing in more ways than one. We had good ore 70 or 80 feet above, and good ore down 400 to 500 feet in No. 3 on the surface, and why there should not be pay here was a problem we could not understand. Scott volunteered that in his opinion the lead was no good and that there was a pot hole or bunch, above, but nothing below, and that we were foolish to spend our money in any further work on No. 2.

As "mother" was as much interested as I in this matter, I asked her what we had better do. She said: "Go ahead as long as we can get a cent. We are too far in to quit now." I turned to "Scotty" and said: "There must be some ore here some place, and so far as you are concerned, you need not worry; you will get your pay. It is our money that pays the bills and when we tell you to stop will be soon enough. You stop driving ahead and run a cross-cut here and see what you find." The place indicated was at the face of the tunnel and toward what I supposed to be the foot wall. "Mother" and I left the hill for the ranch, and the men went to work on the cross-cut, with the result that they ran into a vein of pay ore, after going only a couple of feet, seven feet thick. A raise was begun at this place, and the ore was followed up and into No. 1. Two or three years afterward, a cut was made in the hanging wall, near this same place and exposed six feet of galena ore that is, at this writing, intact. A good miner generally, especially when he knows there is ore in a lead, cross-cuts often when driving a tunnel, if not on an ore chute. Scott had been just unlucky enough to go into that hill 165 feet over one chute of ore and under another, and had run for a good many feet right on top of the under or foot wall chute. Another peculiar condition that confronted us was this: When they tried to follow up the foot wall chute, in the raise they were driving, they left a face of nine feet of \$20

gold ore. This was a mighty pretty thing. Several of the experts, James Neill, Geo. Towers, Fred Green, Jim Harvey and Tom Landers, took samples of this and made many favorable comments concerning it. Years after, when we decided to open this body(?) of ore, to run it through the mill, it only proved to be two feet thick, simply a skim pasted onto the country rock.

Well, the long-looked for day has come to drop the stamps! We can't begin to spend the money that we are to make now! Everything will turn out for the best and the long hard pull that we have made to get this far will have been all the one necessary, as we are to glide with the stream from now on. Surely a mill that would crush 12 to 13 tons of ore per day was, when used on such ore, to make a "killing" for us. After the mill had been running several days, Mr. Morse came to the conclusion that we had better go up and fetch the brick out. W. H. Graham of Butte, a mill man, and George Ducharme, an amalgamator, wanted to go up and see mill and mine. Ducharme had tested some ore for us at the Vipond mill and believed we had a splendid thing, as the ore sent him made good returns. The trip was made without any particular thing of note to record, excepting the deep snow that was encountered, which did not bother us, as my team would keep to any track no matter how deep the snow was. Graham and Ducharme were taken to the mine and were very much pleased with the showing. They were sure that such a large body of ore, known to be good, would make quite a stir in the mining world. The manner in which the mill had been constructed did not appeal to them in the least, as it required too many men to do the work. We told Allen to clean up while we were there and we would take the gold out with us. Allen had full charge of the running of the mill. Tom Landers was doing the assaying and we supposed we were in shape to know what we were about. The mill had been dropping stamps for 23 days and taking care of 13 tons each 24 hours. The ore averaged about \$12.00 per ton in gold, besides lead and silver. Tom Landers was a competent assayer and reliable. He knew what that ore contained at the heading, the point where it run onto the table, and what the tailings carried. We received that first clean up and while it did not worry the horses to pull it out, we were much worried over the result, as the brick was an exceedingly small one, when it should have been several pretty fair sized ones.

We made up our minds then and there that we would let Allen go and put some one else in charge. Graham and Ducharme agreed to take over this work; as soon as they could go to Butte and get their tools and get back. They had assured us that they would take that mill and, if the ore was as good as Landers' assays showed, they would show us results altogether different the next clean up. When we looked at that little brick we were certainly sick. We had spent thousands of dollars up to this time, most every dollar of it borrowed from the bank. We knew that there was a good body of ore; that Landers, a good assayer,

had proved by the fire, contained pay. We had a mill, known to crush so many tons of ore per day, and here was the result of 23 days' work a little piece of gold weighing about 20 ounces, and worth at Boise, Idaho, U. S. assay office three hundred and forty-one dollars. God! What had we done to deserve such a return for the money spent, the time wasted in trying to make that old mountain give forth, to the use of the world, some of her hidden treasure! Certainly there was something wrong! **THREE HUNDRED FORTY-ONE DOLLARS!** The returns of 299 tons of ore, assay value \$3,588! After all reasonable loss of the amount bound to run into the tailings, there was still to be accounted for \$2,797. We certainly felt like shutting the mill down, but as drowning men always clutch at the straw, we felt a little encouragement by the promises made by Graham, Ducharme and Tom Landers, that they could and would show money at the end of their run. Our trip to the mine also proved to us the faulty manner in which the ore bins and tramways had been constructed as to saving labor. The upper tram did not drift under very often, but the lower one was pretty sure to be covered with a big amount of snow each morning and always when the winds came tearing down the canyon it would require an immense lot of work with snow shovelers to clear things so ore could be lowered to the mill. The roads would drift full and build up so that the ends of the singletrees would hit the trees 20 feet above the ground. A blizzard would come roaring down the mountain side at night and fill the road full. It would be impassable for teams the next morning; then it became necessary to put every miner to fighting snow, instead of breaking rock. When you take into consideration that we were paying the men \$3.50 per day and that the whole force of 14 men would be shoveling snow that was as restless as a mountain stream, that would be back onto that same piece of road probably the next morning, it made the heart sick and the bank account(?) grow slim. I do not believe that I am making an exaggerated statement to say that we shoveled ten thousand dollars into snow while we were working the mine.

This amount of money would have more than paid for the erection of an aerial tram that would have carried the ore from the mine to mill for a nominal sum, and hauled to the mine the timber needed for mining purposes. You ask, why a man of such known business acumen as J. E. Morse should not have dropped onto this leakage in the first place, and stopped it by the erection of a tram? I will attempt, in my poor way, to answer this: In the first place, men do not go into the mining business as they do into others. The prospector takes his pack outfit and strikes out for the section of country that he believes virgin. He finds float, which he traces to the croppings or rock in place, and sinks a shaft or runs a tunnel. In all probability he finds what he considers pay. The returns from an assay office proves that the ore contains values. Now, if he can find ore in sufficient quantity, he begins to consider the ways and means of realizing something from his prospect. He has been a man

that has lived for years with the hope of a sure success at no distant day. He has never accumulated any money with which to develop a mine if he does find a prospect. It was possible for any man, with the most limited means, to go to the hills and find something that looked good and that would apparently justify the expenditure of quite a lot of money in its development. If he did not have the money—and he didn't—he would probably sit near his camp fire and think, think, think how he was to get any returns for the years he had put in hunting for a favorable prospect. It was possible that a rich chute could be opened, and the ore shipped to the mill or smelter. It was possible to find gold ore rich enough to pay in a small arastra that could be built with little expense by the man himself. It was possible to get some one with money to go in and help build a small stamp mill that paid from the beginning and developed the mine into a big property. It was also quite probable that the prospector was too sanguine as to final outcome; was actually intoxicated with excitement over his find, and did not "sober up" until he found every hope blasted. He was the unsuccessful one. He might have cheated himself by taking the best piece of ore to the assayer, instead of a careful sample of the vein; so really he had no foundation on which to begin. Again, it is quite possible that there is a certain amount of money on hand for the development, but not in quantity sufficient to make the mine. If he has lots of faith, he goes ahead with what he has and bets that he will find some of the favorable conditions that have been known to exist in mining history. It is possible and more or less probable that he spends his money without finding any of the favorable conditions and fails, even though he has a piece of property that would have been valuable if some certain thing had been done, or other left undone. In other words, his money has not been spent to the best advantage; he has taken the gambler's chance, and lost. It is true that there is nothing that is as alluring, fascinating, entrancing and interesting as mining. If once begun, it holds one's mind perpetually with the desire and hope of future wealth gained in that way. It is a law of nature that no two things can be exactly alike. Hence no two mines will be alike. The rich chute found in one may never be found in another. Probably the rich chute or bunch of ore is the worst thing one can find, unless he takes advantage of it and sells, as it is apt to lead to much future worry and many disappointments.

I met a man from Colorado who had taken two million dollars out of a "pocket mine," and who was broke at the time I met him. He had not spent his money in riotous living; by means of the gaming table, the sparkling wine, nor lost it to the charms of some fickle but beautiful woman. No, he had spent the money from one "pocket" to find another, a thing more deadly in its fascination than the alluring smile of any siren. This man was only one of hundreds that played the game in just that way. The old Dakota mine at Bannack, in the early days, was the "pocket" mine into which you were apt to put more than you



could take out. (Not the way with most pockets). In the early days of Butte men found mines, or more strictly speaking, had claims, that had enough float to make them wealthy. All they had to do was to pick up the ore and put it in a wagon and ship it to the railroad at Corinne, Utah, where it was taken to the smelter at Salt Lake, or maybe to Swansea, Wales, for treatment. This was gold-silver ore. Any number of the Butte mines had pay from the grass roots down that helped to pay or did pay all the development in the "making of a mine." If a poor man found one of these he could become wealthy by paying attention to business. The copper mines of Butte did not show pay in copper, on the surface. The Anaconda was bought by Marcus Daly for \$30,000 (the same mine or claim had been sold for \$150.00 by the man who first staked it, I have been told.) He did not believe that he had a valuable claim unless he could get some men with money for its developemnt to go in with him. He found these men in Haggin, Tevis and Hearst. The Dexter mill property of W. A. Clark was leased and the surface rock—gold-silver ore of the Anaconda—run through, with the result, so I have been told, that \$280,000 net was taken out in less than a year. Daly had mined enough to think that he could not handle the Anaconda alone. There had been no development on the mine. He could not see the \$280,000 that was so easy to be had, with big copper to come when the gold-silver rock quit (in fact, gold and silver have not quit in the mines of Butte, as the copper ore contains these metals also), or he might have become the sole owner of one of the biggest copper properties in the world. (Long before Daly, copper matt was made in a rude smelter in Butte and shipped down the Missouri in a flat boat, to be lost, never to be recovered, where the Missouri enters the Mississippi). The old Dexter mill pounded out many thousand dollars, but did not get many from the "Travonia," the mine that really was the one to give new life to the old placer camp and make her the queen of the Treasure State.

F. Aug. Heinze came to Butte as a young boy of 20, fresh from Columbia university; a young mining engineer. There were several mining engineers and surveyors in Butte before the advent of F. Augustus—Baker & Harper, Wilson and Gillie were and had been for years. Heinze saw something that they knew, but had not taken advantage of, the fractions. It is quite evident that he saw these things in a different light than these other men. He had worked, as an engineer, underground, and no doubt had access to several mines, other than the ones in which he was engaged. He saw what these mines contained and knew where the ore bodies were. It was a simple thing for him to see that a fraction would be the entering wedge that would split the combination or make it, through endless law suits, accept of his terms for millions. He had been brought up under different environments than the engineers above referred to. He had lived in the great city of New York, where men had learned, if they were wise, to take advantage of every opportunity. He had backing in a financial way that these other men lacked; hence,

"Fritz" Heinze became one of the best known of the mining men in America, or the world, in fact. Only those under the ground can tell what is going on down there. The man who owns the shaft can, or could, forbid any one to enter. Hence, he had a wonderful advantage over the men on the adjoining claims, who were unable to sink for lack of funds. If he is dishonest he can take their ore, and they may never be any wiser. The diamond drill can reach out in any direction and the "core" will prove the exact condition of the claims thus prospected. Many men have been robbed in this way, and are not aware of the fact yet.

I have said that the "core" of the diamond drill "would prove the exact condition of the claims prospected." It will prove the condition of the rock encountered, but may, and is apt to, find a fault—that leads to serious effects. If it is true that Daly had prospected for the ore in the claim Pat Largey wished to sell him for \$150,000, and that the drill did not indicate pay, then there was a serious effect for Daly and splendid one for the Largey estate. The great mining town of Butte has caused many heart aches. Some came to the men who sold too soon; some came to those who did not have money to develop and lost to some who took advantage of their poverty. Millions were spent in sinking shafts to uncover ore that by all the rules and chances of mining should have been there but was not.

The men that discovered the Hecla mines in Beaverhead county received but little for their work. These mines, on Lion mountain (by the way, many of those who spoke of Lion mountain do not have any idea how it came by the name. Bob McConnell, one of the discoverers told me the following: "Dr. Glick, one of the boys, was a great fellow to fill up on 'forty-rod.' When under the influence he was apt to see things. He came rushing into camp one day, swearing he had just seen a 'white mountain lion.' Several of the boys, anxious to see such a curiosity, got their guns and followed Doc in quest of his prize, which proved, on investigation, to be an old white jackass that belonged to one of the party. Doc never heard the last of the 'White Lion.' It was because of this incident that Lion mountain received its name."), could only be developed through the use of considerable capital. Noah Armstrong spent a whole lot of money in the attempt to make a mine, and he may have made some money. When Henry Knippenberg took hold of the business there was an indebtedness of thousands. Mr. Knippenberg told J. E. Morse and myself in Melrose one night long after the Hecla had closed down the following story: "When I came to the United States from Germany I happened to get acquainted with a countryman of mine. This old gentleman was quite wealthy. He took a liking to me and gave me much wholesome advice. When I found out the exact financial condition of our company and after having satisfied myself that a certain amount of money would place the mines on a paying basis, I wrote to this gentleman, explaining just what was needed and asked for a loan. He let me have the money, on my personal note, and I went

ahead and made a success. It was a mighty good thing, gentlemen, that the ore was their in paying quantities or I would have been placed in a very disagreeable position." These mines were in large pockets and required an immense amount of dead work to find them. I am told that one of these "pockets" contained \$2,000,000.00.

The impression that this young German lad made on the old financier proved to be the one thing needed to place a mine on a paying list, that was about to go under after thousands had been spent on its development. When Wash Stapleton got Judge Lawrence A. Brown to take the "New Departure" off his hands, he was very well pleased. Being at the New Departure one night, the judge gave me a story in the following words, as near as I can remember: "Say, Noyes, you're not an expert are you?" "No," I responded. "All right, I will let you go in and see the mine. I wouldn't allow one of these so-called experts to look over the outside, let alone inside. I have had one hell of an experience with this mine ever since the day I bargained with Wash Stapleton for it. I have gone up against many tough things in my life. Why! I never had a shoe on my foot until I was 19 or 20, and never learned to read until then. My early day experiences in Utah and Butte were nothing compared to this. I worked as hard as I could, and did not seem to be able to find the pay in place. You could find rich float and little pockets that would soon play out. One day I had a call to go to Butte. I did not have a horse nor money to pay my way. All I had was five dollars. I would need that for incidental expenses in the city. I went out on that hill there and sat down. I looked over at old Table Mountain and said: 'Butte is just the other side of that; I know where it is all right and I guess I will have to foot it to get there.' and I did. I walked to Butte and walked back again. I struggled around on this old mountain, somewhat disappointed at times I must admit, but always hopeful. I made up my mind to go down and see Governor White and try and borrow a little money. I explained what I wanted to do with it and he let me have some. I spent this money without succeeding in finding anything, and went back to the governor and said: 'Governor, I want some more money.' 'What do you want it for?' he asked. 'I want it to try and find the other that I put in,' I said, and he gave me some more. With this loan Fred and I found a good body of ore, a carload of which was shipped to the smelter. When the returns came I went again to see the governor. 'Well, Brown, what do you want now, some more money to hunt up the other with?' he asked. 'No, by God! I came to pay you every cent due you and will have some left,' I said. Then I explained to him what I had found. I have generally had ore in sight since that time, and when I need money I ship a car load; this is my bank, and I believe, sir, that there is enough in here to pay the national debt." I was taken into the mine and was shown good bodies of pay ore in place. He would find an ore chute and leave it to find another, so that he could be sure he had a "deposit" when he desired to check against it. The judge was sure

that he had a great mine. After he died, those who bought it of Fred found that the ore was in bunches and kidneys, and the new Departure was really an old departure, and not a great mine. The mine kept the judge in the latter days of his life and give Fred plenty for an economical person to live on.

Maybe you are as much in the dark as ever as to the reason why we did not build the tram in the first place. The several incidents enumerated in the foregoing pages gives some of the history of mines and mining as done in Montana. There was not one man mentioned but was governed more or less by the element of chance. The man that picked up the float on the surface in Butte could quit as soon as it was all gone, and be a winner. He was the least governed by chance of any one mentioned. Ore, or pay, in a mine is certainly, in the beginning, an unknown quantity. A man does not see the thousands needed before any prospect can be made into a mine. We have been too apt to consider the mine as a hidden treasure that once found would work for your good. Why? Because of so many that have been found that did prove valuable with but little outside assistance. Mining, then, is conducted along the same lines that is used by the lawyers and judges in all they do. They do not depend upon new things, but make their fights and render their decisions by precedent. If the lawyer is allowed, with all his supposed wisdom, to go ahead along such lines, why should the prospector or miner be cursed for a fool for following, with just as much reason and just as many good examples, precedent? If one should take that as a subject, he could write until dooms day and then not have it exhausted. The thing that we knew was, that the Ajax mine had been found on the main range of the Rocky mountains at an altitude of over 9,000 feet, and we certainly knew that there would always be enough snow for sledding. We did not think but what it might be possible to keep the roads open by the usual amount of work required for hauling ore. We knew that we had a nice body of pay rock on the surface. We could not see a bit further into the ground (probably owing to the amount of snow) than many of the wise ones who have called us fools; we could, however, just as far. All we needed with that class of ore was a road and any old way to get it down to the level, and we would own the world. And if that body of ore had behaved itself, hadn't gotten rattle headed, gone on a toot and busted itself up and got lost in the different cracks and crannies of that old mountain, we would have been correct in our calculations. We, like so many others, simply laid a foundation without taking into consideration what the structure would cost. When the first one thousand dollars was spent we were only beginning to sink money. We did not foresee, we did not realize, the many different phases that would ultimately come up in working mine and mill. If we had had the least idea that things would terminate in the way in which they did we would have probably never commenced. It was, from our present viewpoint, an exceedingly dangerous gamble. We owed money in all of our enterprises. The

Ajax and Highland ranches, as a company, and Morse's personal endeavors in the building up of the Ruby sheep, Mantle and other enterprises that he held outside of the Big Hole. We both felt that the Ajax was given to us to carry us over the financial barriers that appeared in our way through the building up of these big plants on a capital originally too small. We looked forward to the time when, because of it, we could become more substantial factors in the up-building of Beaverhead county. So it was a matter of too much confidence or too little foresight that we began operations. If we had known that the ore body would split, that the snow would surely hinder us to such an extent that it would make it almost impossible to carry on the work, we would not have commenced. It was an expense here, a little there, that kept adding to the amount we were in, each dollar spent in trying to save those already involved, that forced us along as relentlessly, ruthlessly and mercilessly as the rudderless ship is driven before the wildest typhoon. We couldn't stop. Why? Because it would have been, at that particular time, to the business of Beaverhead county, the most disastrous thing imaginable, the failure of Justin E. Morse. Men looked on him, as he was, the embodiment of business principles, and his failure at that time to have made good, would have intimidated the strongest characters we had.

We can not account for the many peculiar things that, as incidents, go to round out the life of the average man. When the time came for the second (?) cleanup neither Mr. Morse or myself was present. I was in the valley, though, and knew before I saw the results of that cleanup how many brick were in it. When the boys, Uncle Will, Landers and others, came down to Wisdom from the mine with the cleanup, Uncle showed me a small brick about the size of the first one, and said: "Here is your gold, Noyes." I said: "That won't do, come through with the other four, Uncle Will, as I know what you have as well as you do." "You are mistaken, my boy, that is all we got," he said, as he pointed to the small ingot I held in my hand. My aunt spoke up and said: "Why don't you show him the others, what do you want to keep fooling for?" He turned to her and said: "You have seen him and told him, Lizzie." "No," she replied, "I have not seen him before this evening." He had the bricks in a flour sack and emptied them on the floor, four of them. You can call me anything you wish. I saw those pieces of gold the night before and carried on that same conversation, in my dreams. The boys had made good; they had taken out in fourteen days \$1,960.00, instead of \$341 in 23 days. The little old town of Wisdom that night was painted in the most vivid crimson it ever saw. The painting of any town in that way may be folly, but there is more folly than wisdom in this world.

We, my uncle and I, went to Dillon and turned those glittering pieces of gold on the carpet at Mr. and Mrs. Morse's feet. Did you ever see the most attractive, most absorbingly interesting thing in the world, gold ingots, without feeling some interest in them, whether you owned any

thing in them or not? It is safe to say that you never did. Those little bricks were shown to many in the little city of Dillon before they were sent to Boise City. We did not feel quite as hopeless now and looked forward to many returns of the same kind. The mill was started again and seventeen days returned \$2,300. Surely the Ajax was all right, and we had not spent our money in vain. We made another run that gave us two bricks that weighed ten pounds. We had come to the conclusion that we had better enlarge the capacity of the mill and put through at least 35 tons per day, in order to pull out of the heavy indebtedness. We had tried to sell, but always at the same old price. In the fall of 1902 James Neill, a very prominent mining engineer from Utah, afterward with Heinze, came to look over the Ajax for a Salt Lake man. We did not know that he was coming. I happened to be at the mine, with George Metlen, surveying for patent, when he arrived. This was about supper time, as I recall now. He handed me a letter of introduction from Mr. Morse and told me what he had come for, and who he represented. I said: "Mr. Neill, I am sorry that you came. We have nothing to show a mining man, at this time, and I think you have made your trip uselessly." "We hear that you people have a splendid prospect, Mr. Noyes," he replied, "and it is impossible to keep these things hidden from the mining world, especially after good returns from ore that has been shipped. As I came to make an examination of your claims, I will do so with your permission." You must remember that this was before the mill was built and at a time when we had found that the large body of lead ore had become lost, by splitting or playing out. The sun never rose on a more beautiful day in the fall of the year than it did the next morning after Neill's advent. There was not one thing to mar its glory. Before going into the tunnel we took in all the surface, from bottom to apex of the mountain. As we stood on that mountain top, almost 10,000 feet high, we could see, in the distance, the mountains at the head of Blacktail, Old Baldy and all her kindred back to Lion. We could see the mountain range from Mt. Haggin, near Anaconda, to the grand old dome of Mt. Garfield, locally called "Saddler Peak," off to the west was the Salmon river country, with the Saw Tooth range miles away in the blue distance, while just at hand, not more than five miles away, is a mountain named for me, Mt. Noyes, a grand old peak that arises about 11,000 feet between Lake and Swamp creeks, while at our feet were revealed some of the most beautiful lakelets that have ever lent their charms to magnify the glories of God's universe. With the valley of the Big Hole at our feet, to the east, and the Jordan-like valley of the Salmon on the west; with the hundreds of noble mountains, placid lakes and rippling streams open to our gaze, we felt the reverence due the Creator, and acknowledged it as we stood with uncovered heads in the midst of His handiwork. I had not been a traveler; I had seen some of the beauties of my state, that was about all. Neill had been educated in Europe, and had stood among the grand sights of Switzerland and Tyrol. But, as he gazed

at the picture we were looking at, he said: "Noyes, I have seen the Alps and all her glories, but here is a picture she can not beat, a man is a fool to go to Europe for scenery when he has so much here at home that is just as good." After looking at the wonderful sight just depicted, we went to the tunnels and took samples. After we came back to the surface I said: "I told you that we did not have anything to show you, Mr. Neill." He looked at me a moment and replied. "By God, you have! You have got a wonderful prospect here. Look at this," picking up a piece of rock from the dump, "this is what made Butte famous." I did not know the piece of ore he held in his hand, and told him so. He told me that it was copper glacier, and that he would have that piece assayed. (He sent me word that it run 37 per cent copper, besides gold and silver). After he had taken all the samples he wished, I asked him if he would express an opinion. "You have, as I have said, a splendid prospect that will, in my opinion, turn into a gold-copper property with depth," he said. That afternoon I took Mr. Neill to the ranch and the next day into Dillon. I found him a most agreeable gentleman.

As White had become a little insistent as to liquidation of Ajax ranch indebtedness, I made up my mind to sell our stock cattle. We found a buyer in Senator B. D. Phillips of Valley county, who gave us \$29 per head, calves thrown in. Before selling to Phillips, I had cut out the fine White Face stuff and put them in a pasture above the house, as I could not see my way clear to let them go at stock cattle prices. After he bought the stuff, he made a contract with me for as many yearling steers as I could buy and feed through the winter, to be delivered the next spring at Big Sandy at \$30 per head. I turned the cattle out of our pasture the day I sold them and gave Fred Frances charge of the herd to deliver at the railroad near Anaconda, where I was to meet him and count out. This was at a time when the smelter smoke was doing much damage to the stock in Deer Lodge valley. My stuff was held on the milk ranch four or five miles out over night and by the next morning they were showing effects of the poison. When we counted out, Ben got the best of me several hundred dollars on calves, as he would claim a small yearling was a calf, when he knew a whole lot better. He had two of his friends there who were not backward in expressing their opinion, in his favor, when called on to decide. D. D. Walker was with me, but he did not feel like expressing an opinion in the matter, but said afterward that he believed Phillips out-counted to the tune of \$700 to \$800. These cattle would always be in the car when the controversy was on, and it would have needed the unloading of nearly every car to make an examination. You may say that I was foolish to allow anything of the kind to go. In a way, yes, in the way that I looked at it, no. I was to deliver at the railroad. I run into the poison at Anaconda and was afraid to have the cattle turned back for three reasons: I did not know what effect the poison would have; I knew that a drive to the railroad and back would injure my cattle quite a lot at that season of the year; and

we had already bought yearling steers for more than all the hay we had, and another thing, stock cattle were on the decline.

Ben Phillips had been raised in Deer Lodge valley, and as a young fellow had herded his father's cattle in the Big Hole in the summer time. He and other young fellows found placer mines on Miner creek which they attempted to work, without results. He had developed into a pretty fast foot racer and would put up any kind of a race you wanted, straight or fake, according to the one that would show the most money. He and Crandle beat Jim Murray out of a good many thousands in Butte in a put-up job. Ben was full of little tricks to beat people, even after he became the largest sheepman and mining king in northern Montana. He would work any little scheme in his leisure hours to beat one of his sheep herders out of \$10—just for fun. He would take a cold chisel and go to a rock some distance from camp, knock off a piece and then bet a herder he could take his rifle and plug that rock. The fact was, it was almost impossible. They would put up the money, and Ben would say: "I am going to leave it to your honor. I wouldn't walk over to that rock for ten dollars. I will shoot and you go over and see if I hit it. If there is a place that shows the rock has been freshly chipped off, I win; if not, I lose. It's all up to you, I will take your word." In the light of the foregoing, one can see the sure disappointment of Mr. Sheepherder as he found the "nick" in the rock. He would come back and report that Ben had hit all right, and hand over his ten, which Ben would keep. Ben was a splendid shot with the .22, and hardly ever made a miss. A young fellow had worked for him until he had one hundred dollars, which was paid by check. Ben, thinking he could get the pile, said: "Say, what do you want of that hundred dollars?" Why, Mr. Phillips, I need it; I have worked and earned it, haven't I?" "Oh, yes, that's all right," said Ben, "but that isn't much good to you. How would you like to have \$200 or nothing?" I don't understand what you mean," the young man said. "Well," said Ben, "I will give you three eggs; you toss one at a time and if I don't hit every one you get \$200, if I do I take your \$100." The boy thought a moment and accepted. He said: "You write out another check, and call Mrs. Phillips to hold the stakes, and I'll go you." This was done and the fun commenced. Up went an egg, bang went the gun and Mr. Egg was surely hit. The second one same result. The young fellow was surely up against a brace game, because Ben was never known to miss anything the size of an egg at that distance. Mrs. Phillips was standing in the door watching the fun(?). The young man knew that if he threw that egg into the air he would lose his dough, so he threw it at Mrs. Phillips. Ben looked at him, walked over and took the two checks from Mrs. Phillips and said: "Kid, you have won the bet; you are surely all right." So you see what a fellow was up against if he left anything to the nice sense of honor the Senator kept in his possession.



After the stock were loaded, D. D. Walker asked me if I would go and look over Walter Staton's cattle. Staton was to ship his stuff out of the county into the northern part of the state, in order to save their lives. Walker said: "You are in no way connected with the people of the valley, nor with the Anaconda Mining company. People here do not want to mix up in this matter and some disinterested person should go and look at Walter's cattle and horses and find out what condition they are in." I agreed to this and went with Walter to his ranch. I never saw such a helpless lot of stock. They were living skeletons. Their hides were tightly drawn over their bones, girt around flanks almost nothing; eyes dim and lusterless, with nostrils almost closed with a scabby substance. Walter said: "Al, make me an offer on this stuff," "I would not give you a bad dollar for the whole bunch," I replied. You can talk about it all you wish; the judge can render a decision that those people did not suffer through the poisonous fumes from the Anaconda smelter, but I, a disinterested party, know better. The ranchers may not have gone about the matter in the wisest way to get relief, but that makes no difference, so far as the fact of their injury is concerned.

It was after the delivery of these cattle to Phillips, and the purchase of steers for the spring delivery, that Jim Neill was at the mine. Owing to the fact that the day he was there was very warm in the sun and cool in the mines I caught a severe cold that resulted in pneumonia, which kept me pretty close to the house for the winter. We delivered 1,800 head of steers to Phillips, Larson Cattle Co., at Harlem, the next spring and received a check for fifty-four thousand dollars. We made a fair feed bill. By this time we were exceedingly anxious to get some outside money for the mine, as we wished to enlarge the mill. The mine was incorporated, with such men behind it as Governor B. F. White, Senator Lee Mantle and Edwin L. Norris. We offered the shares at 50 cents each and but few were taken in Beaverhead county. Morse came to the conclusion that Col. L. J. Price and I could go east and float some of this stuff, anyway enough to enlarge the mill, and pay a few of the incidental expenses. Price was approached on the subject and did at last agree to go. Money was none to plentiful for this undertaking, so I sold some stock Mrs. Noyes held in a Building and Loan association of Salt Lake to Fred Waldorf, 5,000 shares of Ajax to Louis Stone for a nominal sum, and with some more money that I had raised in other ways, the colonel and I made our start for the express purpose of getting the Yankees to separate themselves from some of their dollars. We carried the two bricks last taken from the mill, as an example of what the Ajax would be doing every three or four days when the mill was enlarged. We went to Minneapolis, where I supposed I might be able to get a few people to gamble. We were not successful and came to the conclusion to go to Boston. As there happened to be a Christian Science excursion on, we took advantage of the low rates and struck out for the land of the codfish balls and, as the colonel said, "In-bred people." The train

stopped at way stations for something to eat and if it hadn't been for the dainty(?) form of the colonel I would have surely gone hungry. He, however, overrode and trod down all obstacles and managed to get back to the car with something. It was night when we arrived at the Youngs hotel and secured a room. After we had dinner we met in the lobby two gentlemen, one of whom, a big cotton mill owner of Lawrence, Mass., the other a gentleman from Maine. These gentlemen had several highballs in the receptacle made or used for harboring all kinds of slush. "Bobby," the gentleman from Lawrence, Massachusetts, was particularly well soused. The gentleman from Maine was, as he told us in the conversation later, a "reformed drunkard." This evening he had forgotten the fact and was trying to get more than "half seas over." It did not take us long to get acquainted, to exchange the little information needed to let one another know where the other was from and the business in which he was engaged. It is strange how little the Eastern man really knows of the great extent of the United States, and the continent of North America. When the man from Maine (I shall not tell his name, but I found him a gentleman and a man of his word) found out that we were from the west and mining men, he asked us if we had ever heard of a certain mine located some place in the wilds of British North America. We had not. The mine could and might be located there and no Montana man know it. We explained this to the gentleman and asked why. "Well, I have some shares in it and am thinking of getting some more," he said. Then he told us the following story:

"There is a widow lady living in our town who is quite well known. She gave a very nice dinner to several of the prominent business men of the place, and there we met a gentleman who was interested in some mines in the Northwest. During the course of the meal she explained that the gentleman had kindly let her in for a few shares, at a reasonable price, and she felt that he had favored her to a considerable extent. The gentleman himself had not mentioned mines, nor did he enter into the conversation until approached by some of the men who were becoming interested in the lady's description of the property. We came to the conclusion that no man would be mean enough to sell mining stock to a widow woman with whom he was boarding, unless he believed he had a good claim, something that would justify the expenditure of money. So I bought quite a block of the shares and have an option on some more which I am thinking of taking, so that is my reason for having asked if you had ever heard of such a mine." "Bobby" left us at 10 p. m., and said he was going to Lawrence and I guess he made it all right, as we met him quite often after, at the Youngs, generally in a state of "how come you so."

The gentleman from Maine invited us to his room, from which place he ordered a bottle of Scotch and a box of cigars. He was only a little under the weather but understood what he was talking about. He told us that he could not be interested in our mine; that he had other and particular troubles at that time of his own, as the men were on a strike

in his factory. In fact, it was owing to this trouble that he had taken a little whisky, for which he was sorry. When Colonel Price and I started for the east we had as good letters of introduction as could be gotten in Montana. Governor Toole, Governor Rickards, Governor B. F. White, Senator Lee Mantle, Senator Thos. H. Carter, Senator Wilber F. Sanders, (it was the day that we got the letter from Sanders that he told me he was writing a book that would not be published until after his death. Every Montanan would like to see this come to light) Jno. F. Forbis, D. J. Hennessy, Jno. Gillie, A. L. Stone and others; certainly as good a bunch as could be had. We went there with as much faith as to the future of the Ajax being good as could be contained in the soul of man. We showed the gentleman our letters and told him that, while he might not feel like buying any shares, he could probably tell people that we were not fakirs, and were worthy of consideration. After he had looked over these letters, he said: "You have certainly come well recommended." It must have been midnight when Price asked me to get the gold brick. I went into the hall and found a man, whom I afterwards learned was the porter, standing there. He had evidently been sent or had gone to find out how the gentleman from Maine was getting on with the two strangers that had registered from Montana. When I got to the office, I found out that the vault was closed with a "time-lock," and my "brick" could not be had until the next morning. I went back and made my report to that effect. The gentleman said: "I am going to buy 1,000 shares in your mine." I explained that we could not deliver them at that time, as the stock book had not arrived from Montana, Governor White, the president of the company, was not at home when we left and the stock was unsigned.

We went to our room and discussed the matter. Price said: "We should have been in shape to deliver the shares and get that man's check, while he was ripe for the transaction. We'll not be likely to get it now." As this was our first night in the city, we felt encouraged as to future results and felt that we had come to the right place to make good. The next morning the gentleman came down, as fresh as a daisy. He asked us if we were acquainted in the city, if not, he had an hour that he would gladly give to show us the Boston Common, State House, etc., before his train left for Philadelphia. We accepted and were shown many of the interesting points in the history of the city and country.

Price had mined in Colorado and was quite well acquainted with many of the men in that state, as he seldom forgot either name or face. It was but a short time before several of them appeared at Young's and were spotted by the colonel. Among them was Charlie Taylor, once the president of the Denver Mining Exchange, and a man who had made and lost fortunes at the game. "Charlie" was trying to do all he could to get another start. He was actually down and out. He got acquainted with me, through Price, and asked for a small loan for a short time. I gave him what he required at that particular time, and then he came for some more, which I gladly let him have. Price learned

of this and said : "You're easy, you will never get that money back." I replied that "the gentleman was an old friend of his, and up against it, and I did not care, as the amount was not large any way." The next I learned of Taylor was through the means of a mining journal. It seems he had gone to New York, was taken sick and died in a hospital the same day that they found a "million dollar chute" in his gold mine. This man had been able to raise large sums of money in mining schemes whenever needed, prior to this time. No doubt the disappointment at being unable to raise the funds needed, and the fact that he was broke had a tendency to break his nerve so that he could not recover when taken sick. I am glad that I did not refuse him aid.

Young's hotel is a place where many of the business men of the city hang out. It is, or was, a great place for the old gentlemen who had plenty of money and not much to do to congregate on an afternoon and sample the different grades of liquor that can be found at either of the two bars belonging to the premises. Price had a way with him that was taking with these old gentlemen. He was jolly as could be and a splendid story teller. They would come around with their carriages and take him out for a drive and show him all the sights worth seeing. One of them whose great steamships plowed the proud Atlantic from Boston to the land of limburger, offered him a free passage any time he desired to make this trip. To a man like Price, who was never known to "take water," such an offer was superfluous. Anyway, he never had time that he could spare so that he could take advantage of the offer. As mentioned, L. J. was a noticeable figure. One evening he was setting in the hotel lobby. The summer heat producing that bodily discomfort known as sweat or perspiration, wilting his collars and saturating his handkerchiefs, when a gentleman walked up to him and said: "Say, you ought to get a light suit of clothes and put them on. You are in misery." "Who in the blankety blank are you?" Price asked. The gentleman was a big, fat fellow himself and good natured. He replied that his name was ——— and a conversation took place which made these gentlemen on intimate terms for the time being. The colonel was invited to a stylish club and enjoyed himself until about midnight, when he came up with the "news" that he had certainly run onto the right fellow this time, as the party was one of the big lumber men of the east, with millions at his command. I never saw the colonel more elated than on this occasion. When we were in the lobby the next morning, I asked him to point the gentleman out to me, as he had told Price that he was engaged in mining in Arizona and had even made a proposition to him to go and look over the claim and if he reported favorably, he would buy more stock. Of course, Price told him he could not go at that time. It was because of this interest the gentleman had in Arizona that I thought the colonel was really "on." We did not get to see the gentleman for two or three days, but at last the long-looked for event arrived, when the colonel nudged em and said: "There he is." I looked the man over and said: "You

will never be able to get a cent out of that man for shares in our mine." "You talk like a d——n fool; how do you know?" "All right, Lou," I replied, "you go to him and tell him what your business is at this time and he will probably never notice you again." Several days afterward the colonel did call the lumber man's attention to the fact that we had something special to offer in the shares in the "Montana Ajax" at fifty cents each, to which he replied: "That he had no money at that time, to invest in mines." That conversation snapped the cord of friendship, tore asunder the ligaments that had held these "Siamese Twins" for a week together, and caused "cold drops" of moisture to perambulate down the colonel's backbone.

There was much to see in the city of Boston to keep one interested. Both of us were filled with the sentiment that binds the past to the now, and took pleasure in looking over the points of historical prominence. Price had cousins in several of the little towns that are near the city. He would go and make them a visit and leave me to enjoy myself as best I could. I walked into the First National Bank one day and met the president, Mr. Dan Wing, whom I had seen in Dillon several years before. I asked him when he had heard from his uncle, Bob. "Why, Mr. Noyes, he is down at Sandwich now, attending a reunion of the Wing family of America, and I know he would be pleased to see you," he replied. I made hurried preparations and caught the train for Sandwich, a little town down near Cap Cod. When the train arrived Bob was there to meet a cousin(?). I jumped off the train and the old fellow saw me and was mighty well pleased. "Hell, Ajax! What are you doing down here?" he asked. "I just came down to see you, Bob," I replied, and then explained how I got my information. Bob's cousin did not come; as we started up the street, he said: "Say, Ajax, a fellow can't get a drink of whisky in this old town to save his life. You never saw anything like it." I attended the "Wing" meet, and enjoyed the evening very much, listening to the papers, speeches and music. I returned to Boston the next day to find that the colonel had returned from some place to which he had gone to see some of his "cousins." The gentleman, mentioned in a preceding page, that we had met the first night, who had said he would buy 1,000 shares, came several times to Boston, on his way to New York or Philadelphia. He made Young's his home when in the city and always met us. One day he said: "When are you able to deliver the shares I agreed to take? I want you to know that I meant just what I said and knew what I was talking about when I promised to buy them the first night I met you. As you have not mentioned the matter since, I thought I would speak about it." I told him that I could turn them over any time. He went to our room and talked the matter over at some length with me and gave me his check for five hundred dollars. This was the first and only money we received in that section of the country. It was impossible to get people interested in Montana mines, or, in fact, any mine. The Amalgamated had dropped to

\$35.00 per share and other "coppers" were held as of little value. Several of the gentlemen whom we met at Young's were men of money. They owned quite a block of Butte stocks and felt that they were getting the worst of the deal. I do not know what they paid for them, but over \$100 per share. I was asked by them what I considered the reason to be that these stocks were so low. They wanted to know whether I thought the mines were actually "playing out" or not. My reply was that the matter was simply one of manipulation; that the mines were O. K. and that if they held they would certainly see this stuff go back up the scale. Only a year or two after my surmise was proved right, because this same \$35.00 stock went to \$119. We worked as hard as we could to get people to take hold. Visiting many of the smaller places, among others Worcester, where we put in a week. Our reason for going to Worcester was because of the fact that a Mr. Perky, the man who manufactured the "Shredded Wheat Biscuit," lived there and Colonel Price, as a boy, had studied in his law office. Perky's old law partner was also there, acting as the attorney for the company. Price knew these men and expected some prestige from that fact. We met the gentlemen but received no encouragement from them in a financial way. We met a newspaper man and got a nice write up. No good. This young fellow was a western man and had heard some of the stories connected with "wild cat" schemes. He told us a little story which will give one an idea of how one man worked a mining(?) deal:

Two young men met at a small hotel in some little place in Iowa. For some reason they made the place headquarters for a month or more. One day one asked the other if he had any money, saying: "If you have, I know how we can make a stake. I have several hundred saved up and we can go out to Colorado, get hold of a prospect of some kind, incorporate a company and sell mining shares to the 'Rubes'." The young fellow addressed replied that he had a little money, but did not care to risk it in any such way. A year or two afterward, this man happened to return to the same little hotel. The same clerk was yet on duty. The young man asked the clerk if he had ever heard of the "mining promotor" since he left. "Why, sure I have," he said. "That fellow has plenty to live on and is having a good time. He went to Colorado, got hold of a prospect and then went into some college town in Illinois. The first thing he did was to use part of his money in buying a nice driving team, then getting the best rooms in the hotel, he was fixed to have a good time as long as his money lasted. He would go to church, attend any of the little functions to which he might be invited, and held himself up as an exceedingly nice young man. He attended a meeting one evening, called to get financial assistance for the little college, made a nice talk and said: 'I have no money at this time to give to this institution, but I will give it something that, in my opinion, will make it one of the best endowed schools of its size in this country. I will give several thousand shares in a mine I am working in Colorado, and if it turns out as well as I expect,

it will be a valuable gift.' He turned over the shares to the trustees and returned to the hotel. He did not make any more talk about the mine, simply sawed wood. As he was appearing to have a good time, taking it easy and not working, the people began to enquire about the mine. They would come and ask if he had any shares for sale. He would reply that he did not. They would come again and actually coax him to let them in on a good thing. He refused to sell any of his, but he had a partner(?) who might sell some. 'Would he write the partner?' 'Yes, he would, and let them know in a few days.' Of course the partner his other self) would sell. In this way he cleaned up nearly \$100,000, and left for parts unknown, so far as the bunch of 'Rubes' were concerned." He had never asked them to buy a share. They had simply gotten in on a "Wild Cat" mine, and had the "pictures for their money," as General Chas. S. Warren would say. This kind of mining (?) has been played all over the United States. It is the sharper, the thief, the man who would hold you up and take your money at the point of a gun that will "mine" in this way. He works the ignorant and unsophisticated, and because of the fact that men have made money in buying mining shares, he uses it as an advertisement and inducement to work on them and get their money. It don't make any difference to him who owns the money. It may be the orphan, widow or shop girl, any one. I had occasion to go to a city in the state of Maine, while on this trip. I put up at a little hotel on the waterfront. I carried the gold bars with me, and always gave them to the clerk to have them put in the safe. I set the hand bag on the counter and as the gentleman pulled it off the weight almost jerked the bag from his hand. He said: "Gosh, Mr. Noyes, what have you got in this bag, it almost fell on the floor, it is so heavy?" I showed him the contents and explained to him what they were. The next morning I noticed several men sitting in the office, among them a portly old fellow, who answered to the title of "major." The hotel man asked if he could show the gold to the major, as he was a mining man. I told him to go ahead. He took the large brick, six and two-thirds pounds, avoirdupois, and said: "Major, what do you call this?" at the same time placing it in his hand. The old fellow looked at it a moment and said: "This is a piece of copper," and made several remarks for the enlightenment of his friends on mining matters. I listened to him a few moments, and walked over and said: "Are you a mining man?" "Well, not exactly," he replied. "Have you ever been west of the Mississippi river?" "No." "Did you ever, in fact, see a mine?" I asked. "No." "I thought not. It is quite evident that you don't know anything about metals or you would not have pronounced that copper. Copper is not as heavy as gold by nearly one-half. You are simply one of these men who go about selling mining shares to people, taking their money for something you never saw and concerning which you do not know a thing." With this parting shot, I took the brick and handed it to the clerk.

Price and myself were in an office in Worcester, Mass. They showed us some ore that came from Mexico(?). This was a piece of galena, honey-combed and full of gold. They told us that there was fourteen feet of it all like the specimen, and that they only wished to sell a few shares in order to get some money to put up a small mill, etc. "You say that you have fourteen feet of rock all like this?" I asked. "Yes, sir, fourteen feet all like that," he replied. "Let me tell you one thing: If you have that much ore of the kind this looks to be, you don't need anybody to put up one cent, because you could take a mortar and pound out by hand, in a mighty short time, the amount you claim to need," and we left. When we got down to the street, Lou said: "What did you want to say that to that fellow for?" "Just because I felt that way. It is just such fellows that keep the man who has, or thinks he has, a good legitimate prospect from getting a few dollars to help him in his work. That outfit doctored that piece of ore and you and I both know it, and I wanted him to know that I knew it. You hear about the money lost in mining. There is a whole lot lost that way, I will admit, but most of it is lost to the people through the agency of just such robbers and thieves as that firm we just left, who probably never left this city, in their lives, to go farther than Boston or New York. They have specimens they have 'fixed' but no mine," I replied.

I was sitting in the lobby at Young's one day and a gentleman came and took a seat near me. About the first thing he said was: "You are a western man, aren't you?" I replied in the affirmative. "I thought you were," he said, "and you are here on a mining deal of some kind, are you not?" I told him I was. He then told me the following little experience: "I am from Wyoming and have prospected a whole lot. A few years ago I found a splendid piece of property and proceeded to develop it with what means I had. I soon found out that a fellow needed some help in a financial way, so I made up my mind to come to this city. I told my story, but met with mighty poor success. No one cared much, as they could not understand the conditions. They did not believe that a man with a good prospect needed money. 'Why can't you take enough out of the mine, if it is any good, to put you on your feet?' they would ask. I could explain that a mine might have quite a considerable amount of values locked up in it; that one, unaided and alone, could not get out. That it might be located so far from a railroad and in a place that was utterly without roads, hence impossible to get the ore to the mill or smelter, even though it might contain values that would warrant, under ordinary circumstances, that manner of procedure. That many of the best mines in the world; in fact, nearly all of them, needed capital in order to make them pay; that in the hands of a poor man they would never show any thing. I knew, in my own mind, that I had a good thing, but to get any of these men, with money, to believe in me was hell! God! You can't know how I almost sweat blood in my endeavors to succeed. I could not sleep; I walked the streets night after night, in perfect



agony. Say! You probably know what it means. I had struggled for years on the burning plains in summer; had almost starved in my attempt to find something that would pay; had put in many and many a night alone, far from any home life; had faced the blizzards, endured the almost arctic cold—for what? A prospect that no one would believe in. But when my money was nearly gone; when I felt like throwing myself into the bay out there and ending everything, I found a man who would listen to me. He went out, looked it over, sampled, assayed and studied conditions, and tonight his son and I leave the old city of Boston for the mountains of Wyoming and my mine, because he found that the prospect was much better than I had led him to believe. I hope you will succeed, but I would not go through the same miserable days and nights of hellish torment endured in my struggle for assistance for all the mines in the world."

I did not get his name and do not know what success he has had. I certainly hope he has made good. Any one who goes through the many hardships that the ordinary prospector does should succeed. When he becomes a prospector he leaves every home comfort and all the joys of social existence for the very questionable chance of finding a paying mine. Only a very small per cent of those who find it have nerve or ability enough to get the help needed to make the prospect into a mine. I know lots of men that found the leads that made Daly, Clark, Mackey, and others, worth millions, who have, in their old age, no place but a pauper's pillow on which to lay their heads, whose coffins will be the cheapest pine box and whose unmarked graves will tell of no achievement, because they lacked the nerve or were not endowed with the ability to get the men with cash to help them "make the mine." I did not meet many Montana men in Boston, although I met, as before mentioned, men who owned shares in the Butte mines.

Lou Parker of Deer Lodge found us both in Boston and Worcester. He was a gentleman very pleasing to meet. I have seen him since in Montana, and also in Los Angeles. He was not successful in his venture in Boston that year. Fourth of July! This grand day came to find me alone in the city. The colonel had found some more of his "cousins," or heard of some more, in a little place near the city and had gone to see them. I knew I would enjoy myself. There would be a great display of fire works on Boston Common. I would take that in as a treat ever to be remembered with pleasure. When evening came, I went to the Commons to find out that that display was not gotten up for my special benefit. Others, in some way, had heard of it, and when I arrived it was to find myself on the outskirts of "skirts," whose headgear was so high and of such large dimensions that it was utterly impossible for me to see any of the fire works; so I retreated to my room the most homesick and disgusted person, probably, in the "Hub." I actually wished that I was out on the "Grasshopper," where I could get one good whiff of sage brush and see a jack rabbit that would be just as

sociable, in his most active endeavor to get away, as were the people in this immense crowd on Independence Day. Alone in a crowd is worse than being alone, alone. When the colonel came I explained what a grand and glorious day it was and how I sincerely enjoyed the fire works—of my own mind.. As I have said, the colonel was a good story teller. He could enter any crowd and find people who were glad to meet him again, because of his ability to appear jolly and full of fun. One day he told the following story, which he claimed happened to him, or in his presence:

"I was raised on Prince Edward Island. There was an Irish school teacher who also helped his little salary by going out into various sections of the island and writing insurance or any little thing that would add to his bank account. He was a mighty inquisitive fellow and always wanted to know the why and wherefore of everything. One Saturday he said: 'Louis, don't you want to take a drive out in the country with me? You will be handy to hold the horses, and will also get to see more of your native land.' I agreed and he got a team and we started out. About noon we came to a nice looking farm house and my Irish friend asked the lady if we could 'bait' our horses and get something to eat ourselves. She told us to put the horses in the stable, as all the men were busy, and come in and make ourselves comfortable. She was a mighty pretty young woman, neat, tasty and very attractive. When the men came in from the harvest field, there was a big black nigger in the bunch. After they had washed, the dinner being on the table, the coon sat up to the head of the table and invited us to set down and eat. That black fellow was the woman's husband! After we were through eating, the coon excused himself, saying that he was sorry that he could not stay and entertain us, but the harvest was on in full blast and he must attend to it; that we could stay as long as we wished, etc. After he had left the house, the Irishman said to the lady: 'There is one thing I can't understand. How is it that such a nice looking lady as you are came to marry a colored man?' 'Oh, that's an easy question to answer,' she replied, 'my sister disgraced the family and I didn't care what became of myself.' 'Your sister disgraced the family? In what way, please?' the damned fool asked. 'Oh, she married an Irishman,' was her reply."

When the colonel got through with his yarn a gentleman said: "I never heard that story in that particular way before, Colonel Price." "Oh, well a fellow has got to have the story originate in some way, you know, so I thought it just as well to have made it a personal experience." This only goes to show that "there is nothing new under the sun," even new(?) stories are chestnuts.

We left Boston and went to Philadelphia and Norristown. We were unable to do any good in either of those places. I had an old friend in Norristown whom I had met in Wisdom, a Mr. Landis. He was well acquainted with all the business men of the city, and called a little meeting where the colonel and I met and explained what we thought we

had. We were too late to interest these people in any mining scheme for the following reason: One of their townsmen, well known to all of them, had gotten hold of a sack of gold nuggets. Going into one of their offices he would say: "I have got something to show you old fellows," and would open the sack and turn these pieces of gold on the desk. Then he would explain that he had found a place where the stuff was in great abundance, but that it required an expenditure of many thousands of dollars to bring water to it for hydraulic purposes. With the nuggets as evidence of the truthfulness of his story, he soon acquired about \$100,000, part of which he gave to an Orphan society, and with the balance he was sojourning in Europe—at the time I was trying to induce them to help me. They told me that if it had not been for this man's perfidious conduct they might have helped. This man Landis was a builder and contractor, and in introducing me he said: "I do not know what Noyes has got. I do know this, he thinks he has a good thing and I know he will not lie to us. If the mine is not good, it is simply a mistake of his judgment. I will go in with you men and furnish the money he wants, if you are willing to take a chance." Leaving Norristown and Philadelphia, we returned to Boston via New York, where we stayed a few days without any good results. We got our old room in Boston at the Young's. From this room one could look across the court into the room that Tom Lawson generally used as a banqueting room. We often saw them dining there and were told that that was the nice way of approaching a man for his money; when his stomach was full and his mind had become befuddled with wine. The day we got ready to leave Boston a party came into the hotel and meeting the colonel, told him he would take him around and introduce him to Tom Lawson. They went to Tom's place of business, but he was busy. The colonel was told to wait a little while. After waiting for fifteen minutes, he said to a clerk: "How long before I can see Mr. Lawson?" "Can't say, exactly, but it will only be a few minutes," was the reply. The colonel waited a few minutes and again asked the question, to which a similar reply was given. The Colonel said: "You tell Tom to go to hell. My time is just as valuable as his and I won't wait any longer." I don't believe Tom went, because he has written "Frenzied Finance and The Remedy" since. I was much disappointed in Boston, from the standpoint of raising money. I had come with letters of introduction that were from friends in good positions; a friend, Fred Smith, cashier of a prominent Minneapolis bank, had given me a letter to Frank Curtis, cashier of the First National Bank of Boston. Curtis was a mighty fine gentleman and though very busy, took me to several prominent men, in a financial way, and gave me an introduction. Among others, a Mr. Weeks, the president of the Stock Exchange. He told me that he did not believe that any mining deal could be swung at that time, as the coppers were falling every day, the Amalgamated going as low as \$34. He said, however, for me to go any place I wanted and use his name, and he would stand behind it. He

was certainly a very agreeable gentleman. (He has since been elected senator from Massachusetts).

We came to Boston, as before mentioned, on an excursion ticket. These tickets had been deposited at a ticket office. When we went for them, Price said : "We want to stop off at Niagara Falls on our way back," and would like to know what is required to do so. There was no answer from any of the dozen men in the room, not even from the man who was getting our tickets. "Do you understand that we want to stop off at Niagara Falls?" the Colonel again asked. The main guy in the office, a good big fellow, made a very foolish and cranky reply to the question. This made the Colonel pretty warm in the collar, and he said: "Who in hell are you? I came here and asked a civil question for information, and get a reply not fit to be given to a dog. I will show you that there are other people living in this world besides railroad men. You don't own all the earth by a whole lot, and I will prove it to you in about a minute," and the Colonel was making determined efforts to climb over the counter and I was holding on his coat, whispering to go slow. Mr. "Headman" noticed he had raised the ire of my huge friend and he came down from his "high horse" and apologized, to the evident amusement of all the clerks present. When the clerk came back with the tickets he explained what we had to do in order to stay over; Price said: "Thank you; if you had replied as kindly to my first question there would have been no disturbance. You must remember that people who travel do not know as much as the railroad people concerning some things, and they need a little information once in a while."

Well, we were now ready to leave old Boston. We had enjoyed some of the things we saw, but had not been able to swell our bank account. We only intended to go as far as Chicago, and work in and about that city for a while. On the train we met a gentleman, an editor of a prominent paper in Buffalo, N. Y. We were detained at the east end of the Hoosick tunnel for quite a little while, and this gentleman entered into conversation with Colonel Price. He pointed out, in the distance, a place said to have been the birthplace of Marshall Field, and told that Field, as a boy, had hired out to clerk for a little country merchant, but at the end of the first month was sent home with this word: "Marshall may make a farmer, he will never make a merchant." Conversation never runs long in the same channel, or on the same subject, and it did not take a long time for this gentleman to take us to the exposition at Chicago, thence to the Nile, Damascus, and the "Tomb of Our Savior." He described many of the oriental customs, and told, in particular of an experience he had at Damascus. It appears that the merchants in those countries solicit your trade in a manner that is not at all agreeable to an American. He was being pulled and hauled about in a way that was fast becoming disgusting, when a young man stepped up and said: "This gentleman agreed, if he ever came to Damascus, to come to my place of business, and I presume that there is where he wishes to go now."

I was much surprised to hear him make the remark, but found that I had actually met him in Chicago and had promised to call on him if I ever came to his city. This was a remarkable feat of memory it appeared to me. After he had explained what he had seen, in various places, he told of the "Holly City." Price asked him what he thought of Jesus Christ. "Well, my friend, I hardly know what to say, but, for 1800 years the influence of that man has been felt. Preach His name in the cannibal islands of the sea; tell the Bushmen of Australia 'The Story' and you are safe from their barbarities. No one has had so much influence for good in all the ages, so there is much for us to consider in forming an opinion." At last we arrived at Niagara Falls. We took in every thing of interest, went on a ride down the gorge and had a good time in general. We took particular pains to go through the "Shredded Wheat Biscuit Plant," as the man Perky was an old friend of the colonel's. As we were very anxious to reach Chicago, we left Niagara as soon as possible. On the train we met a gentleman who was engaged in manufacturing in Detroit; he thought it possible for us to do some business in that city and wanted us to get off there, but as our tickets were good as far as Chicago we concluded to go on. We landed O. K. in Chicago and went to see Harry Hull, a former school teacher at Dillon, who was now engaged in the mining game. He had taken over the Toledo mine at Sheridan, Montana, and had succeeded in getting quite a lot of money with which to develop it. There was no one with whom he could put us in touch, so we went, Price to Detroit and I to Laporte. Dr. Harvey Martin, a brother-in-law of my cousin W. A. Stanchfield, had been in Montana and had, that summer, visited the Ajax and was much impressed with it. The fact is, he had not returned to Laporte when I got there, so I came to the conclusion to go down and help the Colonel at Detroit. We did not fly very high in that city, living in a second class hotel. Price had been introduced to the club of which the gentleman before referred to was a member; he had made quite a lot of friends, but no one that had money to invest could be found. Newbro, the "Herpicide" man, formerly of Butte, called with some of these gentlemen, presumably to see if we were what we pretended to be. We were nearly two weeks in Detroit. On our arrival in Laporte we found Dr. Martin had just returned from Montana. We tried to get people in that section interested so that they would buy some shares, but were not successful. Dr. Martin at last agreed to stand behind me for money at his home bank, so that we could go ahead and enlarge the mill. This was indeed kindly aid. We had tried all kinds of argument in the various places we had visited, with the people who were kind enough to listen. Price tells a little story on me. He said: "I got up early one morning in Worcester, Mass., and called Al. He did not respond, so I opened the door to his room and found that he had gone. I was somewhat worried, as he had never done anything like that before, so, before breakfast, I started out to see if I could find him. In all those eastern cities they have a monument in a public square

to commemorate the valliant services of the citizens that died to uphold the flag on the battlefield, or in the fights with an enemy on the sea. The one at Worcester was a large granite shaft, if I remember correctly, with four life size figures, one at each corner of the pedestal. I do not know what lead me, but I soon came in sight of this monument and saw Al shaking his head and working both arms at once. I stepped up behind him and overheard him say: 'You fellows will never regret it if you take a few shares in the Ajax at the present prices.' I tapped him on the shoulder and said: 'You fool, those fellows are made out of stone.' He turned on me with some heat and replied: 'I don't care a damn what they are made out of; they are the first fellows that I could find in this city that would stand and listen to my story of the Ajax, so I propose to talk to them. You git!'

As before stated, it was not an easy matter to get people to listen. I made several trips to Michigan City, while at Laporte, to try and interest people there. Dr. Frank Martin introduced me to many, but my "story" was not strong enough to convince them. Dr. Martin said: "Noyes, you don't lie enough. They expect wonderful things and are only ready to believe the fabulous concerning a mine. You should not tell them that there is a possibility of any loss; only sure gain." I was walking along the streets of Michigan City one day and I met a lady with a little club-footed child, a little, pleasant-faced girl. She was about three or four years of age and put me to thinking of my little grand-child back in Montana. I simply wanted to do something for her. I told Dr. Harvey Martin that I did not have any money, but that I would give 1,000 shares of Ajax stock to any one that would effect a cure. She was found and the Martin Brothers operated on her and helped her materially. I have often thought, and feel thankful for it, that the old Ajax was the means of doing some good in the world to others, even though she greased the "toboggan slide" for me.

The day came when the Colonel and I were to separate; he to stay and do all he could, I to go back to Montana and begin the enlargement of the mill. I took money enough to pay my way to Dillon and gave him the rest (which was none too much). On my way home, in North Dakota, I met McKenzie, the big politician of that state, and who is said to have been one of the characters in Rex Beach's book "The Spoilers." I landed in Dillon early Sunday morning, and as Mrs. Noyes and the children would come in from the ranch that day, I had to rustle some groceries, meat, etc. When going home I met Morse, who was very much surprised to see me, as I had not written that I would be back so soon. He went to my house with me and began to question me as to results. I explained just what had been done and that I should go ahead and put five more stamps in the mill. He heard me through and then said: "Al Noyes, we're broke! And I will tell you one thing that will break us, and that is the \$6,000 we owe on the Ajax ranch. Those fellows want it and want it right now, and we can't

get it." I looked at him a moment and began to laugh. He said: "What do you see in our present condition to laugh about. I tell you we are in a mighty bad position, and I myself do not see any way out of it." "Well, Morse," I replied, "I do not look at this matter as you do. We are not going broke. I can get that \$6,000 inside of 10 days." "You can't do any such a thing, and you know it," he said. "All right, we won't worry about that until the time comes. I will take it on myself to raise that money so that we will not have any trouble along that score," I replied. "It is all right for you to talk the way you do, but you know as well as I that we are in a mighty bad fix, and that there is no way to keep from going to pieces," he said. "Now, look here, J. E., I want to tell you something that you have probably overlooked. It is quite possible that I may not be able to pull out of the financial trouble I am in; but you need not worry one moment as to yourself, because the banks would not allow you to go broke. Did you ever take into consideration the effect it would have on Beaverhead county if J. E. Morse were to go broke? Probably you have not, but I have, as it would break almost every man in the county that was at all in debt. The banks know this, and they will never call on you until you are ready; all you need is a stiff upper lip, and you will come out O. K." Mrs. Noyes and the children came about noon, and Morse came back in the afternoon to talk to me about conditions. He turned to Mrs. Noyes and said: "Al is so full of enthusiasm that it does me good to talk to him; he really does fill one with hope, even though things do not look the brightest." We did need the \$6,000 to pay the Butte bank and I set out to find where it was to come from, as it was up to me to make good. I wrote to Dr. Martin and explained matters, and he found a friend of his that would advance the money if I was not able to get it nearer home. Armed with this letter I went to Butte. I called on Jim Forbis and asked him if he knew where a person could get \$6,000. "\$6,000! Why, Al Noyes, if I wanted that much money, I do not know where I could go in the city of Butte, even though I was to put up this business block (a three-story brick near the Thornton hotel) to get it." I had in mind S. & B. with whom I had done business before, and went to them. B. went with me to the bank, where we had quite a long talk with the banker. We started back to the office of S. & B. and I told B. that I was perfectly independent; that it was up to him to do business with me and do it quick or not at all, as I had a letter from Laporte, Indiana, saying that the money would be wired me any time I called for it. B. did not take time to go into his office, but said: "We will go back down to that bank and I will sign you a check," which he did. Walking up Main street a few minutes after I met Jim Forbis, and told him that I had made the rustle. His reply was: "Al Noyes, you must be a dandy if you can come up here and get that much money in a day, the way things are." You must remember the copper stocks were very low and hence

not much enthusiasm in Butte. I reached home that evening and reported my success to Morse, who was very well pleased over the result.

It became necessary to find some stamps that could be had for a reasonable amount. This work fell to me. I soon found where these could be had, if they were in good condition, at a point down in Idaho, where a quartz mill had been burned. I made the trip down there and found everything in fairly good shape. It was then up to me to find a millwright that really knew how to put up a stamp mill. An old gentleman, Thomas White Fisher, was recommended as first class in his line. I got him to meet me in Butte, when we talked the matter over, with the result that he agreed to do the work, asking that he could fetch a man to help him do the framing. We soon had these men on the ground, where they were to get timbers ready while the little five stamp mill was to make its last run. As the weather was very nice during the fall, I got Mr. Roe to make the trip to the mine with me, as he was our banker, and had also had more or less experience in mining, having been West since 1862. He was a man on the shady side of 60, and stood the trip as well or better than many younger ones. While he did not say anything, I could tell that he was very much pleased with what he saw. I spent part of my time at the ranch, as I was very anxious to get rid of our hay. We did not have many cattle on hand, and did have a nice lot of hay. We certainly needed the money mighty bad. On my birthday, December 2, I arrived at the ranch to find a representative of Mrs. Marcus Daly, who wanted what hay I could spare. I sold him \$4,400 worth and sent the money or check to J. E. This, he said, was the biggest piece of money he ever saw in his life, not that it was in fact, but it came at a time of need. "Mother," Len and the boys had had full charge of the ranch that season, and it was not an easy matter to run it, as money was mighty hard to get with which to pay the men. Strowbridge had done all he could with the store money, credit, etc., to help both ranch and mine, and it was a mighty up-hill proposition. As it was not easy to keep a cook at the lower camp, I got Edna to go up and attend to that for us. Little Charlie was only eight months old and the cabin was not the most agreeable one in the world. Picture to yourself the tall, overhanging mountains covered with snow; see a low log cabin surrounded by evergreens that made it none too light, even in the most agreeable and sunny weather; think of the fierce winds that hurled the light snows of an early winter around your abode until the great drifts were almost up to the eaves, and the snow covered the roof three or four feet deep. Here, in one room, a home was to be made for three or four people, while the provisions were also stored and the kitchen, dining and bed room was all in one; then, to cap it all, a little baby in its mother's arms, became sick unto death. He had been sick for several days and I had sent his father for the doctor, 28 miles away. I was at the mill when some of the men came rushing up the hill to tell me they thought the baby was dying. I went to the cabin, and the little fellow was stiff in



its mother's arms. Convulsive sobs rung her frame, and with tears streaming down her face she said: "Papa, my baby is dying, what can we do?" I found a little whisky, made a toddy and gave it to him, and in a few moments he came out of his convulsions, broke out into profuse perspiration and in a few moments was nursing, something he had not done for several days. In the meantime, I had dispatched two of the men, Harry Kanute, and some one else, to go and hurry up the doctor. One was to go via the ranch, the other by Fox's. These boys made record time, arriving at Wisdom, 28 miles over snow roads, in two hours and fifty minutes, the first 11 miles in 55 minutes. The doctor and Len had not started, but they soon were on the road and changing horses at the ranch, where Mart Houston was on the watch for them, they soon got to the mill, to find the baby much improved. I requested the doctor to stay until the baby was out of danger. In a couple of days he told me that he could hold out no encouragement for ultimate recovery. I got Jimmy Milne to take a team and rush to Dillon for Mrs. Noyes. He could phone from Grey's, and did so. She got a team at Anderson Bros.' to take her to that place and Jimmy brought her through to the mine in one day, where she arrived about midnight. That day, just before dinner, I was on the cabin shoveling off the snow when the doctor came out and said: "The child can't possibly last through the day." I called to Harry Kanute, who was hauling logs, and told him to put his team in the stable, as we would start for the valley as soon as the baby died. I turned to the doctor and asked if there was nothing else he could do. He said: "I can try one more thing, but can't offer any encouragement whatever, Noyes." He tried and the baby lived and is alive today, eleven years after, but he has been deaf and dumb ever since.

I could not draw a pen picture that would give one any idea of the worry, misery, despondency and gloom that filled the little low log cabin, banked high with snow, on the head of Big Swamp creek those days when little Charles' life hung on such a slender thread. It was a relief when "Mother" came. She brought the knowledge and care of a tender nurse. We had been working hard, with a full force, to build a new cabin near the mill that would, at least, have some semblance of comfort. This was completed and the baby was moved there, where, in the sunshine that came in at the south windows, he began to grow strong. "Mother" and the children returned to Dillon and we continued with our work. I do not know the date when we dropped the stamps in the large mill. It did not take but a short time to find that she would eat up a lot of rock. We needed miners and I had to go to Butte for some; many of them did not prove any good, as it is almost impossible to find a miner in one of the large camps that can go in an outside camp and do good work. The mill men said: "Send down more ore." The miners were sore and they did not send the clean stuff, much of the country rock found its way to the ore bin, to be thrown to one side, or if put through, to cut down values. Ducharme did the amalgamating, Tom Landers did the assaying, Uncle

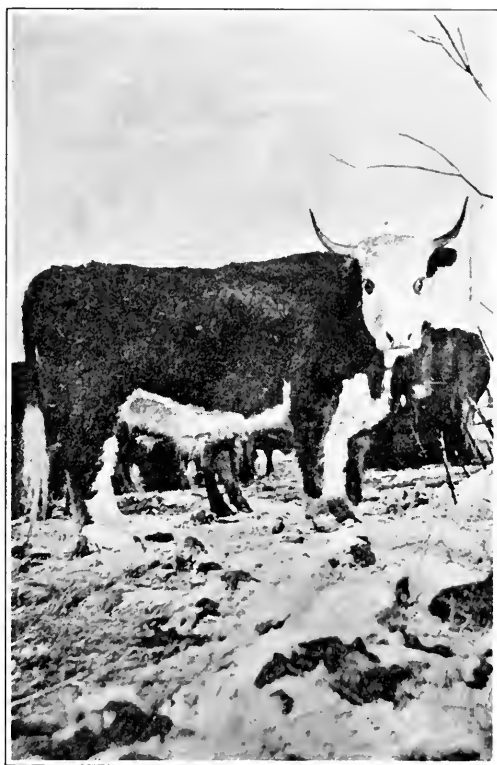
Will Stanchfield was foreman, Hugh McGarry was shift boss. We had ore teams to haul the ore from the mine to the lower tramway. We had to haul concentrates to Wisdom. The road to the mine was along the side of a steep mountain. The winds would fill the tracks as a general thing as soon as one was over. The road that began on the grade kept climbing the mountain until it was at least 100 feet higher than when we began. The ends of the single trees marked the trees 15 and 20 feet high on account of the deep snow. It was a mighty disagreeable job to break a road through eight feet of snow in order to get cord wood, but this must be done. I have said that the mill men called for more ore, but the miners did not appear to be able to furnish it. Wilber E. Sanders, a mining man, a son of Senator Sanders, had been doing some work on Steele creek, on the Maynard Bros. & Clifford's mine. He had installed an electric drill, which proved a success. As the Maynards could not accept the price he offered (which was a long one), he left the Basin and they got all the machinery. I came to the conclusion that I would buy this machine and install it in the Ajax, providing I could make satisfactory terms with them. I called on them, and they said I could take the outfit and if it worked, I could pay them \$1,000 for it, or I could return it and reinstall it in their mine in as good a condition as when I found it. With such an understanding, I sent my men for it, and went on to Dillon on another matter of business. I returned in a day or two to Wisdom and found that they had come to the conclusion not to let me have it until they received the cash. Cash! Gosh! Where was I to get the cash? I made up my mind to see "mother" and see if she would agree to sell our home. She did and soon finding a buyer, I took my thousand dollars and returned to Wisdom and sent the teams again to the Maynard Bros. and got the machine. In the meantime, merry hell had been going on at the mine. The drivers had gone on a strike or become dissatisfied and quit, and the whole outfit was tied up. Then, to cap it all, one of the most fearful snow storms of the season came and blocked the road so we could not get the electric drills up, even though we had sold our home for money with which to buy them (and they never were installed). I got the teamsters back and we began operations again, the best we could. I wrote to Morse that we could not possibly make a success of the thing in the way we were working it, and that we had better shut it down. We could not "let go," especially at that season of the year, and must keep up appearances. We kept on until April 1st, or a little after, losing about \$10 for every one we were making. You could take a candle and go into the drift and see the gold with the naked eye, and yet we could not make it pay. The "run" that we had made did not come up to our expectations. We did not know what to do. We thought we might be able to sell some shares at a low price and put in an aerial tram and this would help to make a success, in fact, would make one. When I got back to Dillon, Morse happened to meet me and we sat down and had a long "medicine talk." J. E. said:

"Al Noyes, if any one had told me eight or nine months ago that you and I would be doing business now, I would not have believed it." We sat there for hours, planning what we could do. His outside interests, sheep and Birchdale ranch, was helping him to keep up and there was a prospect of selling the Birchdale and Mantle ranches for enough money to put him on easy street. Not one thing appeared on the horizon to help "mother" and me. Unless the Ajax did pay, we could not see our way out. We had played for big stakes and the cards seemed to run against us. We had sold the Wisdom Mercantile company, we had sold our Dillon property, and all had gone into the maw of the Ajax. We proposed to give Morse all our interest in ranch and mine and walk off if he would pay the debts. He did not accept the offer, as he said he did not see how he would be any better off without than with us. So we agreed to stay and do the best we could.

In the meantime, Colonel Price had been in the east selling and trying to sell stock in the mine. He sent us several dollars that came at an opportune time. He was from home thirteen months and made a sacrifice of his own business to help us. For some reason, I could not give up the thought that the mine could be made to pay. I wanted some development work done and let a contract to Jack Walker, a former tool sharpener of the mine, and a friend of his. They, in fact, took a lease on the mine and we were to start up the mill. They ran a cross-cut and found a nice body of galena ore. They also stoped quite a lot between No. 1 and No. 2 tunnels. Something happened so we did not start the mill that season, so we paid the boys for the work done. We did quite a lot of representing on some claims, extensions of the Ajax, on the Idaho side of the range, also hired Joe Matt and Emil Klein to work on No. 4, a cross-cut to strike the ore at the lowest exposed place on the vein. These men put in a long, lone winter and spring, at this work. They tapped the lead at 210 feet, and found a good sized body of low grade ore. One can not get an idea what two men go through that live, as they did, on the top of a mountain range when the snow was piled up about the cabin so that the sunlight would be excluded for days at a time, and when the roads were impassable to any one except with snow shoes. These two men were good workers. They were particular friends when they began, and when they quit, bitter, life-long enemies. They would work all day, go to the cabin at night, get their meal and speak no word. They had some reading matter that they conned over and over that kept them from going "bugs." About this time my uncle, Thos. H. Hamilton, of Horse Prairie, died. Owing to some misunderstanding he had had with his daughter, Mrs. Addie Smyington of Long Beach, Cal., he gave her but one dollar, the remainder of his property he left to his wife, Mrs. M. J. Hamilton, my mother's sister. I had not been able to get money with which to buy cattle to feed my hay. Governor White had been our banker, for our stock business, but owing to our inability to make good in the mine, he could not see his way clear to continue the loans, especially as I owed

him about \$13,000. White had been running the Highland ranch, a piece of property that belonged to White, Norris, Morse and myself. He had bought up quite a lot of young steers and could not sell all, so needed some place to winter those not saleable. The governor has always been a man that has obtained a large amount of information either at first or second hand. He was always, in my day, asking questions of one's neighbors as to the exact condition of one's ranch and business, so far as said neighbor might know or guess. This particular fall he was to go to the Highland, deliver some cattle to people to whom he had sold and then try and find a place for the rest. As I had lots of hay I invited him over. As he was sitting conversing with me on different things pertaining to our business, he said: "How many cattle have you, Noyes?" "About 650 head," was my reply. "Why, I asked ———— when I was coming in the other day and he said you had about 350 head." "Well, Governor, may be that is all we have. Some of my neighbors have always known a damn sight more about my business than I have myself. We will call it 350 head," I said. "They also tell me, Jake ————, for instance, that your cattle are run down, inbred; that you have not been caring for them lately; how is that?" By this time I was pretty warm in the collar and replied that that was so; that the stuff was actually no good, but that I could not help myself. "You say that you want to feed some of my cattle, Noyes. I don't see where you would have pasture for them if you have some of your own and also some of Morse's in your field now, and you know the stuff must be moved, as the grass is no good on the Highland," he said.

I had a very fine span of buggy horses, Paddy and Dewey, also a top buggy, so I said. "Governor, would you like to take a ride down in our field and see the actual conditions, so that you need not depend on hearsay?" "Yes," he said. I got the team and we drove to the fields. Here and there were beautiful whiteface cows with calves, big, wide and fat as butter, perfect pictures. "Say, Noyes, why don't you sell that fat cow?" he would ask. "Why, Governor, that cow is suckling a calf just now and I don't like to let her go," I replied. "You don't tell me that that big calf, a yearling I would call it, is sucking do you?" "Yes, Governor," I replied, "that is one of those 'inbred' calves that are no good." The old gentleman looked through the herd and about the fields where acres and acres of fine grass was standing, and then he said: "Noyes, you have a much more valuable ranch than I supposed. Why, you could pasture 2,000 more stock than you have now until Christmas, couldn't you?" "Yes, Governor, I can. What do you think of the 'inbreds'?" He replied that he had never seen as nice a bunch of cattle any place before. The long and short of it was, he gave me a bunch of steers to feed that winter. As stated before, Hamilton only left one dollar to Addie, so she proceeded to bring suit to break the will. As it was necessary for my aunt to go to Los Angeles, in order to get some required information, she requested me to go with her, she



WHITEFACE



to pay my expenses. I agreed to go, but did not have a cent that I could use for incidentals, so asked my brother Will for \$100, which he gave me, although it was about all he had. We made the trip in February and I, in a way, enjoyed myself, as the change from 32 below at Wisdom to the orange-scented groves of southern California was exceedingly marked. "Mother" went to Dillon and stayed with some friends, while Jakey Louk took charge of the ranch in my absence, with my old friend, Bob McConnell, as cook. Jake had Joe Matt and Fred Kyle as assistants. We gathered all the information needed in the case and later on it was settled out of court by my aunt giving Addie \$3,000. Soon after I got back I received a letter from the governor, saying he would like to have me make a payment on the account. I was not at all particular to continue business along such lines, so I made up my mind to sell the White Faces and pay the governor. I happened to meet my old friend, Joe Toomey, the next time I went to Wisdom and in a conversation with him I expressed a wish to sell our cattle. "Why, you don't mean that you want to sell your White Faces, do you, Al?" he asked. "Just exactly what I want to do, Joe," I replied. "Well, if that's the case," he said, "I can soon find a buyer for you. Walker will take them in a hurry." D. D. Walker soon hunted me up and asked if I really wanted to sell the cattle. I replied that I did, and he made an appointment with me to look them over.

To those who have no sentiment, the fact of disposing of a herd of cattle would have no terror. To me, a person full of sentiment, there was an ache, a pain so full and deeply felt that it was excruciating. I had built up, worked for and with that bunch of cattle until I knew them all. They were pets and it was my hobby to have a fine bunch of cattle. But when the banker calls for his bond to be fulfilled, for his pound of flesh, no matter if it be next the heart, you must meet his call. Walker bought the cattle and afterward told Strowbridge that they were the nicest herd of cattle he had ever seen in one large bunch in his life. (Poor D. D. soon after died and never got any personal benefit out of his purchase). I called on the governor and paid him in full, and told him that I did not want any more of his money to do business on if I had to dance to his music.

I wrote a letter to E. J. Bowman of the Daly Bank and Trust Co., Anaconda, and explained that I wanted money, but that unless he could carry us for \$20,000.00 to \$30,000.00 he needn't answer the communication. A few days brought a reply from him, saying: "I guess we can fix the matter all right; come down and see me, Noyes." He very kindly let me have what money I needed, and I went to Salmon and purchased twelve to fourteen hundred head of cattle from Edwards, Shoup and others. These cattle were bought right, but even then they did not make much money. I made up my mind to try the Ajax once more, so after the haying was done in 1905, I got Tom Landers to run the mill and with a small force to get the ore down, we began. Mrs. Noyes would go up and

do the cooking at the mill while I would assume general supervision of the whole outfit. The weather was anything but agreeable at that season of the year. I wished to get ore from all the tunnels, 2, 3 and 4. It was surely heart-breaking work, but the men went up against the blizzards without a murmur. We must have been up there at least six weeks before we made our clean-up, though we were not running the mill all the time. Our "brick" was worth about \$1160.00. I had an idea that it would be wise to sell shares for 12½ cents, until we could raise enough to put in the aerial tramway. I went to Butte and happened into the office of Jno. F. Forbis, to whom I showed the result of our last run. Fred Green, a well known engineer, who had seen the property, was called in and gave John a very encouraging report as to what he had seen. John called in some of the other gentlemen connected with the Amalgamated company, also Geo. Casey, and made me a statement as to what they would do. This was accepted by Mr. Morse and myself, and Tom Landers was engaged to take charge of the work. It is no easy matter to get stuff from Butte to the Ajax mine late in the fall or early winter. We made up our minds to expend part of the money in the erection of a telephone line from the ranch house to mine. This was not an easy thing by any means, as part of it had to be constructed through thick timber with the snow almost up to the middle. The line was finished about Christmas and the men were ready to commence on No. 4. Work progressed as rapidly as one could expect when the snow slides, storms, etc., were to be taken into consideration. Mrs. Landers and her two little girls took charge of the kitchen and put in all of that long winter, and could not get out until spring. The 'phone was a means of making the place less lonely than it had ever been before. The ore encountered did not satisfy the people whom Mr. Forbis had taken in and as soon as the money was expended the mine closed down. This was to be the last act, so far as I was concerned, in trying to do anything with the Ajax.

We had the Ajax ranch and we had too many debts. The load was more than I wanted to carry, and I was anxious to free myself of part of it, so I made up my mind to sell if I could find a buyer. We did not appear to be able to get any one to take the whole thing, so I made up my mind to sell the lower end of it, or 1,748 acres. I found in Wm. Montgomery the man I was hunting for, and sold for eleven dollars per acre. This was, no doubt, foolish, but, given the same conditions, I would do the same thing. Mr. Morse did not take kindly to this change in our business, but did not object seriously. We purchased the Tom Low place and continued together until he was fortunate enough to make a turn in one of his ranch deals that placed him so far ahead of that hydra-headed monster, debt, that he had no objection when I again approached him with the proposition that he should take all and pay all, and that I would begin once more at the lower round of the ladder.

It was on the 28th day of May, 1907, that I sold Will Montgomery the "Heart" of the Ajax ranch, twenty-five years, to a day, since I had





SUNNY SLOPE  
HOME OF W. A. ARMITAGE



come to the valley. Those twenty-five years had meant much to me. They had carried all of hope, all of success, at last a dismal failure. Out into the world with nothing to do with and with hardly a word of encouragement. Is it any wonder that it struck a note of discord in a nature once so optimistic; that it made me feel that man is nothing, no matter how he may have lived, when the check book has lost its cunning and the dollars have taken wings and flown away? And the Dream? All the years I must have been walking in my sleep to awake and find it had all been a foolish nightmare. And again I see, as in a dream, the grand old mountain peaks that hold deep down beneath their frozen forms the gold I hunted for, the wealth I sought. They stand as monuments to mark the spot of my dead hopes.

Farewell.

### A LITTLE BIG HOLE HISTORY.

Captain Clark and party passed through in 1806, and called it Hot Spring valley, on account of the spring on Warm Spring creek. They gave as full a description as has ever been written of the place. They ate their dinner where Jackson is, July 7th. It would only be conjecture to say that Bonneville ever saw the valley. It is too bad that we do not know the exact date when Emanuel Martin, the Mexican, first passed through the Big Hole. Judge Woody says that it was between 1850 and 1854. This man took the first wagon to the Bitter Root and went there via the "Big Hole Prairie," as the place was then called. That the section was called Big Hole only goes to prove that trappers must have been there before Martin and after Clark. The road was on the west side of the valley. It is unfortunate for us that the trappers did not keep any record or diary.

A man by the name of Van Etton went through the valley in 1856. He had two ox teams and was on his way from Utah to Bitter Root. With him came Judge Frank H. Woody of Missoula, and Robert Hereford, the first assessor of Lewis & Clark county, a man well known in Alder gulch in early days. In my quest for early history of "Big Hole Prairie," I find that Lieut. Mullan was there Dec. 4th and 5th, 1853, and passed over into the Grasshopper valley, "by an excellent wagon road." He made a note that the west side of the Big Hole was covered with six inches of snow while there was none on the east. I have also found out that Dr. Glick was the first doctor probably ever in the valley, as he mined in Pioneer for a short time, just before Bannack was struck in 1862.

Mike Steele told me that a man by the name of Woods discovered gold in Pioneer, or Ruby as it is called now, in 1862, before Bannack was found. Granville Stuart says: "Jack Slack and party came via the north fork of the Salmon and made the first discovery in what is now known as Beaverhead county." I have been told that the use of the name "Jack Slack" was only another way of saying "we do not know," or a

myth, in fact. French was discovered in 1865. In August, 1869, Mike Steele, Ed Boyle and Barney McDonnell found pay on Steele creek and began to mine. Doolittle, a squaw man, had a cabin in the early '70's on Doolittle creek. He had a few head of cattle, but did not become a permanent settler. Cattlemen from Deer Lodge, Beaverhead and Horse Prairie valleys used the Big Hole as early as 1874 for summer pasture. Battle of the Big Hole, August 9, 1877. 1880, Chase, Hammer and the Barker brothers put up hay for Joe Ketchen, no doubt the beginning of actual settlement of the valley. That same season the Williams brothers, old freighters, cut hay on what is now called "Squaw creek." This creek was called "Jurd's creek" for one of the brothers. The real Squaw creek is the one afterward settled on by Geo. Mudd, and on the north side of the river. The Gregson brothers of Gregson Springs put up hay for their cattle that same fall, and Phil Evans, father of Congressman Jno. M. Evans, put up hay and sent in a band of sheep, the first sheep in the Big Hole, in care of Nat Evans. This man, Nat Evans, was one of the riders in the great long distance race run in Deer Lodge in 1870 between Col. Thornton's "Bay Billy" and Hank Valiton's "Lizzard." This race was for 60 miles, won by the Lizzard in a little over four hours. Williams Bros., Evans and the Gregsons got enough of the valley, or its long winter, the first year and pulled out, never to return.

As the Barker brothers were only in on the Ketchen hay in 1880, they did not come back, but Chase, Jake Hammer and Milton Jones cut hay in 1881, and Allen Pierse undertook to run sheep. David Law was in care of the band. Allen pulled out as he did not consider it a good place for sheep business. Mr. and Mrs. James Woods lived in the valley in 1881, or stayed, rather, during the winter, as "Jim" was feeding cattle for James Maxwell. Jake Hammer, Milton Jones, Jared Chase and E. O. Packard put in the winter of 1881-2. A. J. Noyes and Hattie M. Noyes settled where the town of Wisdom is, June 1st, 1882. Wm. Frasier and family came about June 10th, 1882. Chase, Jake Hammer, Milton Jones and Blake Hammer cut ties north of Doolittle creek in 1882. They were driven to Divide on the river. Jas. Geery, Frank Dixon, Geo. Smith, James Innis and Alf McVey settled below Wisdom in 1882, probably latter part of May. Mrs. McVey was with them. Oscar and Earl were then little fellows. I really believe that "Mc." brought the first pigs ever seen in the valley, and traded them to A. J. Noyes for a little cook stove.

Myers and Wilke lived on Steel creek winter of 1882-3. Fred had been prospecting in that section in 1880 and saw lumber that Steele, Boyle and McDonnell whip-sawed in 1869. They were at Ed Shoemaker's cabin when he accidentally shot himself while hunting; he was crossing some thin ice and using the butt of his gun to test it, the gun broke through and shot him through the side. Wilke was with him when he died, Myers had gone to Noyes' ranch for S. E. Packard.

David Wraton, family, and Douglas Vance, came in in 1883 and settled on Steele creek, from which place they soon moved to the river and took up land afterward owned by Jno. Paddock and Fred Frances. B. O. Fournier located at Warm Springs in 1884. The town of Jackson was afterward laid out in land he took up. George Thompson and family came in early in 1884. In July, 1884, Herman Jackson, Antone Jackson, for whom the town of Jackson is named, and A. Paulson, a brother-in-law of the Jackson's, settled on the river below McVey creek on land afterward sold to Mallory, Bielenberg and Walker. The Jacksons located land, after they sold out to the above named company, on Bloody Dick, which they sold to the Horse Prairie Herding Association, when they made a more satisfactory move to land near Warm Springs creek. Anton Jackson was the first postmaster at Jackson, hence name of town.

Capt. W. W. Bentley and wife came in spring of 1884, and settled just south of Matt Waldherr. Ben Hamby and family came to the valley that year. Ben was killed by a bear some years after, near the upper end of the Big Hole. J. C. Paddock and C. W. Frances landed in the valley May 25th, 1884, and John had the first violin. "Grandpa" W. W. Frances and wife came soon after. Postoffice was established at Geery's ranch in August, and Harrison Churchill, our first mail contractor, was ordered to start September 1st, 1884.

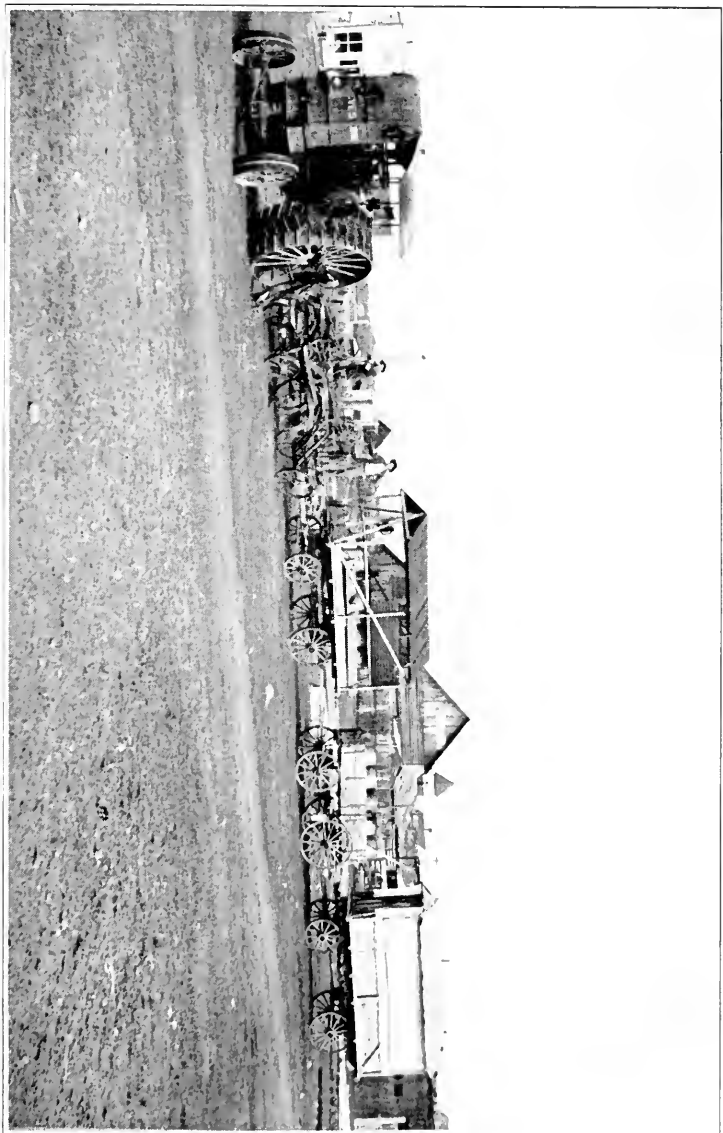
I do not want to forget my old friend Billy Ryan, who was one of the boys with Gibbon in '77, and who had his gun shot out of his hand in that engagement. Bill had been mining in old Pioneer for years, before he made up his mind to locate land in the valley, when he located what is now Jahnke place, if I am not mistaken. Frank LeMasters, Jerry Merrett, Jno. Knight and a Mr. Irwin located above Capt. Bentley's, but did not stay long. The Wright Bros., Jno. Frank and Ed, located on land near what is now the Montgomery bridge the summer of 1883. September, 1884, James Innis, Frank Dixon, David Law, Ethelridge, Nels Johnson and A. J. Noyes built the first grade around Twin Crossings. Harry Freyschlag located in the valley on what was afterward the Stanley ranch, in '84, but soon moved to the river on land now owned by Geo. Woodworth. Al. G. Stanley came in about the same time.

First election, November 4th, 1884; James Geery, Justice of the Peace; Quitman Owen, Constable; James Innis, Road Supervisor. First school trustees, James Geery, Wm. Frazier, Alf McVey. No school during their term of office. Geo. Woodworth, wife and son, Fred, came in 1885. Fred Frances and Ed Brown located in 1885 on Sheep creek. Fred was, no doubt, the most successful big game hunter we ever had in the valley. Jno. Wampler came with his family in November, 1885. He was taken sick on the way in and died at Noyes' place and was buried near the little lake just below Wisdom. Wm. and James Montgomery, Thos. Low and Frank Pendleton located in the

valley in 1885 and began the most successful ranch property, or one that has been built up, under the management of Will Montgomery, to become the largest feeding plant for the feeding of beef cattle, on wild hay, probably in th world.

Will Armitage, wife and two children, came to the valley in 1886 and located near Wisdom. Flem Wampler, wife and children came about the same time and located on Sheep creek, afterward to move to the lake near the town. W. B. Stanchfield and family settled near Big Swamp creek the fall of 1886. First school, by Miss Blodgett, summer of 1885; trustees, David Wraton, Jas. Batterton and Geo. Woodworth. First postmaster, Jas. Geery; first justice of the peace, Jas. Geery.

I have not the exact dates to hand, but for the sake of those who may desire to get the information, will give a list of the first things in the Big Hole: Blacksmith shop, Noyes' ranch; Wm. Packard. Will Packard was a mighty nice fellow, my first partner in the ranching business; he came in in 1882. First dance, Noyes', Thanksgiving Night, 1884. First grain, wheat and oats, Geo. Woodworth. First Literary Society, Woodworth's. First store, J. D. Fox and sons. First bridge built over Big Hole, above Dewey's in 1886, near Wisdom by Al Noyes, Will A. Armitage, Watt Maloney and Flem Wampler. First telephones brought into the valley by A. J. Noyes; as Noyes did not use them, Geo. Woodworth did, and built the line from his ranch, the C—D, to Wisdom, First newspaper, "Big Hole Breezes." First death, Edward Shoemaker, who was buried near the Montgomery bridge. First doctor was Dr. Treacy, in 1885, to see Jno. Wampler. First surveyor, James Batterton. First civil engineer and United States land commissioner, B. R. Stevenson. First quartz mine developed, Ajax. First quartz mill on the Ajax. First saw mill, W. W. Frances and Sons. First organ, Mrs. A. J. Noyes, 1883. First piano, W. B. Stanchfield, 1887. First Fourth of July oration, Rev. R. P. Smith. First sermon, Revs. Tait and Bennett, in old log school house, near Fred Frances, one one-fourth miles south of Wisdom. First minister to locate, a Mr. Edmonton, of the M. E. church. First drug store, Dr. McNevin. First store at Wisdom, Emil Zorn and Mrs. Hattie M. Noyes. First postmistress in valley, Mrs. Hattie M. Noyes, at Wisdom. Mrs. Noyes was the "Mother of Wisdom," as it was on her land the town was located. First sheep, 1880, Phil Evans of Deer Lodge. First child born, Gibbon Frazier, who was killed in the big explosion in Butte. First girl born, Maud Wraton, in 1884. Died in Dillon when not more than two years of age. First ranch fenced, Noyes and Tong, 1886. First irrigating ditch out of Spring creek, by Matt Waldherr, 1884; out of Big Hole river, A. J. Noyes, May 1st, 1886. First wedding was by Judge Geo. Woodworth, Miss Grisald was lady, but cannot get the groom's name. First county commissioner, Geo. Woodworth, who also was the first man to go to the legislature from our valley. First assessor, Al Noyes. First doctor to settle in valley, Dr. Wentworth, said to have been a relative of "Long John" Wentworth of Chicago. This



H. S. ARMITAGE'S PLOW OUTFIT





man was over eighty when he came to Big Hole. He lived on the old wagon road near the timber on Swamp creek, and died and was buried near his ranch, now (1914) the property of Willey Bros. O. Willis was the first assessor to come into the valley, which was in 1883. Will Armitage took the first census for the United States of the valley.

General Sherman camped near Wisdom, 1884, on what is now J. P. Lossl's ranch. First plow used in making the Salt Lake company's ditch. First threshing machine, Clarence H. Strowbridge. First auto, C. H. Strowbridge. First 100 head of steers to be fed for beef, 1883-4, by Nick Bielenberg; 260 tons of hay, according to measurement, in hand pitched stacks, was the amount fed; they were put on feed Christmas day, 1883, and started for Butte April 25th, 1884. First spring wagon was owned by A. J. Noyes, and cost \$165.00. First building on platted ground of Wisdom, J. P. Lossl's stage stable. First person to be buried on "Grave Yard on the Hill," Old Mr. Johnson, Nels' father. First bath tub, given to Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Noyes by friends on their "Tin Anniversary." First piece of cement side walk, by Charlie Bell.

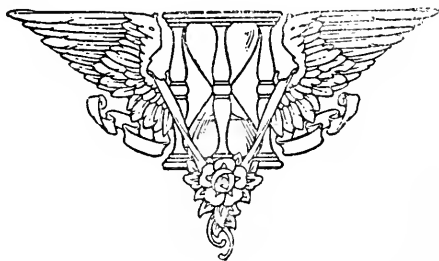
I would not attempt to write the names of all those who have helped to make the Big Hole. Our old friend Barney Hughes, one of the discoverers of Alder, and Bob McConnell, one of the "boys" to find the Hecla mines on Trapper creek, sleep their last sleep in the little cemetery overlooking the valley. Land was not considered very valuable until Dan Burkholder took a lot of options for J. E. Morse, winter of 1910-11. Dan was a fellow who had quite a lot of ideas and he says that one of them was to get options and then get a man with whom he was acquainted in North Dakota, a Mr. Bloodgood, to come and exploit the matter. Anyway Dan did get about 52,000 acres tied up, part of which was later taken over by J. E. Morse and sold to other parties. Dan was quite a rustler, and would have, had he had money, made things hard to catch.

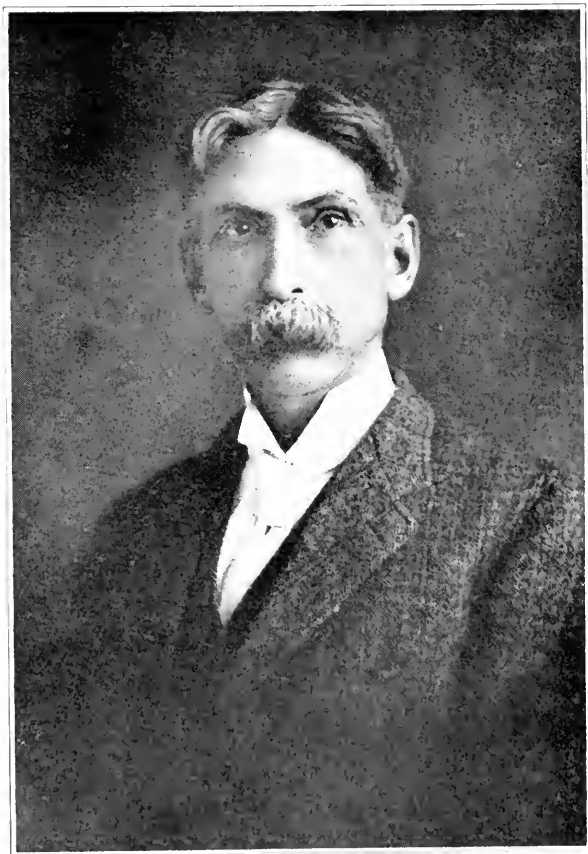
I do not want to forget my old friend John Anderson, who settled on Fish Trap creek in those early days. It was one of those fortunate things that comes into a fellow's life, the settlement of Anderson. Fortunate for himself as well as those of us that needed a place to stay on our way to Butte. If I was to close this little story without giving to "Grandpa" and "Grandma" Frances the credit due them, I would stand convicted of little less than a crime. Wm. Wallace Frances and Mary, his wife, entered the valley with some of their children in those early days. Their tendency was to build up and make better every one with whom they came in contact. Many a fevered brow felt the cool hand of "Grandma," and many a young man would do well to follow the example of "Grandpa." To him should be given credit of having made it possible to erect the first church in Wisdom. He never stopped the fight for this work until it was completed, and it is something that his children and grandchildren ought to remember with pride.

While this is going to press, my friends, Alex Ralston, wife, and Clarence H. Strowbridge, were killed in an auto accident near Ralston.

These three people were as fully identified in the up-building of the Big Hole as any other three persons. This sad accident took place on French creek, only three-quarters of a mile above Ralston, on the 17th day of June, 1914. No more impressive funerals ever took place in our state owing to the wide acquaintances of the parties. They were loved by all who knew them.

In ending this little story, I want to thank many of my friends who have given me words of encouragement that have enabled me to go ahead with it. Among others: Goodwin T. Paul, J. C. Smith, Eugene Poin-dexter and Mrs. Martin Barrett of Dillon, Will Armitage, Charles, Fred and Dora Frances, Mrs. Strowbridge and, not the least, my sister, Maud (Mrs. W. A. Armitage). Judge Pemberton, librarian of the State Historical Society, said: "Make no excuses, Noyes. Go ahead and write your story." Taking his advice, I shall not make any excuses for offering "The Story of Ajax," which is a story of Mrs. Noyes and myself. Much of it is history of a local nature and will be of interest to those who will live in the little valley beneath the "Shining mountains" long after we who made the fight will have passed over the Great Divide.





A. J. NOYES (AJAX)



# INDEX

Abascal, Mrs. Joaquin.....	41	Blue Dick.....	22- 25
Alder Gulch.....	8	Bonneville, Capt.....	58
Alexander, Sam.....	30	Boston .....	126
Allen, Frank .....	24-110-114	Boundary Line Survey.....	69
Allen, Geo.....	44	Bowman, E. J.....	145
A Mining Story.....	130	Boyle, Ed .....	58
Anaconda .....	64	Brenner, J. C.....	27
Anaconda Mine .....	55-117	Broadwater & Pitt.....	87
Anderson, Al.....	101	Broughton, A. L.....	70
Anderson Bros.....	78	Broughton, Almira .....	16- 68
A Pocket Mine.....	16	Brown, Ed.....	87
Argenta .....	1	Brown, Frank.....	72-93-112
Armitage, J. T.....	76- 98	Brown, L. A.....	68-119
Armitage, W. A., ..	1-48-49-51-64-72-74	Buck, Amos.....	49
Ayers, Mae.....	62	Buck, C. M.....	43
Ayers, Nick.....	63	Buck, Minnie.....	46
Babbage, Geo.....	5	Buffalo Hump.....	53
Bailard, Geo.....	68-71- 81	Buggy, Tom .....	93- 99
Baker & Harper.....	117	Burgess, Mrs. J. ....	62
Bannack, .....	51-52-53-57-58-59-60- 32	Butcher, Miss Emma .....	33
Barkell, James .....	12	Butte, .....	51-52-56-58-59-60-62- 63
Barkell, Joseph .....	12	Butte School, 1876.....	24
Barkell, Richard.....	12	Butte Volunteers, Co. "A".....	28
Barney Hughes Story of Alder Gulch .....	8	Buy Hamilton Horses.....	75
Barker, Ed.....	58	Cache Valley .....	19
Barnhardt, Milt.....	26	Caldwell, Frank .....	64
Barrett, Martin.....	27- 59	Callen, Jas.....	52- 74
Barrett, Mrs. Martin.....	152	Cameron, Dan.....	5
Barrett & Shineberger.....	9	Campbell, Green.....	12
Bear Paw Mountains.....	5	Campbell, Joe.....	27
Beaverhead County.....	58	Campbell, Mrs.....	14
Beidler, X.....	13	Camp on Red Rock.....	20
Bell, Chas.....	151	Cantata Esther.....	47
Bennett, Rev.....	150	Carmichael, Alex .....	13
Bentley, W. W. ....	62-149	Carriek, Jas. ....	11
Bessette, Amede.....	27	Carson, Mrs.....	44
Bielenberg, N. J.....	60	Carter, T. H. ....	22- 67
"Big 4".....	67	Cavannaugh, M. ....	46
Big Hole.....	58-59-63	Chapman, Dan .....	62
Big Hole Basin.....	51	Chase and Hammer.....	52-58- 59
Big Hole Divide.....	57	Chauvin, Jos. ....	69
Big Hole Battle Field.....	59	Claggett, W. H. ....	67
Big Hole River.....	57	Chief Joseph .....	28- 36
Bitter Root.....	51- 55	Clark, H. S. ....	45
Blair, W. G.....	53	Clark, J. R.....	27
Blair, Mrs. W. G.....	67	Clark, W. A. ....	23-28-30-31-32-34- 35-51-59-67-89-100-102-117
Blivens, Chas.....	12	Clearwater .....	16
Blivens, Taylor.....	13	Cobbin, Ed .....	23
Blodgett, Miss.....	64	Coeur d'Alene.....	61
Bloodgood .....	151	Cooper, Alex .....	39

Comanche and Minnie Healey, once the "Lizzie Ellen".....	27	Ferster, Emma .....	53
Conger, Judge E. J.....	73	Ferster, Rufe .....	6-27- 67
Conway, Frank .....	80	Field, Marshall .....	136
Cottrell, John .....	62- 64	Fight at Musselshell .....	15
Could have sold for \$36,000.....	77	First Assay Ajax .....	100
Cow Creek .....	57	Fisher, T. W. ....	140
Criskey, Geo. ....	55	Fisk, A. J. ....	4- 5
Crossing of Little Muddy .....	5	Fisk, J. L. ....	1- 3
Cunnard, Finley .....	68	First Buffalo Killed .....	3
Curious Mounds .....	3	First Gold Brick .....	113
Curtis, Frank .....	135	First Hundred Foot Shaft in Butte .....	92
Dahlonaga Creek .....	58	First Sunday School, Butte.....	25
Daly, Marcus .....	23-55-89-90-117	First Visit to Butte .....	23
Daly, Mrs. M. ....	140	First Wagon in Big Hole .....	147
Dart, Geo. W. ....	27- 53	Flynn, Martin .....	78
Davidson, M. L. ....	101	Folsom, David E. ....	101
Davidson, Ralph .....	75	Folwell, W. W. ....	17- 68
Davis and Jones .....	53	Forbis Family .....	25
Dead Man at Sun River .....	5	Forbis, James W. ....	48-139
Dean, Ike .....	21	Forbis, John F. ....	27-48- 49
Death of Mother .....	14	Forbis, W. P. ....	31- 32
Deer Lodge .....	49- 53	Ford, Anson .....	27
Dempsey, Pat .....	10- 27	Fort Abercrombie .....	3
Dewey's .....	57	Fournier, B. O. ....	59
DeWitt, W. H. ....	43- 49	Fox, J. D. ....	64
DeWolfe, Stephen .....	50	Fox, Montana .....	64
Dickerson, Wm. ....	70	Frances, C. W. ....	62-149
Dickey Bridge .....	57	Frances, Mrs. C. W. ....	57
Dillon .....	53-61- 62	Frances, Fred .....	52-149
Divide .....	52	Frances, Mrs. Fred .....	57
Dixon, Frank .....	54	Frances, Grandma .....	83-151
Dodge, Jos. ....	3	Frances, W. A. ....	80
Donay, Albert .....	112	Frances, W. W. ....	64-149-151
Doolittle Creek .....	51- 54	Franklin, Idaho .....	19
Douglass, Schoolteacher .....	11	Fraser, Gibbon .....	60
Downs, John .....	31	Fraser, Wm. ....	54- 62
Drag of Horse Prairie Cattle Herd .....	59	French Family .....	27
Ducharme, Geo. ....	114	French, Geo. ....	39
Dunton, Willard .....	64	French Gulch .....	54
Earl, Mr. ....	75	Frohman, Ben .....	61
Eaton, R. P. ....	85	Fry, Chas. ....	64
Edgerton's, Gov. House .....	87	Galbraith, Judge .....	48- 49
Edmonton, Rev. ....	150	Galbraith, Scott .....	113
Edwards, Wm. ....	64	Gassert, Harry .....	25- 26
Edwards and Shoup .....	145	Geery, Jas. ....	54- 61
Eleven Miles to Bannack .....	6	Geery, Robt. ....	62
Eliel, Leonard .....	81	Get Money to Go to School .....	43
Elk Park .....	56	Getting Water in Dark .....	19
Ellingwood, Mr. ....	92	Geyser Party .....	46
Ellis, Owen .....	81- 82	Ghost of the Ajax .....	80
English, Mrs. ....	34	Gibbon, Gen. John .....	33
English, Lieut. Wm. ....	34	Gibbon and Clark Conversation on North Fork .....	33
Esler, A. M. ....	14	Gibbon and Howard on Battlefield .....	36
Evans, Morgan .....	69	Gibbon's Battlefield .....	64
Evans, Nat P. ....	28	Gibbonsville, Idaho, .....	51-53-58- 61
Everett, Chas. D. ....	12- 87	Gilbert, Wm. ....	1- 2
Experts, Who Saw the Ajax .....	114	Gillette, Louis .....	16
Fahey, Jerry .....	61	Gillie, John .....	27
Fairweather, "Old Bill" .....	7	Gilmer and Salisbury .....	51
Fairweather, Tom .....	7	Glick, Dr. ....	118-147
Farlin, Wm. ....	22	Goldsmith Mine .....	27-61- 92

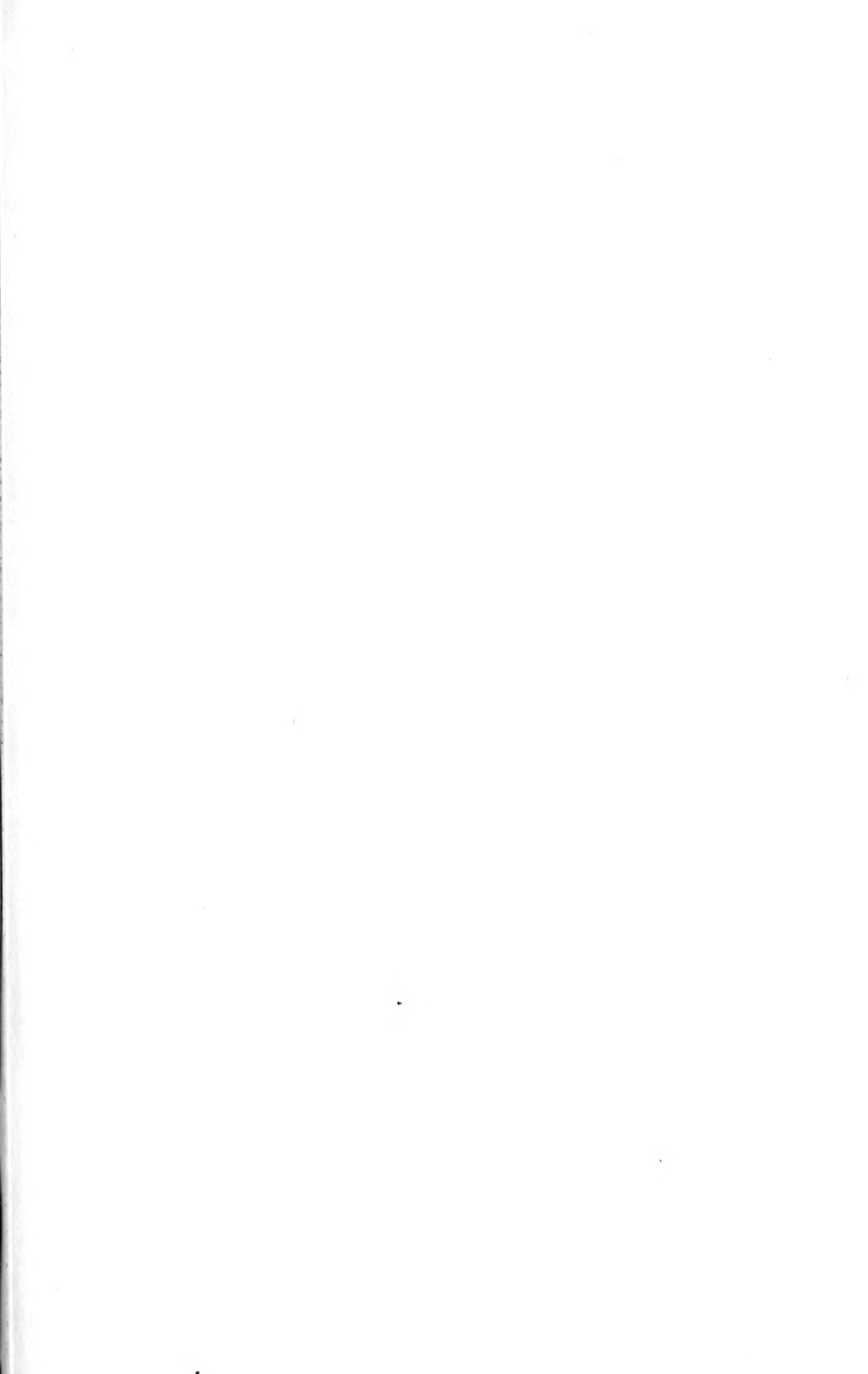
Good Bunch of Young People .....	45	Jefferson Valley .....	57
Goodrich, Bill .....	6- 27	Jenks, James .....	66
Goodwin, C. C. ....	36	Jenks, Sarah .....	16
Gordon & Dodge Horse Trade .....	10	Johnson, Alex .....	27
Go to Los Angeles .....	145	Johnson, Billy .....	6
Graeter, Al .....	10	Johnson, Nels .....	62
Graeter, A. F. ....	59	Johnson, Sam .....	27
Graham, W. H. ....	114	Jones, Laurin .....	102
Grasshopper Creek .....	59	Jones, Wesley .....	22
Graves, F. L. ....	7- 27	Joseph, Chief .....	34
Gronn, Geo. ....	47- 62	Kanabe, Prof. ....	13
Hassell, R. B. ....	43	Kanute, Harry .....	110-140
Hamby, Ben .....	62	King, Ed .....	33
Hamilton, T. H. ....	64-143	King, Silas F. ....	98
Hamilton's Story .....	89	King and Slavin .....	13
Harvey, Prof. ....	15	Kinnear, W. L. ....	31- 43
Hauswirth Bros. ....	23	Kirkendall, Hugh .....	33
Heagle, John .....	69	Kirkpatrick, James .....	11
Heap Rain .....	19	Kitty, My Pony .....	9
Heath, Miss .....	15	Klein, Emil .....	143
Heinze, F. Aug. ....	71-117	Knippenberg, H. ....	74-75-118
Helena .....	58- 63	Kohrs and Bielenberg .....	77
Henneberry, Mickey .....	72	Knowles, H. ....	50- 63
Hennessey, D. J. ....	21- 43	Kornberg, Gus .....	69
Herding Cows on Baldy .....	10	Kritz, John .....	1
Hereford, Robt. ....	147	Kroft, Valentine .....	26
Herman, Chas. ....	51	Kyle, Fred .....	145
Hern, Jay .....	68	Landers, Mrs. ....	146
Hern, Mrs. Jay .....	57	Landers, Tom .....	114-145
Hicks, Jack .....	51- 61	Laue, Old Man .....	64
Highland Water Co. ....	79-103	Larabie, Ed S. ....	22
Hineman, Chas. ....	13	Largey, Pat .....	91
Historical Society .....	58	Last Brick .....	146
Homestake Mine .....	57	Leave for Benton .....	114
Hootman, Jake .....	31	Lawrence, Atwater .....	61- 92
Hopkins .....	98	Lawrence, Atwood .....	27
Horse Prairie .....	59	Lawson, Tom .....	135
Horse Prairie Herding Ass'n. ....	55	Leason, Dr. ....	74
Hotel d'Mineral .....	23	Lee, Mary Jane .....	3
Housel, Frank .....	80	Letters of Introduction .....	127
Howard, Gen. O. O. ....	34	Lewis and Clark .....	53-58-61- 83
Howard, "Old Man" .....	39	Literary Society .....	64
How Bill Owsley Lost \$100 .....	26	Little Charlie .....	140
How Uncle John Bishop Loaned His First Money .....	87	Little Crow .....	2
How Norris Lost His Dinner .....	106	Lloyd, Sheriff .....	69
Hubbard, Widow .....	17	Los Angeles, Cal., .....	51
Huggins, Lieut. ....	16	Lossi, J. P. ....	80
Hughes, Barney .....	8	Louk, Jake .....	110-145
Humphrey, Chastine .....	26	Lowery, Mell .....	27-31- 32
Humphrey, Miss Alice .....	23	Major, The .....	131
Hump, The .....	16	Mallory, James .....	72
Hutchinson, Fred .....	13	Maloney, Watt .....	62- 64
Innis, James .....	51	Mantle, Lee .....	27
In Norristown .....	34	Mantle, Story .....	102
Irvin, Caleb E. ....	27- 63	Martin, Frank .....	178
Irvin, G. W. III., .....	27	Martin, Harvey .....	137-139
Irvin, James .....	29	Matt, Joe .....	113-115
I Talked Too Much .....	73	Maud Came to Montana .....	43
in the Yellowstone Park .....	41	May, Geo. ....	19
Jackson's Hole .....	51	Mayhew, Alex E. ....	50
Jack, Shoots Martin .....	96	Maynard Bros. ....	112
		McAfee, Mr. ....	65

McAuliff, "Big Jack" .....	29	No. Camp on Moose Horn .....	66
McBurney House .....	49	Norris, Edwin L. ....73-74-76-78-79-100-104	
McConnell, Bob .....	11-118-145	Northern Pacific Railroad .....	64
McCoy, Will .....	77	Northrup, Dr. ....	68
McDermott, Bill .....	24	Noted Saddle Horse .....	9
McDonnell, Barney .....	58	Noyes, A. J. ....53-62-33	
McGarray, Hugh .....	142	Noyes, G. R. ....	62
McIntosh, Billy .....	6	Noyes, John .....	22-27-31-90
McKenzie, John .....	81-138	Noyes, Mrs. John .....	23
McLean, Col. ....	2	Noyes, Kate .....	68
McMurphy, Henry .....	45	Noyes, Mrs. A. J. ....54-61-71-72-73-76-77-81-93-115-145	
McNevin, Dr. ....	150	O'Brien, Will .....	5
McVey, A. H. ....51-54-62-147		Old Black School House .....	15
McNamara, Big Bill .....	26-28	Old Bozeman .....	44
Medicine Lodge .....	59	Old Dead Tree .....	6
Merrett, Allen .....	62	Oliver, Wason M. ....	74
Merrett, Jerry .....	62	Omaha, Neb. ....	18
Metlen, D. E. ....	59	"Only One Drink" .....	31
Metlen, Geo. ....	101	Orphan Girl .....	91
Metlen, Joe .....	67	Orr, Charles .....	28
Metlen & Graeter .....	102	Orr, John .....	78
Meyers, Andy .....	39	Orr, Mrs. Wm. ....	78
Meyers, Henry .....	69	Orton Bros. ....	27
Milk River .....	5	Our China Boy .....	15
Miller, M. A. ....	74	Owen, Quit .....	62
Mills, James H. ....	29	Owsley, Mrs. Wm. ....	23
Milne, Jimmie .....	140	Owsley, Mrs. ....	26
Miner (newspaper) .....	62	Packard, E. O. ....47-57-59	
Mitchell and Mussigbrod .....	32	Packard, Gov. ....	78
Montgomery, William .....	146-150	Packard, S. E. ....	58
Monumental City .....	64	Packard, W. F. ....57-60-61-72-74-99	
Monument on Big Hole Battle-field .....	59	Paddock, Mrs. J. C. ....48-62	
Moose Lake .....	70	Paddley, Chas. ....	101
Morgan, Davey .....	86	Pans Full of Gold .....	12
Morse, J. E. ....12-75-76-77-95-103-104-111-118-121		Parker, Lou .....	133
Morse Taken to Ajax Mine .....	96	Parks, Wm. ....	92
Mosquitoes .....	95	Parsons, Mr. ....	17
Mulkey, Cyrus .....	61	Partridge, Harry .....	57
Mulloney, Tom .....	82	Paul, G. T. ....	152
Murray, James .....	71-91-98	Pemberton, Judge W. Y. ....63-152	
Murray, J. T. ....	73-74	Perkey, Mr. ....	130-137
Mussigbrod, Eric .....	62	Pfouts, Wm. ....	146
Myers, Fred .....	55-72-87	Phillips, B. D. ....23-123-124	
My Footrace With a Professional .....	31	Pierce, Mrs. ....	44
My Horse Stolen .....	32	Pierce, Nellie .....	44
My Last School .....	45	Pierce, Tom .....	59
My Letter to Helena Herald .....	41	Pierce, Allen .....	23
My Trade for a Mule .....	38	Pioneer, Mont. ....	58
My Wife Came to Butte .....	43	Pioneer Society .....	1
My Wife's First Lady Callers .....	54	Poindexter and Orr .....	12
Names of Relief Column to Gibbon .....	33	Poindexter, E. L. ....	78
Neal, Harry .....	106	Poindexter, John .....	64
Nebraska .....	52	Poindexter, J. B. ....	76
Neill, Rev. E. D. ....	16	Poindexter, Tommy .....	74-79-93-104
Neill, Henry .....	79-108	Potts, Gov. B. F. ....31-32	
Neill, James .....	122	Prebble, Edwin .....	16-17
Nesler, Cris .....	35	Price, Col. L. J. ....65-79-125-128-134	
Newcomer, Dug .....	64-70-73-91	.....	136-137-143
Newkirk, Geo. ....	26	Prowse, James .....	43
Nicholson, Dave .....	83	Raise \$6,000 .....	139



Raisor, James .....	64	Sorenson, Martin .....	78
Ralston, Alex .....	29-151	Sparrell, Geo. ....	13
Ramsdell .....	35	Speck, Prof. ....	47
Randolph, G. C. ....	49	Stanchfield, Chas. E. ....	68-71-75
Raymond, Chas. Noyes .....	61	Stanchfield, John .....	2
Redhead, Geo. ....	78	Stanchfield, Mary A. ....	13
Reding, Jake .....	25	Stanchfield, W. A. ....	51-137
Reimel, Mrs. Ed .....	44	Stanchfield, W. B. ....	27-43-89-92-98
Reinhardt, David .....	72	St. Anthony .....	7
Return to Montana .....	17	Start Mill .....	141
Richardson, Chas. ....	64	Steamer Deer Lodge .....	14
Rickards, Gov. J. E. ....	76	Steamer War Eagle .....	15
Rockefeller, J. S. ....	6	Steele Creek .....	62-63-64
Roe, Wm. ....	76-79-140	Steele Diggings .....	61
Roe's, Wm. Story .....	85	Steele, Mike .....	58-94-147
Roe, Mrs. Wm. ....	27	Stevenson, B. R. ....	82-105
Rogan, Family .....	13	Stevensville .....	49
Roosevelt, Theodore .....	70	St. Paul .....	15
Rose, A. O. ....	68	Strowbridge, C. H. ....	79-81-140-151
Rose, Dick .....	16	Stuart, Granville .....	111-147
Ruby Water Co. ....	105	Sturgis, Mr. ....	9
Rufe's Dream .....	67	Sullivan, Eugene .....	62
Russell, J. R. ....	27	Swanstrom, Lou .....	94
Ryan, Wm. ....	62	Tait, Rev. ....	150
Ryan, W. A. C. ....	4	Talbot, Jas. ....	31-32
Sacajawea .....	83	Taylor, Charles .....	127
Salmon River, North Fork of .....	58	The Hump .....	21
Sample, Geo., Killed .....	40	The Kind Chinaman .....	20
Sanders, W. E. ....	142	The Miner from Wyoming .....	132
Sanders, Col. W. F. ....	142	Thomas, Jack .....	95
Saucy Boys .....	21	Thompson, Geo. ....	62
Sawmill Point .....	9	Thompson Killed "Dutch" Gus .....	79
Saville, Joe .....	25	Tibbitts, Geo. ....	3-23-27-58-90
Seallon, William .....	63	Tiedt, Billy .....	70
School at Whitehall .....	37	Tong, Geo. 46-55-61-68-69-70-72-81-92	
School at Silver Bow .....	20	Toll Bridge .....	65
Schulz, Fred .....	103	Tonopah, Nev. ....	63
Second Clean-Up .....	121	Toomey, Jos. ....	145
Self, Miss Lizzie .....	24-25	Toole, J. K. ....	101
Sell Wisdom Mercantile Co. ....	143	Towsley, Roy .....	56
Shannon, J. G. ....	73	Trail Creek .....	64
Sheridan, Mont., ....	60	Treacy, Dr. W. ....	63
Sherman, Gen. W. T. ....	31-32-59-151	Tramway Mine .....	26
Sherrills .....	14	Trouble at Hamilton .....	39
Shaw, Mrs. Kate .....	55	Tunnel No. 2 .....	113
Shineberger, Joe .....	27	Turner, A. J. ....	73-76
Shoemaker, Ed .....	55	Twin Bridges .....	56-57
Sigsby .....	27	Twin Crossing .....	53
Silver Star .....	11	Two Tons of Gold .....	5
Sinclair, Dave .....	10	University of Minnesota .....	16
Si Oaks City .....	18	Valiton, Hank .....	19
Sioux War .....	2	Valley of the Snake .....	20
Sleeping With Bill and Tom .....	7	Vance, S. D. ....	57-58-149
Smith, Al .....	62	Van Etten .....	147
Smith, Big Foot .....	60	Vantleberg, Louis .....	55
Smith, Fred .....	135	Vincennes, Ind. ....	61
Smith, Geo. ....	51	Vogel, G. E. ....	69
Smith, J. C. ....	152	Vulcan Mine .....	69
Smith, R. P. ....	150	Wakefield, Geo. ....	43
Smith and Graeter .....	6	Waldherr, Matt .....	52-57-62
Smith and Maloney's Cattle .....	76	Walker, D. D. ....	123-125-145
Snyder Brothers .....	17	Walker, Jack .....	113

Walker Filibustering Expedition....	27	Who Mace Got to Go On His Note	22
Wallase, Miss Lena .....	47	Winegart, B. ....	13
Wampler, Ethel .....	94	Why I lost My Job .....	39
Wampler, D. F. ....64-150		Wilson & Gillie .....	117
Wampler, John .....	23-46-57-62- 63	Wing, Dan .....	129
Wampler, Reece .....	26	Wing, Robt. T. ....	129
Wampler, Tom .....	25-26-43- 63	Winslow Hotel .....	15
Warm Springs .....	57	Winters & Montague .....	27
Warm Springs Creek .....	52	Winter, '74-'75 .....	20
Warren, C. S. ....22-34- 63		With Indians .....	39
Warren, Earl .....	22	Wisdom .....	55-59-61-63-64- 80
Warren, Mace .....	22- 34	Wisdom Mercantile Co. ....	82
Watson, Major .....	2- 62	Woodruff, Lieut. ....	34
Weaver, Cris .....	85	Woman Scalped .....	15
Wedding Party .....	46	Woods, Mrs. Jas. ....	47
Weeks, Senator .....	135	Woodward, Billy .....	28
We Get Married .....	47	Woodworth, Geo. ....	64-149
We Find Lead Chute .....	99	Wraton, David .....	58-60-149
Westfall, P. ....	13	Wright, Ed .....	62
White, Gov. B. F. ....62-75-77-78-79- .....108-119-127-143-144		Wright, Jack .....	65
White Lion Mountain .....	118	Wyman, Capt. ....	69- 71
Whitford, O. B. ....	56	Wyoming .....	52
Whitford, Chas. ....	28	Yearian, Billy .....	9
Wilke, Cris .....	55- 88	"You Are the Biggest Liar I Ever Saw" .....	46
Willis, O. ....	59	Zorn, Emil .....	71-80- 81
Who Discovered Bannack .....	85		







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